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Saturday Review

OCTOBER 23, 1971/50¢

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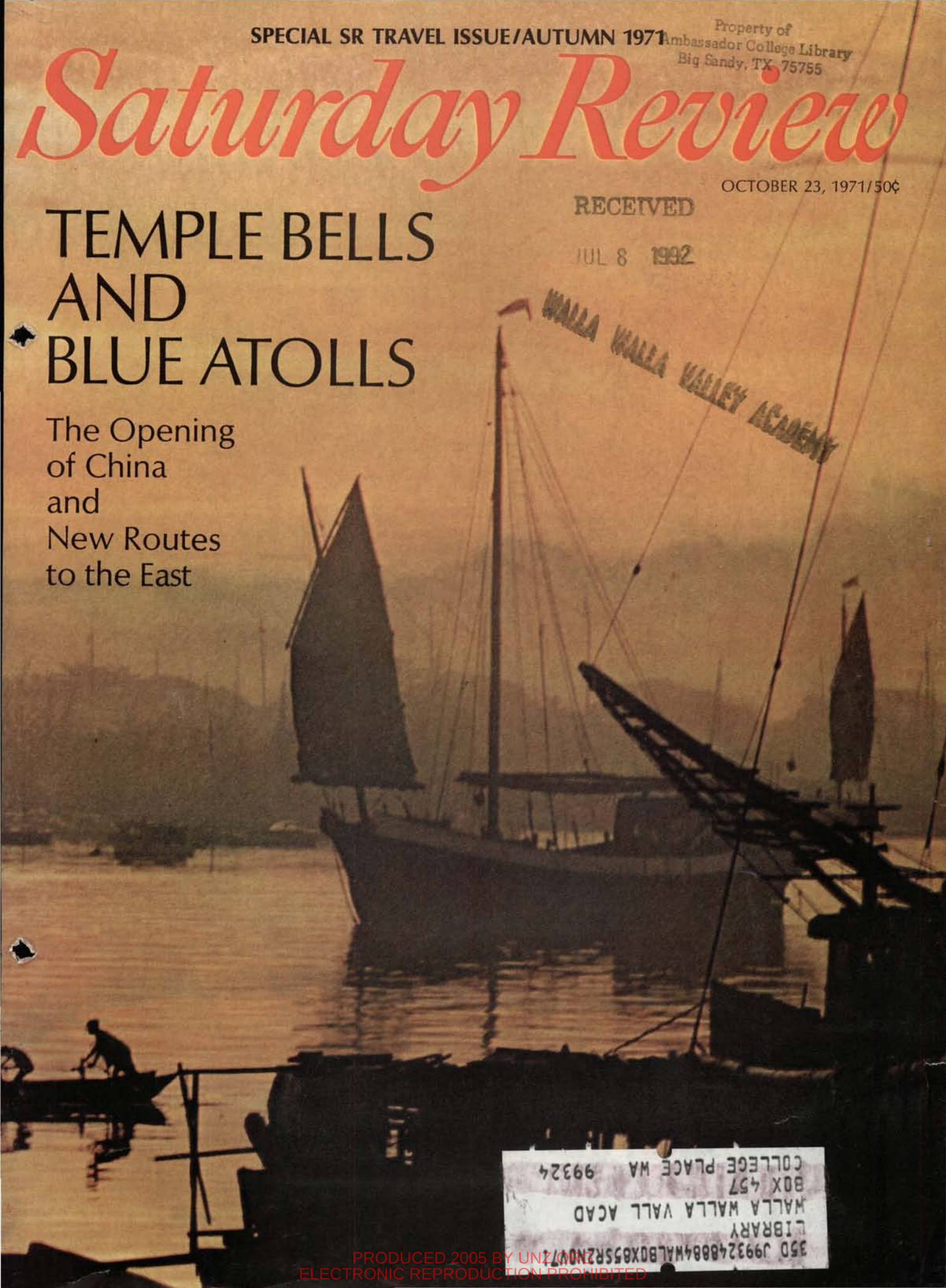
TEMPLE BELLS AND BLUE ATOLLS

The Opening of China and New Routes to the East



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You look at a little car and wonder how long it'll last.

The answer's hidden deep inside.

Let's look inside a Pinto...and see what makes it different...where it counts.

Everybody's got his own theory on how to build a little car.

Ours is simple: It should accelerate fast enough to handle turnpikes, stop fast enough and straight enough to cope with emergencies, steer precisely and responsively.

And it should last a long time. We'd like to tell you about the last, first.

Pinto's a small, inexpensive car, but it doesn't have small, inexpensive parts.

Key parts like the drivetrain, rear axle, starter motor, ball joints, and shock absorbers are all strong enough for bigger, heavier cars.

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Like Ferrari, we take the time to match and fit transmission gears by hand.

Like Cadillac, we use a special steel-alloy brake tubing.

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(It gives you more horsepower, for example, than the leading import.)

Our brakes are oversize and self-adjusting.

Our steering is rack-and-pinion, a system precise enough for the world's most expensive sports cars.

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Better idea for safety:
Buckle up.

Pinto Runabout

Pinto
Different where it counts.

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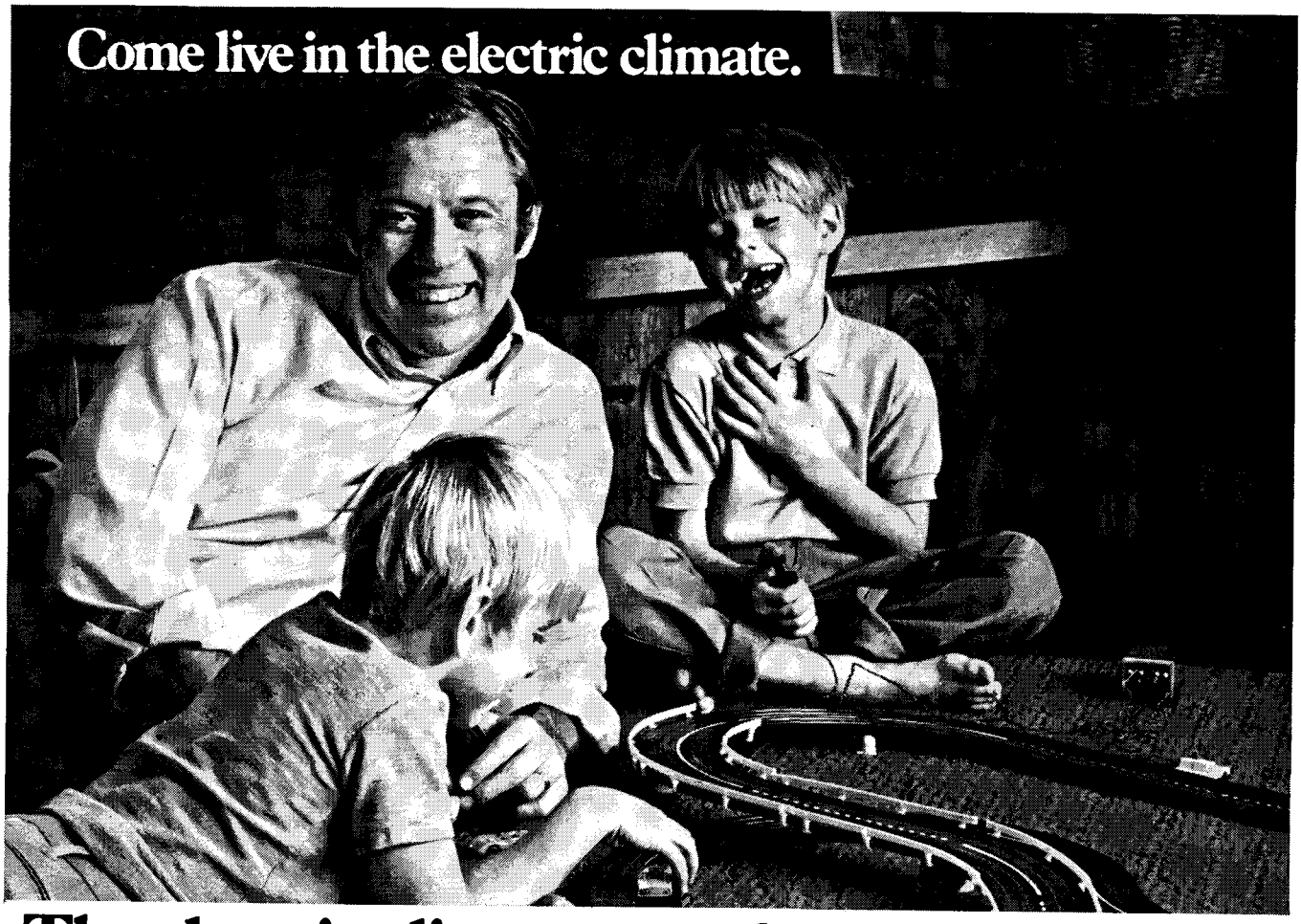

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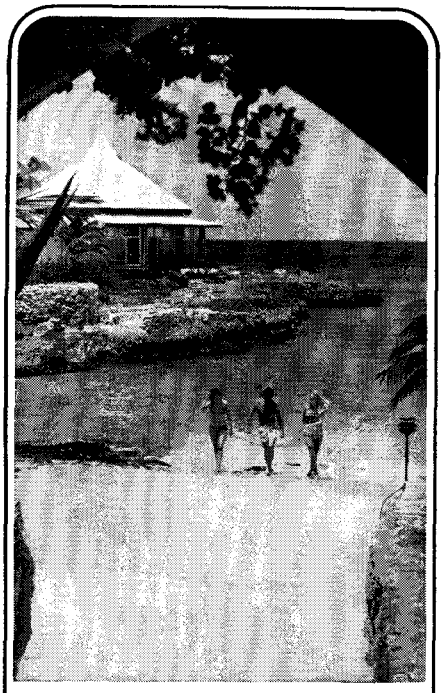

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October 23, 1971

Saturday Review

Temple Bells and Blue Atolls

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Photo by Burt Glinn

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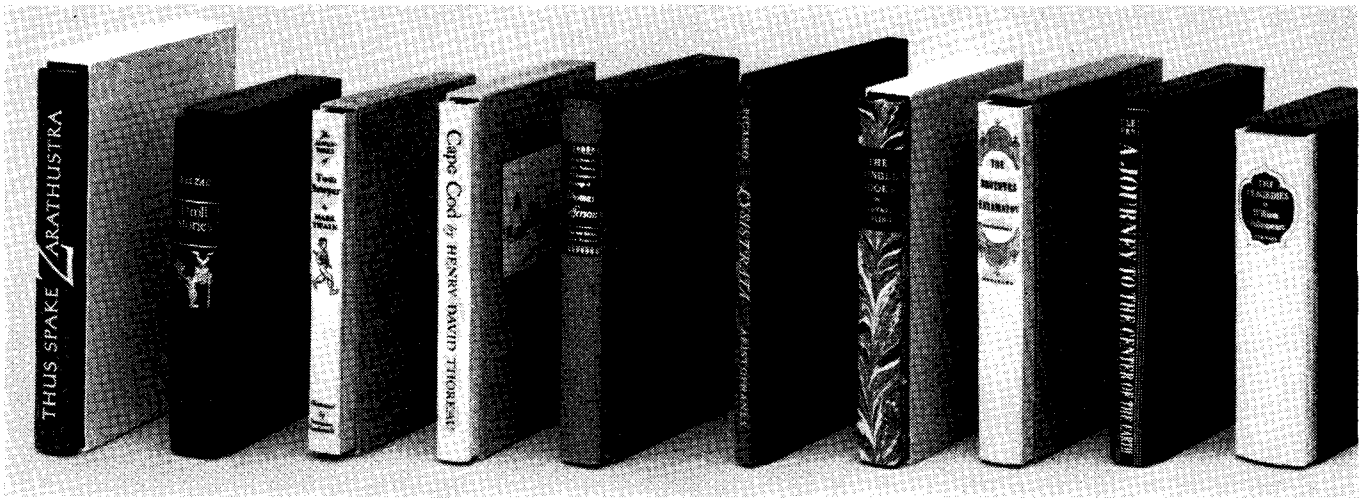

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Crime in the Screens

IF YOU THINK it's unsafe to be out on the streets these nights, be thankful you are not a television actor. Watch any of the new hour-long TV programs and you will see actors shot or stabbed to death, pushed off high buildings, deliberately run over and killed by cars, or in a combination of being run over, shot, stabbed, and *then* pushed off a high building.

These programs are known as escapist entertainment, because the actors who do the shooting, stabbing, etc. always escape. Until just before the hour of entertainiment is over, when the shooters, stabbers, drivers, and pushers are captured. They are seldom brought to trial. They are shot, stabbed, run over, or pushed from high buildings by their captors.

These merry mix-ups are very popular this season with the sponsors who feel that violence is relevant in our society. Ask anyone who has been mugged. The consumer is preconditioned to consume a lot of killings. Ask anyone who reads a morning paper.

So body counting is the name of the new TV game. Our sets drip with a fine mixture of detergents, hair sprays, antifreezes, gasolines, mouthwashes, deodorants, and gore. Also, in the hospital programs, bottles of plasma and intravenous feeding are very heavy this season.

To review all these new shows separately this early is a little unfair. A better assessment might be made a little later—like maybe next April. When the blood has coagulated.

So what else is new? Well, of the new season, the best are three old programs, *The Flip Wilson Show, All in the Family,* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* The only bodies that count here are Mr. Wilson in his shining hour; Carroll O'Connor, Jean Stapleton, Rob Reiner, and Sally Struthers, all in the hilarious family; and Mary Tyler Moore, Edward Asner, Valerie Harper, Ted Knight, Gavin MacLeod, and Cloris Leachman, all gifted players in their beautifully wrought comedy situations. And a special bow to all their writers.

Of those in the new crop of situation comedies that I've come across so far, some are good to fair, others are unfair to the intelligence of even a constant TV viewer. Whether these lackluster tidbits survive depends, of course, on the master body counter of them all —A. C. Nielsen.

There is another category of program that falls into the violence pattern—the talk shows, where the English language is murdered, infinitives are stabbed down the middle, participles are hanged, and the dialogue is most often pedestrian. Which means the celebrity guest should have been run over by a car before he got to the studio. Harassment in the first degree.

And while we're on "harassment," the dictionary's preferred pronunciation stresses the first syllable. "Or," it says, "the second syllable." But a network vice president in charge of "English spoken here," should warn a guest to make up his mind which he prefers. If he accents the first syllable, he should never, half a minute later, use the word again with the accent on the second syllable.

I'm also jarred when I hear a movie star say, as I heard the other night, that he is "a great fan of Charlie Chaplin." He is not even a great movie star. The sentence should read, "I am a fan of the great Charlie Chaplin."

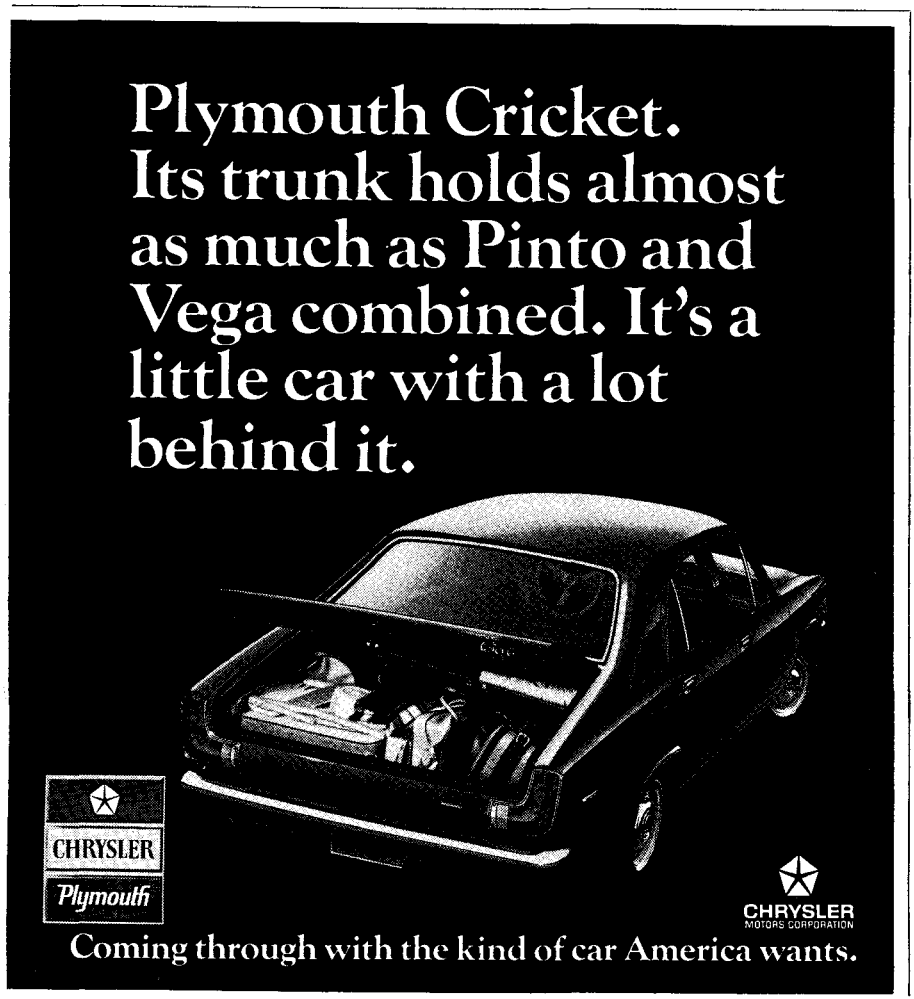
And take Gale Storm. Please. She's the attractive actress who once had a series on TV called *My Little Margie.* She was asked by the host of the talk show how she came to get that long-running role.

"That's a very interesting story," she replied. "Have I got time to tell it?" He assured her she had. "Well, I was called to audition for the part, and I didn't have the slightest notion I would get it, but I went anyway. I read the lines. They thanked me and would let me know. I felt certain I wouldn't get it. But the next day they called and told me I had the part." End of interesting story.

And on a newscast, I saw chalked on the wall of a bombed building in Northern Ireland a rebel's opinion of the troops he had been battling. One word: PIG's. Revolutions are not won by throwing apostrophes around like that.

And finally, a TV celebrity came on a talk show to plug his new series. He said, "As Shakespeare said, 'All the world's a stage.' " A brief pause, and he added, "Or was it Hamlet?"

Suggestion to hosts of talk shows: Cancel all those rotating celebrities and hire only Ruth Gordon, the total and exquisite guest. Ask her any question, even a simple "How are you?" Then sit back and glow.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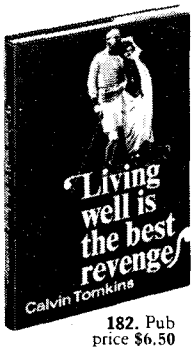

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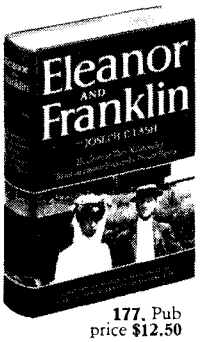

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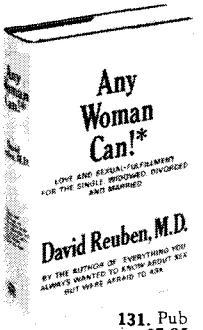

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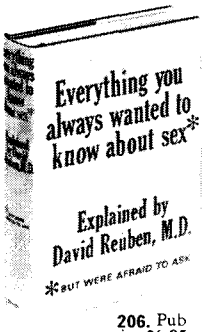

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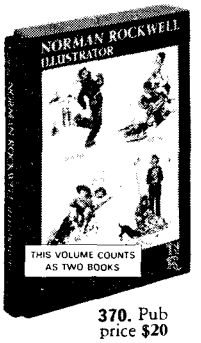

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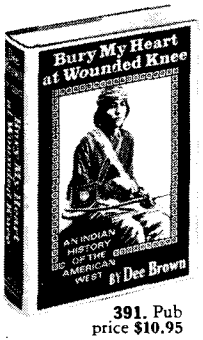

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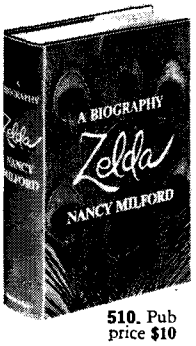

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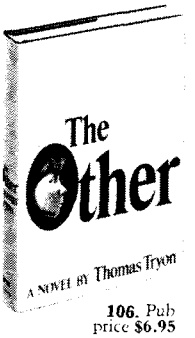

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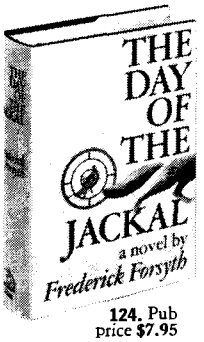

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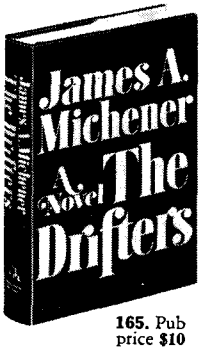

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Old News Story of the Week—as discovered recently by Robert Breitzer of Lexington, Kentucky, in the Lexington *Leader*:

> ROME—The oldest person in the world is a Bolivian woman of 203, according to the Italian Institute of Social Medicine in a report published recently.
>
> She was born in 1768, the year that Captain Cook set out on his first voyage of discovery. Now she follows a South American football.

How is she going down under punts? Meanwhile, our New News Story of the Week was found by Karen and Bob Lerch of Viroqua, Wisconsin, in the Milwaukee *Journal*:

> NEW YORK—Nabisco, Inc. has purchased a 100 acre tract of land in Henrico County, Virginia, and plans to erect on it a multi-million-dollar cookie and cracker.

Well, just so long as there's no crumbling. As if that weren't enough, Brian Merry of Milford, Connecticut, found this note in the Milford *Citizen*:

> Richard Gutierrez, 27, and Morris Morales, 29, of Green Acres Trailer Park, were booked on breach of the peach charges yesterday.

Sounds like a tough pear. Finally, John Head of Reading, Pennsylvania, sent the following story from the Philadelphia *Inquirer* about the wedding of Harold E. Scott and Anita Joyce Brothers:

> "At the altar my knees were banging together. But now," the tal sandy-haired youth said foowing the ceremony, "I'm a together."
>
> At the Brothers' sma gray-shinged singe home on tree-ined Cedar st., the petite and spirited bride moved about the dining room.
>
> "There was amost a goof-up at the ceremony," she said. "Scott got ready to knee and I started to foow. Then someone said not yet and it worked out a right."

There's a time and a place, we always say, for everything.

William Peter Blatty, author of *The Exorcist* (Harper & Row), is a tall, dark, and handsome fellow whose black, curly mustache and small, carefully trimmed beard meet in a perfect circle around his mouth. Some time ago, we advised him to stay away from writing about the occult. We told him it was a nonsense field, a passing fad, and that the book buying public was far too smart.

On meeting Mr. Blatty this time—well, look at it this way, even *we* can't always be right. Mr. Blatty had just concluded a movie sale for his book—$641,000 plus 39 per cent of the profits—believed by the Authors' Guild to be the highest sale on record.

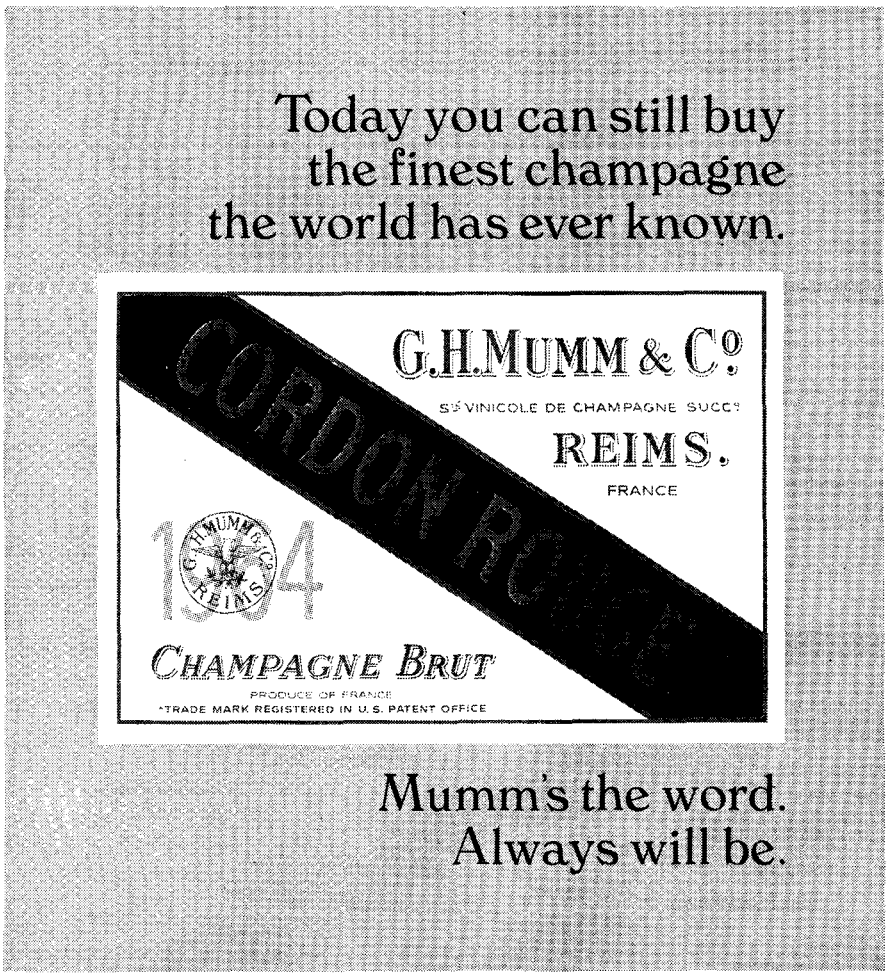
All of us, Somerset Maugham once said, like to see our friends get ahead, but not too far. We glared at Mr. Blatty. Well, we said sourly, money isn't everything.

Mr. Blatty smiled. "I don't think it is a nonsense field," he said quietly. "When I was an undergraduate at Georgetown, I heard of a case of demonic possession. It was so thoroughly investigated, and the facts were so startling, that it seemed to me to be nothing less than a real corroboration of our hope for life after death."

We gave up. Mr. Blatty, we learned, was born in Manhattan of parents who had literally come over on a cattle boat. We also learned that his father had taken off, that he was the only one of three children who got beyond grammar school, that his mother's total income for long periods was $7 a week, and that at one time she supported her three children entirely by peddling homemade quince jellies outside Central Park. We asked if his mother had lived to see his success.

"No," he said, "she didn't. But she would not have been impressed. She liked to tell people, 'Someday my Willie will write a book about me.' But when I actually did, and when I brought it to her and said, 'Momma, this is a book about you. This is the book you've always been saying I would write,' all she did was put the book down and say, 'Willie, you're thin, you're not eating enough.'"

Mr. Blatty had no idea of being a writer in his early days—at school and college he had to be on full scholarships. After Georgetown he first drove a beer truck, then sold vacuum cleaners door to door. What, we asked, did you learn from these jobs? "From the beer trucks I learned not to burn out clutches. I burned out three. Mechanical things hate me. From the vacuum cleaner salesman job I acquired a brief



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Announcing

THE FIRST UNITED NATIONS PEACE MEDAL

The beginning of a new annual tradition

Shown actual size.

October 24 is United Nations Day, the international anniversary of the ratification of the United Nations charter.

In commemoration of this historic event, the United Nations is issuing its first annual Peace Medal.

Designed by the young British sculptor, Philip Nathan, the medal is inscribed with the word PEACE in the five official languages of the United Nations—English, Russian, French, Spanish and Chinese—surrounded by a graceful circle of doves. The reverse side carries the official United Nations seal, the year 1971 and the mintmark of the official minter, The Franklin Mint.

In the words of Secretary-General U Thant, this medal "will serve to focus world-wide attention on the paramount aim of the United Nations and the heartfelt desire of all mankind—for peace."

The medal will be struck in gold for official presentations. It will be available to the public in sterling silver and in bronze at United Nations headquarters in New York and at the Palais des Nations in Geneva.

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Solid sterling silver PROOFS of the Peace Medal may be ordered by mail, directly from The Franklin Mint, until October 31, 1971. The total number of PROOFS minted will be limited to the exact number ordered by that date.

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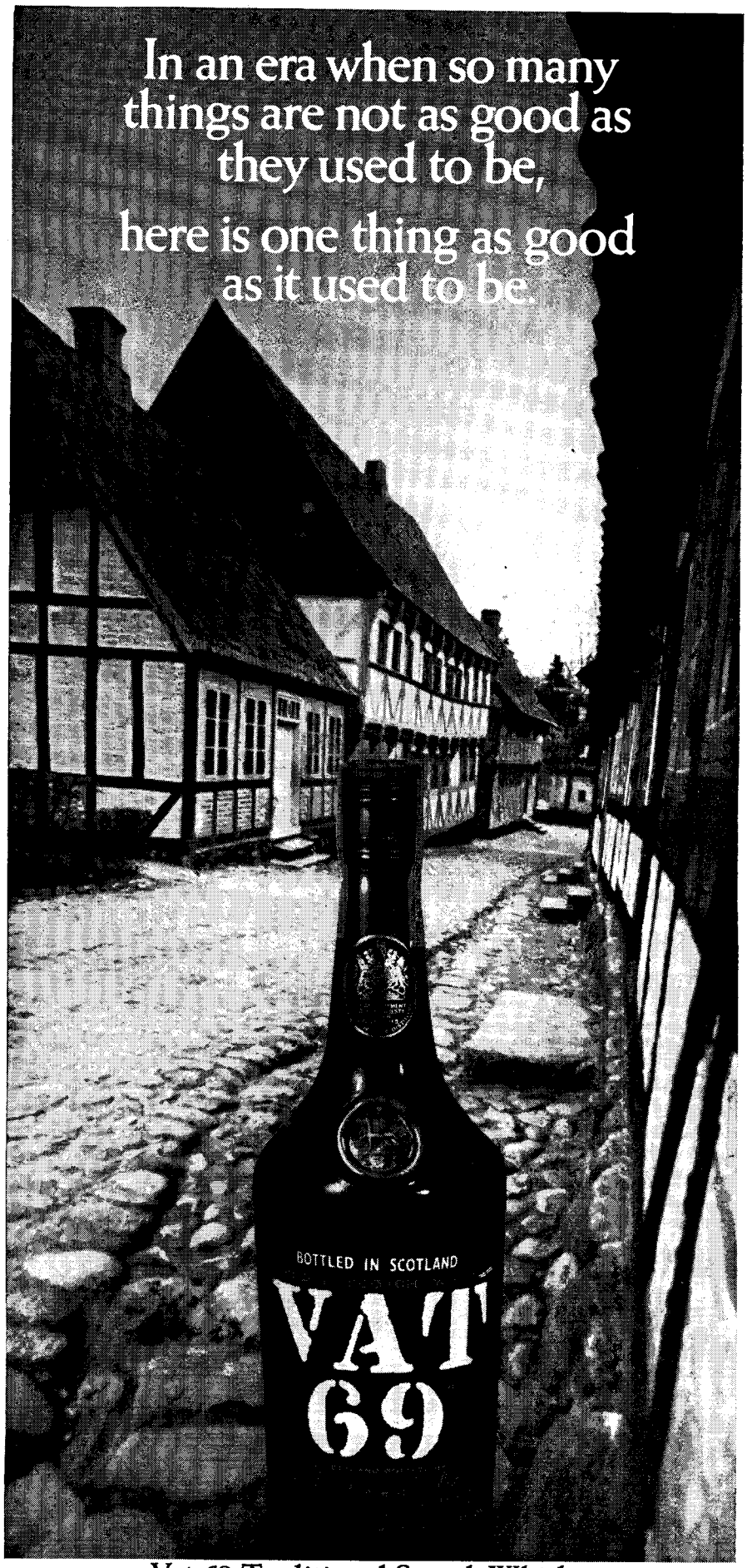
In an era when so many things are not as good as they used to be,
here is one thing as good as it used to be.
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but very thorough revulsion to human nature. It comes from having the door slammed in your face on an average of twenty times a day after you have said, politely, mind you, 'Good morning, my name is Bill Blatty, I wonder if you would be interested in a demonstra— . . .' Bang!"

Maybe, we suggested, they thought you said *demon*. Mr. Blatty ignored us. "Of course," he continued, "sometimes you would get something worse—a two- or three-hour monologue about their problems, and then no sale. In my entire career as a vacuum cleaner salesman—a year and a half—I sold six."

And then you wrote? we asked. "I did not," he said. "Then I went into the Air Force. I got to be chief of the Policy Branch of the Air Force Psychological Warfare Department. I was a first lieutenant, but my job description was —and I quote—'To analyze Soviet propaganda strategy and tactics on a global level and devise suitable countermeasures.'

"I had," he said, "one assistant. As for my own qualifications for that little job, I had an M.A. in English literature and a wondrously thorough knowledge of the interior mechanisms of vacuum cleaners."

But a man tough on, if not in, the clutch. In any case, Mr. Blatty next put in two years with the USIA in Lebanon and then repaired to Los Angeles, where by day he served as PR director for USC and by night was given to such stunts as masquerading as the black-sheep son of King Saud. In between, though, he ghosted an advice to the lovelorn book for a famous columnist—one that became a best seller. "I was," he smiled modestly, "voted Mother of the Year." But the real turning point in his career came when, after the publication of his first book, *Which Way to Mecca, Jack?*, he was asked to go on a Groucho Marx program as a contestant and shortly became the only one ever to win $10,000. He gave, it seems, the correct answer when asked which of the seven wonders of the ancient world is still a tourist attraction.

"I'll give you a hint," he told us. "It's not Gloria Swanson."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1958)
(F. E.) PETERS:
THE HARVEST OF HELLENISM

Two widely divergent methods of procedure were open to philosophy in the last decades of the fourth century: the informal, anarchic and almost anti-intellectual way of the Cynics, and the scholastic, learned and technical way of the Peripatetics.

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"BOY."

He broke 250 years of tradition.

William Woods.
Canton, Mississippi
Grandfather (guardian):
saw mill worker
Grandmother:
domestic worker
Children At Home: *2*
Total Family Income:
$2,980

Some people may still call him "boy." But now he needn't answer. When he graduated from Tougaloo he had already killed a couple of centuries of hopeless, ugly tradition that began when his ancestors were kidnapped and sold into slavery.

He could have dropped out. Instead, he pumped his way through high school at a gas station. He received a scholarship from Tougaloo. And earned it all the way to the top of his class. Now he's a Danforth Fellow in History at Princeton.

It has taken him a little longer to do it than most. But he'll use his education a little more wisely than most. Because, as far as he goes, he'll never forget where he came from.

William Woods was one of 750 students at Tougaloo. 90% of our student body is here on scholarship aid.

Over 40% of our most recent graduating class went on to graduate and professional schools with richer, more famous names than ours. Another 40% began careers in government and industry.

All the more reason why we are proud of our sons and daughters. For 101 years of Tougaloo history they have broken traditions of illiteracy, poverty, sharecropping, servitude, persecution and humiliation.

The only way. Constructively. Their work can only increase and multiply.

If you will help, we will appreciate it. And so will you. Tougaloo College is perhaps the most worthwhile investment you will hear about this year. Or any year.

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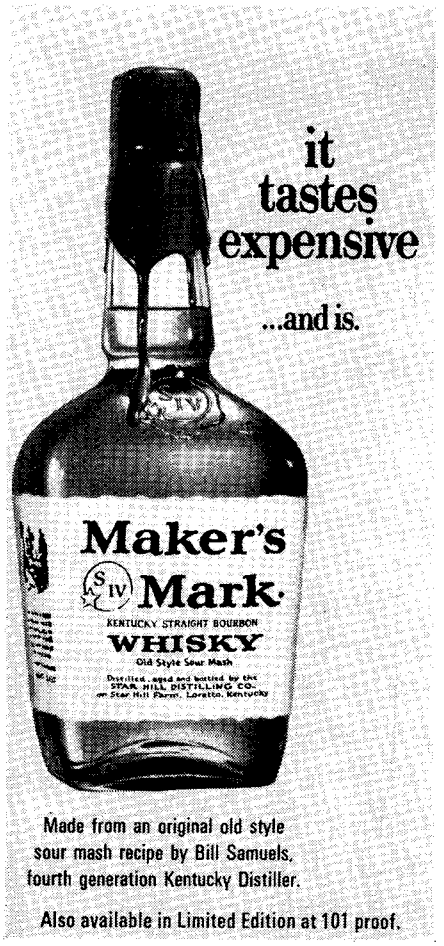
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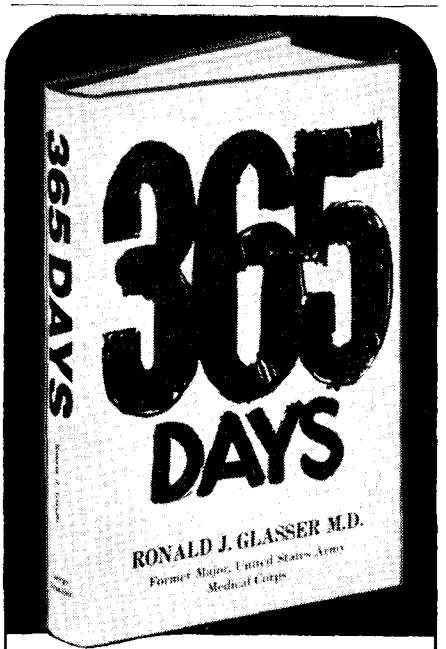
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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Barber's "The Lovers"; "Carmen" by Davidson

SAMUEL BARBER'S *The Lovers*, an extended setting of texts by the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda for solo baritone, chorus, and orchestra, breaks the long silence that followed the largely negative response to *Antony and Cleopatra* at the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House five years ago. Generated by a commission from the friendly Girard Bank of Philadephia, its performance at the opening concert of this year's Philharmonic Hall series by the great Philadelphia Orchestra left no doubt at all that Barber has retained his impulse, his craftsmanship, and his artistic balance.

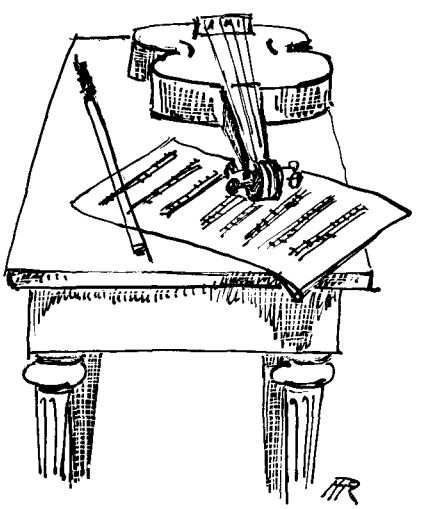
Repeatedly during his career—in such works as settings of Stephen Spender's *A Stop Watch and an Ordnance Map*, James Agee's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*, and *The Prayers of Kierkegaard*—Barber has shown an instinct as well as a sympathy for vocal writing that have procreated music of identity and power. His involvement with Neruda's celebrations of erotic love, in which the body of the beloved becomes a world of symbolism and a temple of pleasure, is replete with lovely sounds, artful exploitation of a motival element, and finely shaded orchestral colorations.

Where it lacks, however, is in the precious category of individuality. The overshadowing presence is that of Maurice Ravel, whose "Nahandève" in the first of the *Chansons madécasses* exploited almost the same intervals (A-C-B is the pattern) as Barber's motival cell. Likewise the use of oboe, English horn, etc., for coloristic comment. For those to whom the *Chansons madécasses* are a closed book, the allusion will, of course, be not merely unimportant but non-existent. What, nevertheless, puts *The Lovers* in the category of the slightly synthetic (for me) is the feeling that its passion is one step removed from authenticity, that it has been intellectually arrived at through a literary intermediation. The chorus sang its several sections exquisitely, but Tom Krause's dry voice and unengaging manner did not, for my taste, validate his choice for the three prominent solos assigned to the baritone.

In addition to organizing a superbly sonorous, ideally artistic effort on behalf of Barber, Eugene Ormandy made the beginning of his thirty-sixth year as conductor of The Philadelphia Orchestra memorable in several other ways. One was a projection of Roy Harris's Third Symphony that affirmed the vitality of a text dating from 1937, the other was the introduction of Sophie van Sante, a Dutch mezzo of no special repute outside her homeland, where she is a member of the faculty at the Royal Conservatory of The Hague. Her performances of the *Seven Early Songs* of Alban Berg and the "Song of the Wood Dove" from Schoenberg's *Gurrelieder* were on a plane of artistry, musicianship, and vocal distinction to establish her reputation on the spot. An engaging personal presence as well as a deep comprehension of what she had undertaken to perform complimented Ormandy's judgment in giving her this place of prominence. The artfully assembled evening of music ended with a virtuoso performance of Ravel's *La Valse*.

In its first recent venture with the opportunities and challenges of Bizet's *Carmen*, the New York City Opera is offering some generally appropriate scenery and costumes by Jose Varona, variable direction by Tito Capobianco, and a typically animated, well-reasoned treatment of the orchestral score by Julius Rudel. That the result is more a series of probes than a penetration to the heart of the work may be attributed to the choice of a cast whose performers are yet to establish an identity with the taxing roles to which they have been assigned. That the best impressions were made by the good-looking, well-sounding Michele Molese as Don José and young Joanna Bruno as an uncommonly persuasive Micaela is symptomatic of the production's dilemma. It is, simply, the old summation: no Carmen, no *Carmen*.

In the present instance, Joy Davidson—whose first prominent career



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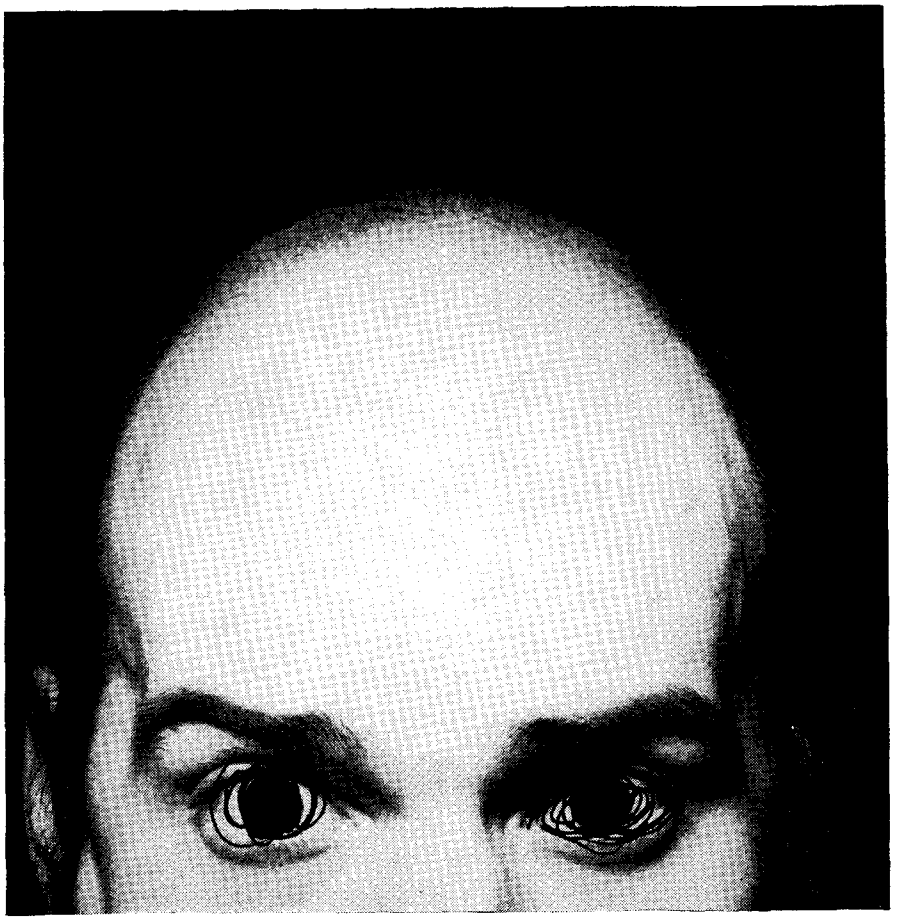
credits date to the Metropolitan Opera National Company of increasingly discriminating attainments (its graduates are, literally, everywhere)—is far from "no" Carmen. She is, indeed, half a rather impressive one. Unfortunately for the primary demands of Bizet's indestructible score, it is in the latter half of the four acts that the vocal command and temperamental endowments that made Miss Davidson an excellent embodiment of Jeanne in Penderecki's *The Devils of Loudun* at its American premiere in Santa Fe in 1969 come to bear. Beginning with the "Card Scene," she conveys a sense of reality, an affinity for the inner being of Carmen that she only suggested in the first two acts.

It is in these, of course, that the image of the flirtatious, vivacious, sometimes infectious Carmen reposes. For those to whom it came naturally (such as Risë Stevens or Grace Bumbry), it is no problem at all; for others, it may be all blood, sweat, and tears. Miss Davidson is not in the latter category; she has too much talent. But she is still more engaged with postures than with character, rather hung up on the need to make herself "irresistible." More attention to those around her and less projection to the audience would make more dramatic what is, at present, largely a theatrical conception.

Much of Capobianco's action is well-conceived, subject to the recurrent qualification that he hasn't learned to discriminate between his good and not-so-good ideas. The former were pretty persuasive in Act I (other than converting *Carmen* into a horse opera of another color by introducing Zuniga on a large palomino and Carmen on a small burro); the latter were typified by a good deal of table-hopping (literally) in the Lillas Pastia's scene of Act II and a treatment of the "Flower Song" in which Miss Davidson squatted on the floor, chin on hand, as José poured out his expression of love. It must have been uncomfortable for both. David Rae Smith made a good impression as Zuniga; Robert Hale a lesser one as Escamillo.

Concurrently, Michael Gielen was making his debut as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic across the plaza in Philharmonic Hall. The time differential permitted a hearing under his direction of Mozart's great, all too seldom performed B-flat Serenade (K. 361). It was beautifully re-created by an ensemble of the Philharmonic's first-desk wind players (plus John Schaeffer, double bass), though Gielen's contribution was more of coordinator than expositor. This role he filled efficiently if somewhat impersonally. Further comment will accrue as his four-week engagement evolves.



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Saturday Review
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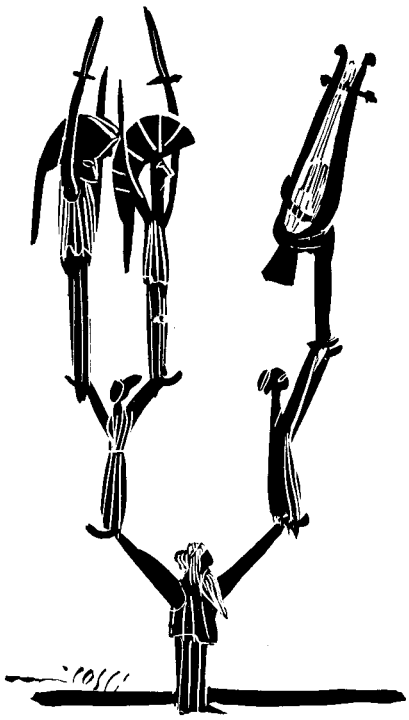

The United Nations In a Disorderly World

by EARL WARREN

A society, in the process of moving forward, often appears to be tearing itself apart. Certainly, an age of rapid change, such as ours, produces many paradoxes. But perhaps the most tragic paradox of our time is to be found in the failure of nation-states to recognize the imperatives of internationalism. Men on their way back from the moon tell us how small an earth with no visible boundaries appears to them. Poets remind us we are all riders together on this small planet. Sociologists refer to our "global village."

In that setting, scientists have placed in the hands of nation-states the power to create nobly or to destroy instantly. Yet, in many respects, relations among nation-states are conducted as they were 2,000 years ago. A dispassionate look at the alliances, coalitions, and, with few exceptions, the powers assigned to international organizations can lead to no other conclusion. Even in times of high civilization, such as classical Greece, Renaissance Italy, and seventeenth-century Europe, foreign war and civil strife were almost constant. Some historians refer to the century prior to 1914 as the "long peace." But even in that relatively quiet period there occurred the Latin American, Italian, and Balkan wars of liberation, the American Civil War, the three wars of German unification, the wars in the Crimea, the Balkans, and the Far East arising from Russian and Japanese expansion, and countless wars in Asia and Africa resulting from European colonialism.

Despite this tragic record, the pursuit of national interests by such methods could be regarded by our fathers as being a tolerable state of affairs. But, in our lifetimes, we have brought about a fundamental change in the nature of war. In the world our children are inheriting, warfare has become so destructive of man, of his works, and of his essential environment that it is no longer either rational or tolerable. This basic change brings us into direct confrontation with the proposition that the nation-state is no longer able to discharge its primary function of providing security for its citizens. Much of what is being done in the name of national security not only fails to protect the citizenry but surrounds their lives with even greater dangers. This is, in fact, the condition of citizens in even the most powerful of nations.

In the past, those who have advocated fundamental changes in the nation-state system have been branded as utopians. But, in today's world, is there anything so basically unrealistic as a "realpolitik" expressed in national armaments, alliances, balance of power, deterrence, challenge, and response? If we look at the events of our own lifetime, we can see that this system has brought no security to its strongest proponents—to Germany, Russia, France, Britain, Italy, Japan, or China. It *did* bring temporary security to the United States, because our country has been protected both by oceanic distance and by allies. But now, even the United States is subject to the loss of half its population in a few hours. Thus, we are faced with the necessity of considering that in the modern environment the inherent insecurity of nations is such that there may be no safety for mankind except in a fundamental reform of the nation-state system.

Science has revolutionized both the physical environment and human society so substantially, in such a short period of time, that our attitudes, our habits, and our institutions have lagged far behind. Discontent and demands for change come not only from our youth but from those of all ages who see the methods and institutions on which society depends unresponsive to the needs of today and grossly inadequate to the needs of tomorrow.

The same science that has multiplied the savagery of man can also play an increasing part in maturing and civilizing him. Basically, science has solved the problem of production. There is no longer any scientific reason why there should not be, within a relatively short period of time, sufficient necessities and probably too many luxuries for everyone. Of course, if population goes on increasing at its present rate, we may all either starve or smother. But if we can learn to control population decently and apply the knowledge we already have, material necessities could be met.

Rival economic systems, in the face of their reliance upon the same scientific processes, are discovering their rivalries are more and more artificial, and less and less a reason for either fear or conflict. Ideologists still scoff at the thought, but modern technological imperatives are causing the various systems more and more to converge. Capitalism is tending to become more collectivist. Communism is tending to become more individualist. The differences between them are rapidly be-

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EARL WARREN retired in 1969 as Chief Justice of the United States. This article is adapted from an address he delivered at the World Peace Through Law Conference held in Belgrade this summer.

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coming more political than structural.

It is our political systems that have been most reluctant to yield to pragmatism and move toward toleration and accommodation. Happily, many of the technological facts that have been increasing economic interaction among nations are hard at work in the political field as well. The flow of international communications and contacts, for example, is increasing geometrically. The mounting efficiency and declining costs soon to be ushered in by space communication will make attempts to control the international movement of ideas not only futile but silly and self-defeating. Even the ecological threats arising from the advance of technology provide new impetus toward political cooperation. The most rigid isolationist, the most dogmatic ideologue, now must recognize that the very air we breathe is an international resource. No one nation, acting alone, can estimate, and even less control, the increase of the carbon dioxide content of the air through the burning of fossil fuels or the introduction of other harmful pollutants. Oil dumping and waste disposal in the oceans are prime examples of issues that will be dealt with internationally or not at all. Modifying other people's weather, redirecting the winds, changing by conscious decision the pattern of rainfall—all are exercises of power that no one nation, or a few scientifically advanced nations, can be allowed to arrogate to themselves.

The shapers of laws and the architects of institutions have been overtaken by science and technology. We have grown up in the comfortable sense that politics is the art of the possible. Few of us have faced the fact that science has transformed politics into the art of the indispensable. In the vital area of relations among nation-states, the situation was summed up recently by a brilliant young political scientist, Professor Lincoln Bloomfield, when he described the United Nations as the only institution in the history of man that had become indispensable before it had become possible.

Despite increasing recognition of common interests, the United States and the Soviet Union remain at odds over how the world is to be organized. They persist in placing their reliance on unilateral measures when confronting political change in areas they regard as sensitive. Yet, they are not the only ones to press narrowly defined national interests; they are only the ones with the most power to do so. In many of the developing areas, middle-sized and smaller states are either engaged in hostilities with neighbors or struggling with continuing internal disruptions.

The United Nations and its system of agencies still have very little ability to reshape a disorderly world, for its system derives its powers not from the consent of the governed, but from the consent of national governments. Experience has shown this consent to be limited, provisional, captious, and subject at any time to being withdrawn. The jealous determination of nation-states to reserve all real authority to themselves is constantly reflected in the debates and frustrations of the United Nations.

The halting approach to world order begins with the fact that the most populous of all nations, the People's Republic of China, and three significant divided states—Germany, Korea, and Vietnam—are not represented. The early admission of mainland China, of the two Germanys, the two Koreas, and the two Vietnams—regardless of what may later evolve in their own internal relationships—is essential to the bringing together of the real world and the international system. These developments will not be long delayed.

Thus, we should begin now to make the General Assembly of the United Nations a more effective means of fulfilling the Charter's directive that it be a center for "harmonizing the actions of nations." An immediate start could be made by reassessing its concentration on passing resolutions by formal votes. The last General Assembly adopted 131 different resolutions. One wonders how many of them have been taken seriously even by the governments that voted for them.

One of the brightest areas on the world scene has been the United Nations' contribution to economic and social progress. The magnitude of the results tends to obscure the smallness

"Science has made it possible for man to live bountifully upon this planet. But only man himself will civilize it and make it habitable."

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of the investments nation-states have been willing to divert from their bilateral programs. Their sense of priorities is revealed by the fact that this year they are directing less than $7-billion to development assistance and more than $200-billion to armaments.

Concern has been expressed over the capacity of the U.N. system to handle the massive effort that seems to be required. Undoubtedly, more needs to be done. For instance, the role of the Economic and Social Council and its relation to the specialized agencies clearly needs reassessment. Jurisdictions need clarification. And, clearly, more resources are called for. Yet, the basic point is that the record thus far, with all its shortcomings, inspires confidence that the U.N. system is capable of adapting to changing needs. Certainly, the world community needs the sense of partnership that is indispensable to closing the widening gap between the two-thirds who are poor and the one-third who are affluent.

There is no more flagrant example of the disregard of nation-states for world order than the chronic underemployment of the International Court of Justice. Secretary of State William Rogers recently advanced suggestions that could mark a new start toward use of the court. They include the greater use of chambers of the court; the convening of such chambers outside The Hague to make the court more visible in other areas; the establishment of regional chambers to make the court more attractive to Latin American, Asian, and African states in disputes with states in the same region; and more frequent use of summary proceedings. These suggestions merit a prompt response.

Other steps could be taken to make the International Court more useful to the United Nations itself by improving procedures for seeking advisory opinions. And, most importantly, real attention needs to be given to extending the writ of the court itself through voluntary acceptance of its jurisdiction by nation-states.

Increasing use of the court would be one of the clearest indications of the movement away from international lawlessness. It would be an appropriate expression of a new will to strengthen, through use, international machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes. This new will must also find expression in the U.N. Security Council. Until now, resort to the Security Council usually has been withheld until violence is imminent or in progress. The council needs to develop methods—and the habit—of helping parties to a dispute reach an agreement before the onset of violence. There is also a tendency to avoid difficult solutions in the absence of crisis and, when violence occurs, to go no further than to freeze the dangerous status quo. This is a prescription for the continuation of the tension.

There are many ways to strengthen the peaceful settlement role of the Security Council, once there is the will on the part of the member states to do it. It is time to become impatient with the failure of nation-states to provide the United Nations with standing forces to carry out peacekeeping functions. This was a major promise made by the signers at San Francisco.

Even the fact-finding functions of the United Nations have been kept sharply limited. Nation-states are orbiting satellites with high-resolution cameras. We sit at home before our television sets and see events in other parts of the world transmitted by satellite. But no such eyes and no such voice, not even such opportunities to watch, are yet available to the United Nations.

In those specific instances where it has been permitted to exercise limited peacekeeping functions, the record of the United Nations has been a good one. Indeed, the record stands in shining contrast to the costly and tragic unilateral actions that have darkened our age. The relatively low investments in successful U.N. peacekeeping efforts make all the more shocking the fact that even these have been denied sufficient funds. The burden of debt left over from these operations totals $189-million. This is not large by the standards of those governments that have benefited the most. Yet, the situation has reduced the Secretary General to borrowing from trust funds set up for other purposes and worrying about meeting successive payrolls. This is a disgraceful and degrading situation that must be ended.

The assertion of a new will to world order must come. New and irresistible elements are being introduced into the world scene by science and technology. In the most profound sense, they impose disciplines that go beyond the capacities of the nation-states. Problems such as abuse of the environment, management of sea-bed resources, modification and control of climate, genetic modification activities, the uses of outer space, satellite communications—all will require some multinational framework for solution. The process already has begun with such quiet effectiveness that it has almost escaped our attention. The improved weather forecasting now available to every part of our globe, thanks to the world weather watch, is a case in point. The management of international air traffic is another. The process thus begun is bound to accelerate rapidly and across many areas of human endeavor and concern.

New thinking needs to be brought to the efficient application of international organization to these new dimensions of transnational activity. The issues posed will be complex and difficult, but I look upon them with the highest hopes. They will bring us, inescapably, face to face with the imperative of bringing a world view to the affairs of man.

The halting steps we have taken thus far suggest that we may yet be able to run. We *can* have progressively stronger international institutions. We *can* endow them with peacekeeping powers sufficient to restrain not only small but great states. We *can* assess, direct, and control the power science has placed in our hands. We *can* have—without sacrificing wide diversity of belief, custom, and structure—a single universal faith in the obligations, the brotherhood, and the destiny of mankind. Science has made it possible for man to live bountifully upon this planet. But only man himself will civilize it and make it habitable. The United Nations provides the means for achieving greatly. We must lose no more time in using it.

"I've written my memoirs, Emily, and you aren't in them."

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"Governments, systems, ideologies, and institutions come and go, but humanity remains."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following remarks are from the introduction to Secretary General U Thant's final annual report to the United Nations, which he delivered at the opening of the 26th General Assembly last month. At the end of this year, Mr. Thant will step down from the post he has held for ten years.*

THE UNITED NATIONS and the concept of internationalism as embodied in the Charter are sometimes viewed with less than enthusiasm and, even on occasion, with resentment by governments. I am convinced more than ever, however, that it is a dangerous illusion to believe, in the present state of the world, that life can be safe without that concept and without a world organization that embodies it. Much of the usefulness of the United Nations is unknown and indeed intangible. But, however faulty, it represents an aspiration and a method of trying to realize a great ideal. Nations and peoples will turn their backs on this great endeavor at their gravest peril.

* * *

No one can deny that the performance of the political organs of the United Nations is disappointing, although great changes have taken place in the methods of operation both of the Security Council and of the General Assembly. The return to consensus in the Security Council has disadvantages as well as advantages, for it has often meant that when the Council cannot agree on an important question it may not even take up that question. Neither the Secretary General nor any other organ can satisfactorily fill the gap created by the failure of the Security Council to comprehend the responsibilities given to it in the Charter. The primary function of our organization—the maintenance of international peace and security—cannot be fulfilled by a retreat from collective security and collective responsibility into collective weakness and collective impotence.

It is unquestionably a step in the right direction that the General Assembly has broken out of its former preoccupation with Cold War topics and now devotes most of its time to a vastly wider range of subjects, on which the voting is refreshingly unpredictable. However, it is a weakness when resolutions are adopted that have no prospect of implementation, and the authority and prestige of the world's greatest deliberative body is thereby eroded.

* * *

At a time when the participation of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations seems to be within reach, I very much hope that no more time will be lost in sterile debate on this question and by the use of legalistic arguments to conceal political realities. Although the nature of the solution depends on member states, it has always been my firm conviction that our organization would undoubtedly have been more efficient had it not kept the door closed to one of the largest nations in the world and to those states which—precisely because they were divided and belonged to opposing ideological systems—needed to participate in the United Nations, where they could have found a common ground for working together to overcome their differences.

The participation of the People's Republic of China will no doubt increase the United Nations' capability of working for the objectives of the Charter. It will also bring closer to realization the goal of universality of membership of the United Nations, which has been one of my cherished personal aspirations during the past ten years. In this regard, I feel strongly that the admission of the divided countries to the United Nations should not be linked to the solution of the problems resulting from their division. Their accession to membership should, on the contrary, be considered as likely to facilitate the search for solutions to these problems.

* * *

I feel more strongly than ever that the worth of the individual human being is the most unique and precious of all our assets and must be the beginning and the end of all our efforts. Governments, systems, ideologies, and institutions come and go, but humanity remains. The nature and value of this most precious asset is increasingly appreciated as we see how empty organized life becomes when we remove or suppress the infinite variety and vitality of the individual.

In this connection I feel obliged to mention a problem that has been almost daily in my mind during my time as Secretary General. I refer to the violation of human rights within the frontiers of a state. Theoretically, the United Nations has little standing in such situations—and they are all too common. Legally, the membership of the United Nations has done an admirable job on human rights. The necessary texts exist. But, practically, where does an individual or a group of individuals find recourse against oppression within his own country? World public opinion has become an increasingly important factor in such problems. I myself have privately done the best I could in many such situations, knowing full well the weakness of my own position, and I know that many national leaders have done the same. But this can never be enough, and the time has surely come when governments in the United Nations must make a determined effort to give justice a worldwide dimension.

* * *

I have never been so convinced as now of the usefulness, the potential, and the absolute necessity of the United Nations. The organization is evolving, as all vital institutions must evolve, through a process of trial and error toward a goal and an ideal that all can accept. It is customary now for radicals to join with reactionaries in condemning the United Nations as an ineffective, outmoded, and hypocritical instrument for peace and justice. What they would be able to put in its place is not clear. I too, like most of the member governments, am critical of much that goes on, or does not go on, in this house. But I am convinced that the institution itself is sound, and that it can, must, and will be made to work. —U THANT.

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Jungle, Desert, Icebergs–and Hunger

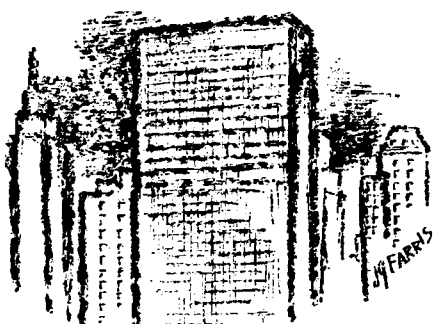
In the context of the grave alarm issued by world demographers who foresee eventual suffocation from too many people on this earth, scientists at the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations have forecast that 100 years from now the earth will be able to sustain a population of thirty-six billion people and feed them well on a diet similar to that now prevailing in North America and Western Europe, without recourse to synthetic food. This optimistic look at the year 2071 presupposes several things, none of them as far-fetched as one might believe for such a hopeful forecast.

Thinking about food in the next century has become imperative, particularly at the headquarters of a group as conscious of the world's basic problem as the FAO, whose motto is "Freedom from Hunger." Two major breakthroughs must occur in order that the earth's land resources may supply sustenance for the projected thirty-six billion people alive a century hence: first, use of desalinized sea water pumped hundreds of miles inland and lifted to considerable heights; and second, continuous cultivation of soil in the rain-forest tropics after the tree cover has been removed. Only a tenth of the land surface is presently under cultivation. It is said that one-fifth of the land is either too high or too rugged for normal cultivation. Another fifth is too arid, and yet another fifth lies under snow and ice or in permafrost and is therefore useless for growing food. Of the remaining two-fifths, there are millions of acres on which the growing season is too short, the rainfall excessive, or the soil too impoverished to help in the creation of food for human life. It is, therefore, in the areas of aridity, poor soil, and tropical inaccessibility that the breakthroughs for greater food supplies stand the best chance.

The latest issue of *Ceres*, the FAO magazine, puts it this way:

> First, we would open up for intensive arable farming some seven million square kilometers in the Amazon basin and a smaller area in equatorial Africa. Second, we would make it possible to turn the warm deserts of the world into a sea of waving green, with some twelve million square kilometers in the Sahara alone, an area almost equal to the total cultivated land in the world at present. An unlimited supply of fresh water would also make it possible to provide perennial irrigation to the existing cultivated lands, to the vast areas under permanent pasture, and to the lands now under tropical forest.

What an unlimited supply of fresh water can do to desert country is seen rather quickly in the enormously successful irrigation projects in western America. Much of the land in the fertile food valleys of California was once semidesert where the sun shone virtually every day but far too little rain fell to produce crops with any regularity. The introduction of fresh water transported to these arid areas is one of the modern botanical miracles and accounts for an amazing percentage of this country's fresh vegetables and fruits, particularly in winter months. Desalinization of sea water is relatively expensive at this time, but it is the wave of the future, no doubt about it. Imagine for a moment what would happen to the Sahara Desert if desalinized water could be pumped in hundreds of miles from the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. As the FAO points out, the Sahara by itself would, if properly serviced with a continuous fresh water supply, just about double the total cultivated land presently available.



Another possibility for supplying fresh water is to tow icebergs into harbors near cities that in future may be short of fresh water. Oceanographers believe that icebergs could be towed north from Antarctica to the Southern California coast to furnish water for the vast desert land thereabout. Antarctica alone is believed to contain more than three-quarters of the earth's entire fresh water supply, frozen at this moment but potentially available through advanced engineering techniques. The latest issue of the *World Almanac* says of this great potential fresh water source:

> Two scientists have estimated that if an iceberg 250 yards thick and 2,700 yards across were towed to Australia, it would provide 207 billion gallons of water—even though 70 per cent of the iceberg would melt during the trip. They estimate that a seagoing tug could make the voyage for less than $1,000,000; that the fresh water obtained from the iceberg would be worth about $5,500,000, or less than a tenth of the cost of an equivalent amount of desalted sea water.

Steamy tropical jungles made into controlled year-around farmland, arid desert country artificially watered into a new Garden of Eden, icebergs towed up from Antarctica to furnish irrigation for Death Valley—these are dreams, or are they? Those who deal in such matters do not appear to think so. Perhaps the world will indeed come to learn how to feed itself when it is ten times as populated and a century older. In any case, professionals in the war against human hunger say it can be done and have now given us a blueprint we would do well to read.

—Richard L. Tobin

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Letters to the Editor

Basic Training

ONE of the basic thrusts of Gordon Zahn's article "The Great Catholic Upheaval" [*SR*, Sept. 11] was to point out the obsolescence of the Catholic doctrine of a just war as a guideline for formulating moral positions vis-à-vis modern war. He comments on the failure of the doctrine without ever defining it or indicating its proper applications.

Even though Mr. Zahn maintains that the present peace movement within the Catholic Church generally repudiates this doctrine, all of the most visible examples of this movement that he mentions—Pope John, Pope Paul, Cardinal Wright, even the Berrigans—have developed their anti-war postures according to the principles outlined in the just war doctrine. Even the papal declarations of the utter immorality of nuclear war are grounded in the principles of a just war.

Many of us who have opposed the Vietnam War have been able to do so because that war does not fulfill any of the criteria of a just war. A great number of us, therefore, were able to work against the present Asian conflict precisely because of the church's traditional teaching on war, not in spite of it. It would be all the worse for the Catholic Church—and for the world at large—if Christians ceased to formulate their moral actions according to the principles set forth in classical moral theology and substituted instead the almost irrational emotionalism that Zahn seems to applaud.

REVEREND JOHN M. HAAS,
Saint Chrysostom's Church,
Chicago, Ill.

Further Fact

RE: N.C.'s editorial "Facts vs. Conclusions" [*SR*, Sept. 11]. I am glad for the assurance that I continue to be welcome on the pages of *SR*. But I must correct a misconception. I am a writer for the editorial page of the Washington *Post* who also specializes in matters of the urban environment and architectural criticism. I am *not* an architect.

WOLF VON ECKARDT,
Washington, D.C.

Storyteller's Reality

RE: "Storytelling's Tarnished Image" by Malcolm Cowley [*SR*, Sept. 25]. Mr. Cowley's defense of the narrative tradition in literature offers a valuable perspective in which to place some of the current trends in art. It is commonplace to affirm the ostensible absurdity of life and irrationality of human behavior; but the writer, in order to realize the full potential of his art, might do well, as Cowley suggests, to provide more than the microcosm of the macrocosmic chaos implied by the presentation of disrelated events or perceptions.

If, as Eliseo Vivas writes in *Creation and Discovery*, the art object exists as a "self-sufficient entity" that does not represent or express reality but that constitutes reality, the narration of events—the novel of structure—does not misrepresent the reality of human existence, because its own intrinsic order becomes a fact of that existence. Thus, through narrative, Cowley's "final illumination" and "release of tension" become a part of our experience, and a means of helping us to retain what little sanity we have left.

JANE MARSTON,
Greenville, N.C.

Death Has No Sting

I AGREE HEARTILY with George Stevens when he says in his article "Above and Beyond Capital Punishment" [*SR*, Sept. 25] that "if the life of a convicted murderer is worth saving, so much the more is that of a draftee sent to Southeast Asia." But in the interest of accuracy I must quarrel with his implication that a murderer spared execution is at all likely to commit another murder.

In fifty years or more of intensive research on the subject, I know of only one such case—that of Louise Peete. . . . Burglars continue to be burglars, forgers continue to be forgers, but murder is the least likely of all crimes to be repeated. My late husband, Maynard Shipley, in his massive contribution to the history of the death penalty, several times pointed out the same fact, which will be agreed to by most prison wardens.

Capital punishment for murder is therefore *not* deterrent to the murderer himself, and it is unlikely that any murder was ever prevented by a consideration that its perpetrator was risking his own life. That is one of the principal arguments against the death penalty.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD,
San Francisco, Calif.

Goldwater's Defense

IF FRANCIS D. WORMUTH [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Oct. 2] had wanted to see a detailed list of foreign wars that back up my view of the President's right to protect America's freedoms, all he had to do was look at the *Congressional Record* of April 26. On that day, I placed a chronological, incident-by-incident summary of these military actions from 1798 to 1971 in the *Record*, where it would be open for study, analysis, criticism, or reference by serious students of the Constitution.

As to what these precedents mean, I would agree with the conclusion reached by the late Professor Edward Corwin, one of this century's greatest Constitutional scholars. Writing about the list of U. S. wars published by James Grafton Rogers in 1945, Professor Corwin found "the list demonstrates beyond peradventure the power of the President, as Chief Executive and Commander in Chief, to judge whether a situation requires the use of available forces to support American rights abroad and to take action in accordance with that decision."

SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER,
Washington, D.C.

"I distinctly ordered a reclining nude!"

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World of Dance

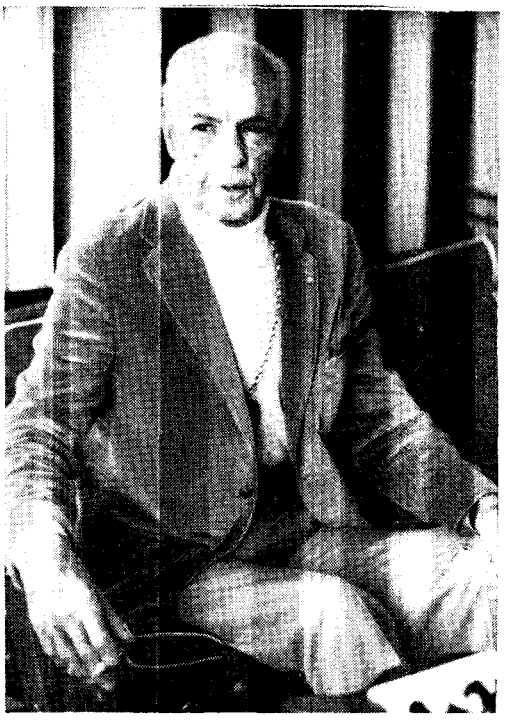
Walter Terry

Ted Shawn: A Father at Eighty

"Ted," said the late Doris Humphrey, "I'm ashamed. I had forgotten how much I had learned from you." The occasion was a lecture that Ted Shawn gave, twenty years ago, on François Delsarte's science of movement as it applied to dance, at the Connecticut College School of the Dance, home of the American Dance Festival. Miss Humphrey, one of the truly great choreographers of this century, was a product of the Denishawn schools and companies headed by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. Denishawn had also produced that towering genius Martha Graham, the brilliant Charles Weidman (long Humphrey's partner), and numerous stars of concert, vaudeville, musicals, and movies.

The visit to New London was, in a sense, like a visit to the enemy camp, for Shawn was director of the rival Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, only a hundred miles away. It was he, more than St. Denis, against whom Graham, Humphrey, Weidman (joined by Helen Tamiris and Germany's Hanya Holm), and others had rebelled in the 1920s and 1930s when America's modern dance was forged; he was also speaking to at least two new generations of dancers and student-dancers to whom Delsarte was little more than a name in old-fashioned books.

This month, on October 21, Ted Shawn was eighty years old. Celebrations are being held everywhere in the world of dance. He is "Papa" to generations of dancers. He is the "Squire" of Jacob's Pillow. He is a Knight of the Order of Dannebrog (Denmark). He has been a dancer for sixty years. Without him, there never would have been Denishawn, for St. Denis shied away from the responsibilities entailed in the running of a school or a company. Without him, there would be no Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival (which had its origins in lecture-demonstrations held in an old barn-studio in 1933). And, without him, there certainly would have been no Ted Shawn and His Men Dancers, a company that from 1933 to 1940 waged the fight for the right of American men to dance; subsequently, most of this company went to the armed services and World War II (Shawn had served in the earlier World War). He has been a prolific writer of books, tracts, and essays; a witty and engaging lecturer; an enormously successful impresario at Jacob's Pillow; a sort of Berkshire Hurok who introduced the Royal Danish Dancers to America, all three major Canadian ballet companies in their major U.S. debuts, Britain's historic Ballet Rambert, and stars and newcomers and dancers of every persuasion. All of them call him "Papa."



—Frank D[illegible]

Ted Shawn today—eighty years old, for sixty years a dancer.

This summer, as Ted Shawn neared his eightieth birthday in better health than he had enjoyed for two years, several pieces in a fascinating dance puzzle began to fall into place. Shawn himself gave his annual Delsarte lecture, this time on the occasion of the anniversary of Delsarte's death 100 years ago. He was assisted by an interviewer, but he didn't need one, for gestural eloquence was present in full measure. After his performance—and it was that—he invited me for a talk on his New England porch.

We talked of Delsarte. We also talked about Isadora Duncan and, of course, about his wife of more than fifty years, St. Denis (who lived to be 91), and of a theory that American modern dance came from Duncan and St. Denis and, possibly, Loie Fuller (warmly admired by both Isadora and "Miss Ruth"), a potent matriarchy. I remembered what Doris Humphrey had said at New London; I recalled that "Miss Ruth" had said of Delsarte that she had received "the relaxation thing from Mother" (St. Denis's mother had somewhere been exposed to a pupil of a pupil of Delsarte); Isadora wrote of "Delsarte, the master," way back in the 1890s. But it was left for Ted Shawn to pursue the mystery of Delsarte.

Early in his dance career, he had said for himself, for St. Denis, and for Denishawn: "The dance includes every

(Continued on page 104)

—Radford Bascome

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn (left) in their first duet (1914), "Algerian Dance"; at the right—he in his sixties, she in her eighties —they reminisce in movement about their long career together.

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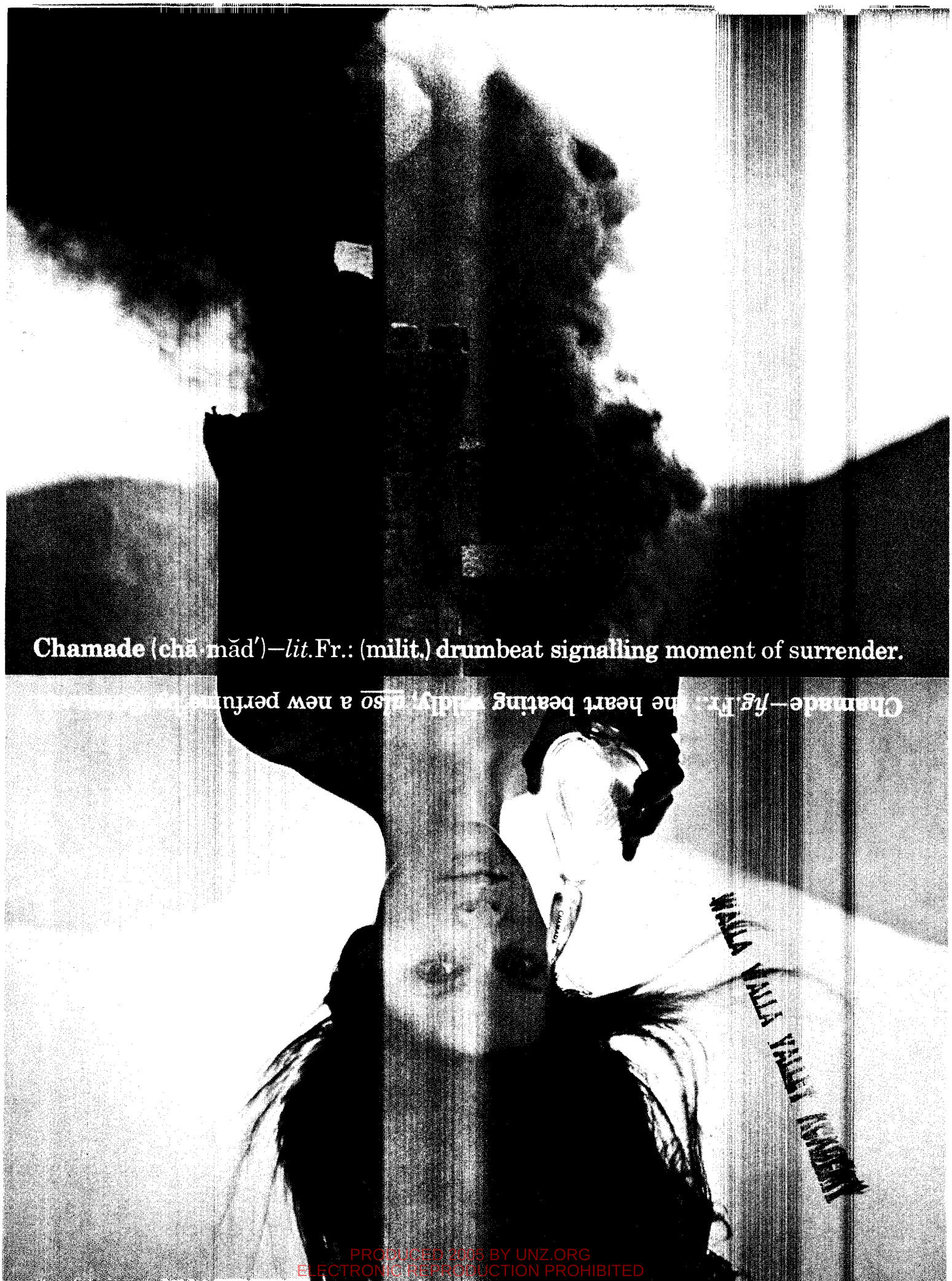
Chamade (chă·măd′)—*lit.*Fr.: (milit.) drumbeat signalling moment of surrender.
Chamade—*fig.*Fr.: the heart beating wildly; also a new perfume.
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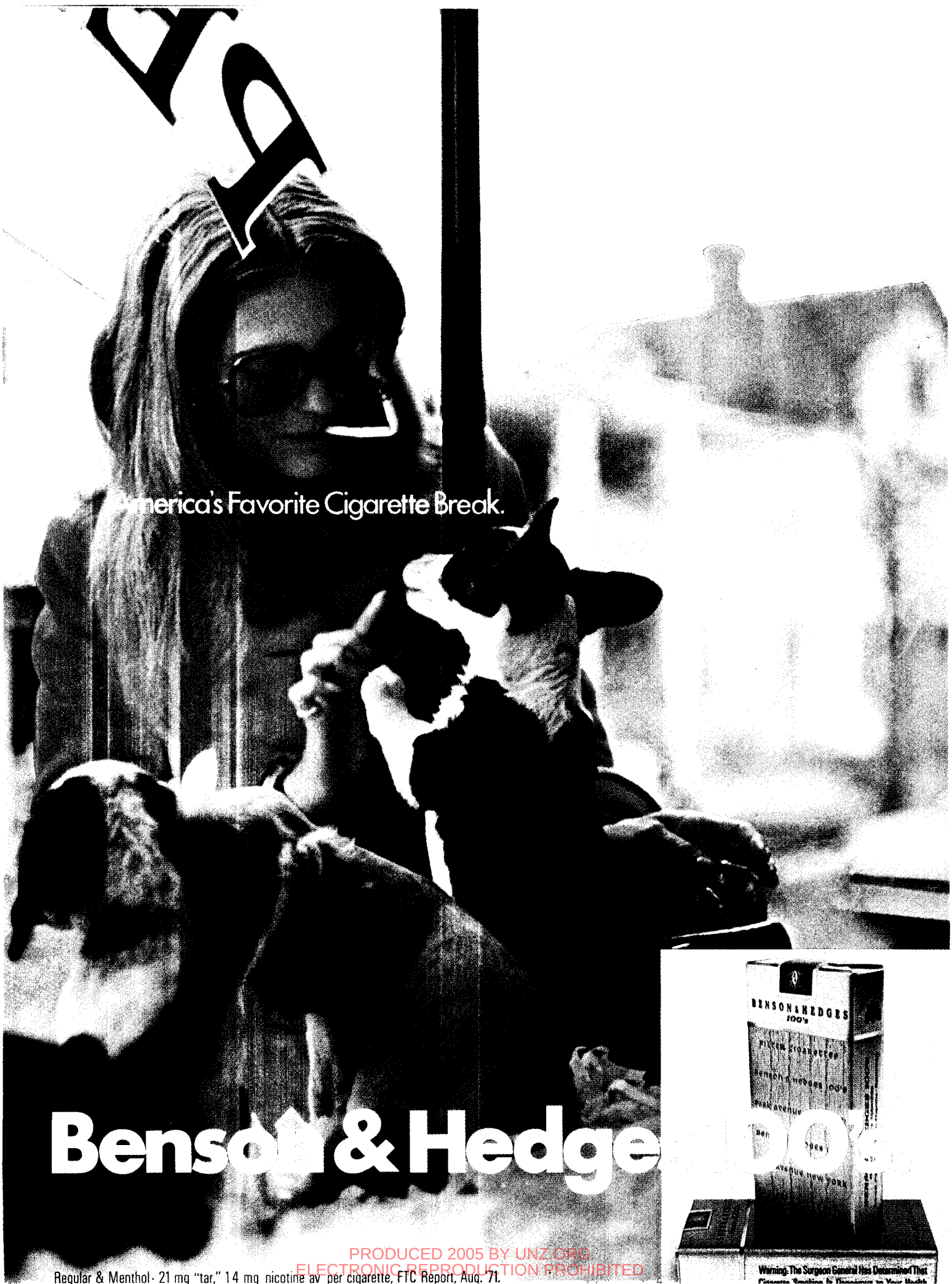

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Regular & Menthol: 21 mg "tar," 1.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Hortatory Cinema

BY THIS TIME, Stanley Kramer must be fairly sick of hearing that he is a first-rate producer but only a middling director. Happily, with *Bless the Beasts and Children,* based on the Glendon Swarthout novel, he comes off as a far better director than in any of his pictures since *The Defiant Ones.* The difference seems to lie in the script, supplied in this instance by Mac Benoff. As a producer, Kramer has chosen to concern himself with Big Issues—the Atom Bomb, Civil Liberties, Racism, Evolution—and while his heart has always been on the side of the angels, his scripts have tended toward oversimplification and his direction toward overemphasis.

To be sure, some of these same faults (and the same virtue) turn up in *Bless the Beasts.* But apart from an obvious awareness, if muted, of the ecological overtones of Swarthout's tale, this is probably the least tendentious picture that Kramer has made since *Not as a Stranger* and, by and large, his most relaxed picture ever. It concerns a group of six boys, all misfits, all in their early teens. At the summer camp to which they have been consigned by their well-to-do parents, they are held in contempt by their fellows. Theirs is the sloppiest cabin, theirs the losingest team. Their stealthy attempt to steal the camp's prized trophy ends in fiasco.

This early part of the film has a humor rare in the Kramer catalogue, including (or especially) *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World.* A TV comedian (Jesse White) deposits his chubby offspring with the camp director, then, unable to resist an audience of any kind, goes into his routine before the astonished kids. The camp director (Dave Ketchum) recites a terrible poem, "It's All in the State of Mind," while shots of his camp's daily routine ironically belie the words. The boys themselves, especially the misfits, are frequently funny without being cute.

The story proper begins, somewhat belatedly, when the misfits steal out of camp with a single purpose. A few days earlier, on a camp outing, they had witnessed "the thinning of the herds," the annual slaughter of buffalo on the game preserves. The sight shocked and nauseated them, and their self-appointed mission is to release the animals from their pens, where they are shot down like fish in a barrel. Along the way, amidst magnificent shots of the New Mexican terrain, a series of flashbacks to each boy's family life helps to explain why each ended up in the misfits' cabin (although why these six, of all the boys in the camp, should have been moved to action is not examined at all).

Unaccountable also is the climactic transformation of the group's leader (Bill Mumy) from a resourceful and understanding pillar of strength into a screaming, hysterical martinet. But by that time, it hardly matters. The boys and their mission have so won us over that we are appalled at the final irony: Their plans to shoot down buffalo thwarted, the hunters think nothing of turning their rifles on children! Naturally enough, the National Rifle Association is not pleased, but a more moving appeal for the humane treatment of animals would be hard to imagine. For the squeamish, Mr. Kramer has assured us that his shocking scenes of the buffalo slaughter were lifted from earlier pictures.

It is one thing to be squeamish about the slaughter of animals, but quite another to be made squeamish about the slaughter of human beings—especially if they don't happen to be of your own political faith. Peter Watkins has sought to evoke this feeling in us in his extraordinary *Punishment Park,* currently on exhibit at both the New York and the San Francisco Film Festivals and shortly to go into national release. Watkins, of course, earlier won acclaim for *The War Game,* that incredible preview of the effect of atomic holocaust on a single British town. In *Punishment Park,* he strikes much closer to home and much closer in time.

The park that he envisages is a stretch of arid terrain, mountains and deserts, in Southern California. Political prisoners on trial before drumhead courts meeting in flapping tents are given the option of long-term prison sentences or three days in the park. Ingeniously, the film intercuts the ordeal in the desert (where the prisoners are pursued by police, Army, and National Guard units) with the trial of the next group of prisoners. Almost everyone in the film is a non-actor, voicing his own beliefs and emotions in a psychodrama that carries greater conviction than all but the greatest acting. Certainly, never have the rifts in our nation been made so balefully, so frighteningly—and so realistically—apparent. Nor the need for dialogues in which the opposing parties can actually *hear* each other.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Free Shirley!

SHIRLEY MACLAINE'S first television series, *Shirley's World*, is to me the biggest disappointment of the new season. The show was pregnant with promise before the curtain rang up. The talented Miss MacLaine as a successful, resourceful photographer-reporter for an international magazine, a bountiful production budget, shooting on locations around the globe, the production cunning of Sheldon Leonard *(I Spy)*, the reputed financial sagacity of Miss MacLaine in real life, and her reputed admirable liberal political consciousness and involvements—all worked in me a special hope that somehow Shirley would beat the system and produce a viewable television series. After three spins of the production wheel, I must sadly report that the system has beaten Shirley (just as it has triumphed over the gifts of other film stars—Jimmy Stewart, Anthony Quinn, and Glenn Ford—who entered the TV lists this year).

Shirley doesn't look as good on TV as she does in films; she has no opportunity "to act." The three shows viewed, especially the one shot in Tokyo, have been less than sparkling, in spite of the virtues of their locations (the first, London; the second, an island off the Scottish coast). But these are minor faults. Basically, the series suffers from a feminine complaint—it lacks iron. *Shirley's World* is not really a whole; it's a half-world, a twilight zone whose ambivalences merely diffuse whatever energy is generated by the premise of the series.

Shirley, whether or not the producers consciously intended it, carries the banner of the Women's Liberation movement. She epitomizes the contemporary emancipated female. She can do what any man in her profession can do—and better. In the season's opener she succeeds where men have failed and gets an exclusive interview with a member of a fashionable club (no women allowed). In the second show she talks a family on a small island into declaring their independence of the British crown. In the third she aids a young bride whose honeymoon is all discord. Such actions are right out of the Women's Lib book. They even have touches of TV avant-garde: strip-tease sex, much whisky, and bathtub fun with a geisha in a Japanese teahouse. The trouble is that Shirley, while asserting her strong, new-woman qualities, perpetually dreams of playing the contented wife's role.

Her editor (John Gregson) is the object of her hate-love, independent-united feelings. In the first show she falls for him, after displaying her professional stuff. In the second he bails her out of a tough situation with superior masculine wisdom. In the third she can't make up her mind whether to play a subservient role, on the style of the Japanese wife. The series pendulum, swinging back and forth between Shirley free and equal and Shirley submissive and contented, is caught between the worlds of yesterday and today. The women in Shirley's television audience live in the submissive world and fantasy themselves in the dominant world. Shirley lives in the woman-on-top world and dreams of submission. The tension in this situation is self-defeating. The contented wives in the audience (and the males also) want the real dream, not the pallid imitation. In their fantasies they want to behold the fully liberated female who is the equal of—if not superior to—the male, as opposed to the deceptive image of a woman apparently liberated but secretly yearning for the traditional apron strings. *Shirley's World*, in short, is a fake.

In the first show she uses sex, the hoary weapon of the eternal female, as her tool of victory over the male. She invades the Englishman's club with a bevy of strip-tease dancers and photographs the frightened snoozers in compromising situations. In the third show she sends the wandering husband of the distressed honeymooner back to the little woman's arms—by playing the underdog geisha role. How can anyone get rough, tough Women's Lib stories out of such a half-world?

If Shirley is to be the authentic, satisfying symbol of the liberated female, she must go all the way. Obviously Miss MacLaine won't opt for a Doris Day world. Cut her loose, Mr. Leonard. Let her editor chase her; let her never be available. Put her in the driver's seat; set her on top. Make her Tarzan and him Jane. That'll be worth watching and worthy of Miss MacLaine's talent. Never mind the jazzy locations and the zingy shots. *Shirley's World* must learn what every woman knows: You can't be a little bit pregnant.

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CHILDHOOD
The Next Battleground

by NED O'GORMAN

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS:
Toward the Liberation of the Child

by Paul Adams, Lelia Berg, Nan Berger, Michael Duane, A. S. Neill, and Robert Ollendorff

Praeger, 248 pp., $6.95

Childhood is carved up in *Children's Rights* and set out on paper plates as if the authors were presenting the sword of flame to the embattled tribes of children who suffer now, as we all must know, under a dead system of schools that ruin and lay waste the imagination and the spirit of a child under the guise of bestowing a grace.

Touched here and there with interesting historical information and with some genuine common sense, the essays in this book as a whole fail to cast any light or even a shadow on the problems a teacher must face today when he walks into a classroom—an event not unlike walking the plank or treading the last mile. What is written here about the nature of childhood is mostly the product of dime-a-dozen books on psychology, religion, mental health, self-improvement, Zen, and that current chatter among educators that owes it's burdensome murkiness to misunderstood Freud and Jung.

How do I write about children in this hectically sexual, liberated, politically frenzied universe of non-families, gay liberation, Pentagon papers, Women's Lib, the Second Vatican Council, encounter groups, devil worship, and hard rock? I can write only of very young children. I am first a poet, not a teacher. I directed a Headstart program in Harlem for three months, and resigned when I was pretty well certain that Headstart is a middle-class, government bit of high-mindedness that destroys children as surely as any grim, gray-walled public school.

Since 1966, I have tried to keep the Addie Mae Collins Storefront School alive and kicking in Harlem. It is still alive and kicking basically because we are poor, un-clichéd to death by any city or national powers, and because we exist so that young children can learn within a serious, joyous, mannerly, and reverent atmosphere those civilizing graces they must have to survive in a racist world.

I think I am rather more a conservative than a radical. I lean toward order, manners, style, silence, discipline, cleanliness, and responsible authority more than I do toward disorder, rough-shod antics, noise, chaos, dirt, and those egalitarian poses so current now among the enlightened. Schools are for me still possible. They can be places where the spirit, imagination, and bodies of children might grow and increase. A classroom need not be either a rout of liberated children terrorizing teachers or a prison camp where children are terrorized by paranoid adults. It is possible to make demands upon children without consulting them, the community, the local revolutionary clubs, or the grocer. In a school there just might be people who do know better than the tribes of bellowing parents and administrators what's good for children, and who ought to tell the parents they are wrong when they order things to be done that terrorize the children, along with any genius there might be in the

NED O'GORMAN, the author of four books of poetry, is director of the Addie Mae Collins Storefront School in Harlem. His recently published books include *The Blue Butterfly* and *The Storefront: A Community of Children on 129th Street and Madison Avenue*. A sequel to the latter, *The Wilderness and the Laurel Tree*, will be published by Harper & Row next spring.

SR: BOOKS

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teacher. Headstart is a case in point: No one is permitted any ideas about anything unless those ideas are first approved by the locals or the central Headstart office—who know, usually, nothing about education or, at best, only vaguely what they want without knowing how to get it.

Perhaps the gurus, ranging from Ivan Illich and the authors of this study to camp followers of misread Montessori and Freud, ought to detach themselves from the comforting notion that chucking the past and liberating children from schools, parents, sexual morality, good manners, classrooms, élitist education, clean hands, all hierarchies, and deference to the wishes of parents and the commands of tradition is going to solve the problems of the child—his schools, his family, or the world. I hope too that soon the slovenly, pious notions that nothing is worth a damn unless it is relevant and meaningful (those words by now have an obscene ring to them), and no school or family is stable and healthy unless in a state of constant riot and "democratic process," will no longer direct so much of contemporary educational and "moral" reform.

An occasional spanking, deprivation of dessert, cancellation of a journey or expulsion to bed accompanied by good lusty tongue lashing—administered with calm good sense for a very clearly pointed-out offense—work wonders. A household where meals are served at a regular hour, a mother is about, closets are clean, refrigerators orderly, and in which language and ideals are not wholly derived from television, sex manual, and the daily newspaper advice column does have something to be said for it. I know parents who run a free, healthy, progressive household and do it without muttering clichés, obscenities, burning *The Aeneid*, smoking pot, or turning Sunday or the Sabbath into Pepsi Cola orgies. It is all a matter of style. *Children's Rights* is largely without style.

Each day a new leader robed in glory stumbles out of the newspaper and nearly everyone listens. And there are more gurus, leaders, and silly prophets babbling on about education and children than there ought sanely to be. If these creatures only could write well; not brilliantly, not stylishly, but merely well. If they could get the knack of the declarative sentence. If they had just a little respect for the meanings of words. If they had mercy on syntax and loved a little less their foolish enthusiasms and neuroses, and cared a little more for meaning. *Children's Rights* is a graveyard of language: relationship, parenting, freedom, sex, discipline, morality, love, fantasy, self, adult, child, imagination—all these words have been corrupted by a brutal, self-indulgent arrogance towards facts and the mystery of childhood.

One reflects only with terror on the apocalyptic vision of Robert Ollendorff in his essay, "The Rights of Adolescents":

> On whatever scale the adolescent then decides he wants to function in society, he will; and on whatever scale he wants to function sexually, he will. The sexual responsibility and feeling of responsibility would be practically absolute and adolescence would be a time in which promiscuity and experimentation would be played out and a mature pattern slowly adopted.
>
> Unfortunately, we will have to wait a very long time for this dream to come true.

To the last sentence I sigh and simply whisper thank God.

The intention of this book, as far as I can tell (the essays seem to have been chosen with little editorial care), is to try and bring public attention to certain crucial issues in the lives of children. Among other things, it succeeds in revealing how brutal and arrogant the laws are when a child must leave his natural parents for either a foster home or an institution. Nan Berger's chapter, "The Child, the Law and the State," is especially useful now in light of the suffering children endure from courts that cannot act because of legalities that obstruct both mercy and wisdom in placing and caring for abandoned children. Michael Duane's essay, "Freedom and the State System of Education," is laced with the good sense of a man aware of the absurdity of modern schooling. I found his words on the necessity of creating "reading readiness" in the very young accurate and sadly true. He knows well how destructive the schooling of the disadvantaged is when it gets into the hands of the bourgeoisie. A. S. Neill is always good to read and, of the authors, writes best (but for a quote from John Dewey that puts everyone to shame). Paul Adams and Robert Ollendorff try to sort out the mess of the adolescent psyche, but I must confess they do not sort it out for me. I simply think that if one wanted to collect essays about children's rights, one might have looked elsewhere.

Not that these author's hearts aren't in the right place, but they get bogged down in the exuberance of their feelings. Their visions of childhood are nowhere anchored to that dreadful question of just what does one do after having declared the world open, liberated, sexually unshackled, and unconnected with any authority? Life for the contributors is nonsectarian, without tradition, sexually poignant at every moment, unwashed, and, finally, so enfranchised that one glimpses five-year-old children shouting from the battlements for sexual freedom and universal breast feeding.

The family means very little in these pages. At any rate, a family I can recognize as something other than a science fiction horror is not possible in a household of "turned-on" folk for whom tradition and the more genial graces of life must be unattainable. (Are Vergil, Mozart, the Parthenon, Bach, Chartres, Corbusier, Teilhard de Chardin, and Plato permitted in the wilderness proposed in this book?) Such things as the warmth of the hearth, the wisdom of age, and the security of being in the presence of people who will guide children through their sexual and imaginative awakening have no reality in a life where parents produce children and immedi-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

HITHER AND YON

At one time or another you might have found each character of Column 2 in one or another of the places listed in Column 1. Which where? To help you in your quest, C. McInerney of Brattleboro, Vermont, has supplied a dozen tour guides, but asks you to assign them to their respective charges. Tour headquarters are located on page 84.

1. Afton River ( )	A. Casey	a. Browning
2. Astolat ( )	B. Elaine	b. Burns
3. Auber Lake ( )	C. Eben Flood	c. Coleridge
4. Blenheim ( )	D. Barbara Frietchie	d. Lear
5. Bristol Channel ( )	E. old Kaspar	e. Longfellow
6. Frederick ( )	F. Kubla Khan	f. Poe
7. Hamelin ( )	G. Lochinvar	g. Robinson
8. Middlesex ( )	H. Mary	h. Scott
9. Mudville ( )	I. the Pied Piper	i. Southey
10. Netherby Hall ( )	J. the Pobble	j. Tennyson
11. Tilbury Town ( )	K. Paul Revere	k. Thayer
12. Xanadu ( )	L. Ulalume	l. Whittier

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ately hand them a charter of rights.

I am not at all certain that there are not good taboos. (I think for instance that masturbation is a bad thing in the long run.) Neither am I sure that "A child of school age (six to twelve years) has the right to learn all secrets, with no holds barred. This includes a right to sexual knowledge and also, in our day and age, a right to knowledge of violence and of the highly important role it plays in human affairs." What does Paul Adams mean about "right to sexual knowledge" and the "right to knowledge of violence"? I find that rot. Surely, one must use the greatest prudence in introducing a child to sex and violence, and besides, how on earth does one introduce a child to violence anyway? Does "no holds barred" mean that children of six can read pornography, go to dirty films (and there are dirty films about), sleep with whom they please? Mr. Adams writes trivia and masks it as truth in a debased language:

> There are quite good enough reasons to lead one to advocate premarital intercourse and possibly premarital pregnancy in our day and age, as a step towards freedom of choice.

> This anal state is not the age of guilt. It is the age for shame. A rather global self-concept is laid down by the end of this era.

Robert Ollendorff is just as bad, and vulgar:

> The major sexual activity for the young adolescent in patriarchal civilized society is masturbation. Now, although this is in no way meant as a moralistic exhortation, we must state that masturbation is not a normal sexual outlet.

> A character structure which is often seen to come from the early withdrawal of sexual energy from other people and the reversal of its love potential towards the self is the solipsistic-narcissistic structure. . . . What happens here is that the young adolescent is taking his own self, his own body-image as a primary love-fantasy object and the quasi-sexual self-love reinforces the narcissistic component to a very great extent and ultimately leads to what must be described as a fixation on one's self.

All the writers have a hard time with morality or, more precisely, with the possibility that there are indeed some moral, ethical, sexual, and spiritual laws that when transgressed do cause trouble in individual lives. The betrayal of children to an open-ended universe where no gods, demigods, demons, mystery or sin exist seems a risky one.

A wise friend of mine said, after observing the charming antics of some

(Continued on page 84)

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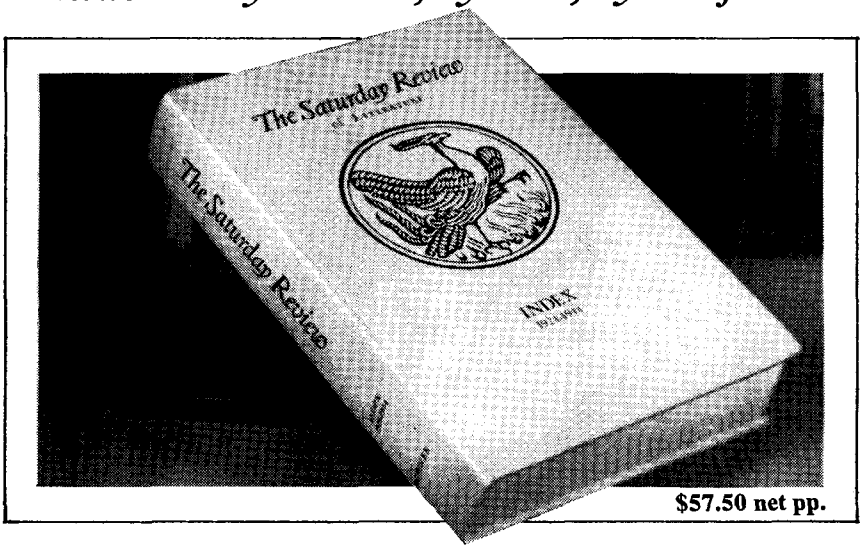

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BAR-KOKHBA:
The Rediscovery of the Legendary Hero of the Second Jewish Revolt Against Rome

by Yigael Yadin

Random House, 271 pp., $15

SILENT CITIES, SACRED STONES:
Archaeological Discovery in Israel

by Jerry M. Landay

McCall, 272 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by John S. Bowman

■ We live in the Age of Archeology, a time when that science has become a mirror image of contemporary concerns. Among the many peoples who stare especially hard are the Israelis, searching not only for their Biblical heritage but for a past to legitimize Israel's claim to be an old nation revived. The reflections have produced an array of books in recent years on the archeology and ancient history of the Holy Land; two more are in view, each embodying one of the major approaches of such books, and each deserving its share of respect and popularity.

Bar-Kokhba (the name of a legendary Jewish hero) is an example of a professional archeologist's account of his work on a specific site. Apropos our opening remarks, it is no coincidence that the archeologist-author is the same Yigael Yadin who once served as chief of staff of the Israeli Army. His previous book on Masada, site of the great siege of 73 A.D., aroused some controversy; this one, dealing with the second Jewish Revolt against Rome in 132-5 A.D., inspires pure pleasure. *Bar-Kokhba*'s story takes on a special significance for Jews, given Israel's current situation, but finally it appeals to everyone.

What could provide a more thrilling tale than an archeological expedition that sets out to make a fairly routine, if exhaustive, search of the caves near the Dead Sea and ends up with one of those hoards that only a few archeologists in a generation are privileged to find. Not just a full range of artifacts, many of crucial cultural or inherent aesthetic interest, but documents that bring into the light of history a hero who had long been relegated to the shadows of legend. As Yadin says: "It was the retrieval of part of the nation's lost heritage."

This kind of story is not an unknown to people who follow these things in specialized publications; and this one is but a chapter of the larger story of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Yadin's account, however, is an all but miraculous tale, made even more incredible by the photographs that allow us to experience the search of the cave and to see the finds, often as they actually emerged into modern light. The book also becomes an exciting quest, combining the elements of a military campaign (literally, for he employed various military hardware, skills—and bravery) and an intellectual detective story (so much so that I am deliberately withholding the details about the finds and their significance). Yadin writes straightforwardly, striking the perfect balance between the scholarly archeologist and proud Israeli—between scientific report and human testament. He can make something vivid out of the identification of men's and women's tunics as he draws upon history, legend, literature, religion, art, scholarship, science—yes, and imaginative insight—to re-create the story of the people who took refuge in the cave.

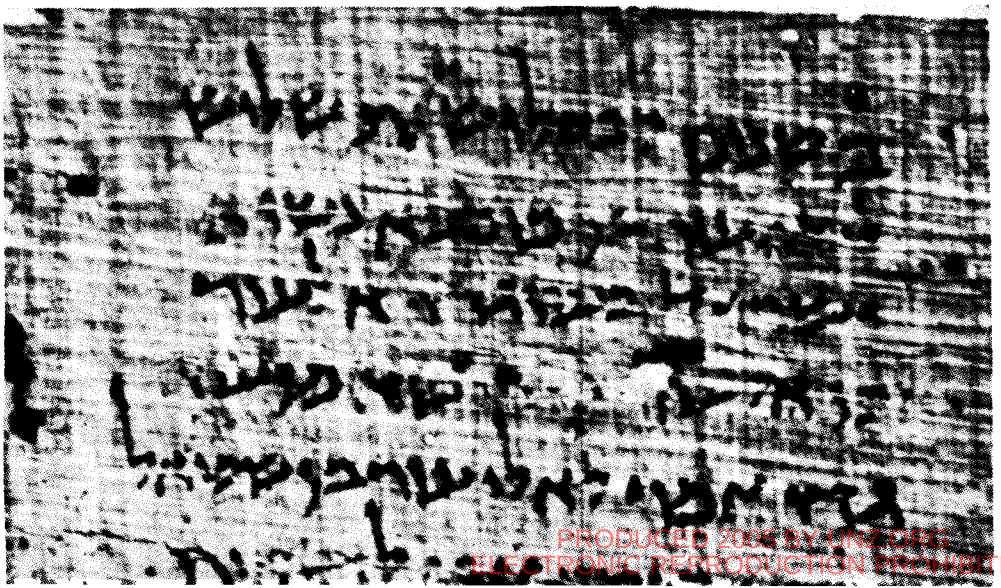
One could quibble over the odd detail. Perhaps Yadin assumes a bit too much (as when his fascinating disquisition on the *gamma* tunic neglects to suggest this was probably a visual pun, involving the initial of the Greek word for "woman"); also, the author never quite brings Bar-Kokhba into focus, leaving us to wonder if he really was such an admirable man. But why not say it? This book comes as close to perfection as we have a right to expect. Its many fine photographs, maps, plans and drawings, glossary, appendix of texts, and index—everything works along with Yadin's account to produce a handsome volume. I wish that all books were so thoroughly and truly published!

Silent Cities, Sacred Stones is a far more wide-ranging book than Yadin's, an outsider's overview rather than an insider's search: a "fox" of a book, so to speak, rather than a "hedgehog." Its author, Jerry M. Landay, is a journalist-broadcaster whose assignments in Israel stimulated his interest in that country. The result, after two years of firsthand research, is a history of ancient Israel told simultaneously with an account of the excavations that have given substance to that history. Landay's book is a first-rate survey of the field. Any questions I may have stem from its very thoroughness.

For one thing, Landay undertakes so much that he leaps about from past events to present excavations in a way that might confuse some readers. And in his haste to relate archeological finds to Biblical stories, and both to history, Landay bundles together all sorts of legends, episodes, finds, and

Detail from an ancient Hebrew deed, and the author (right) examining an artifact—"an all but miraculous tale made even more incredible by the photographs that allow us to experience the search . . . and to see the finds."

—from "Bar-Kokhba"



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peoples. He may be right, but most scholars, while acknowledging the archeological confirmation of traditional sources, hesitate to wrap it all up in such neat versions. As a production, *Silent Cities, Sacred Stones* looks overcrowded, and the quality of the printing and reproductions is not always of the best.

But whatever minor flaws the book contains, it should strike the aimed-for public of laymen just right, especially for reading before, or while, touring Israel. Some of the material may be known to those with an interest in archeology of the last century, but most of it has been the province of specialists. All in all, Landay has done a superb job of synthesis, and he or someone deserves a special nod for searching out the illustrations. Most of them are unfamiliar, and all keep pace with the text. To Landay, as well as to Yadin, Israel owes a hearty *Shalom!*

John M. Bowman is an author and editor who has specialized in the archeology of the Mediterranean world. Among his books are "Crete," a standard guide to that island, and "The Quest for Atlantis."

THE SHAPING OF JEWISH HISTORY: A Radical New Interpretation

by Ellis Rivkin

Scribners, 256 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Ira Eisenstein

■ Jewish history is long, complicated, and unfinished. A historian who attempts to simplify and condense it into one volume, as well as extrapolate its future course on the basis of the past is courageous indeed. Professor Ellis Rivkin, who teaches Jewish history at Hebrew Union College, has set out to do even more in *The Shaping of Jewish History*—namely, to secularize the four-thousand-year story of the Jews, a story which is generally told in terms of theology, as *heilsgeschichte*. Specifically, Rifkin's thesis is that the "shaping" of Jewish history can be understood best—perhaps only at all—in terms of political and economic realities.

One-volume histories of the Jews have rarely been successful. Abram Sachar, Cecil Roth, Abba Eban, and others have done fairly creditable jobs; but even they, content to describe the major events for the benefit of the uninformed, had to deal inadequately with one or another period. Since Professor Rivkin began with a thesis, he was forced to sacrifice factual data in order

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INDIAN MAN:
A Life of Oliver La Farge

by D'Arcy McNickle

Indiana University Press, 242 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by James A. Clifton

■ For more than a century a handful of eastern, upper-middle-class Euro-Americans have waked from the comforts of their percale sheets to discover that other groups of Americans—nonparticipants in the glories of Euro-American culture, but *the* Native owners and inhabitants of the continent—are less well fed, clothed, housed, educated, doctored, and cultured than they.

With sudden, personal, often shocked clarity these altruistic Americans learned that the Native Americans had been (and are being) deprived of land, resources, dignity, independence, way of life, and life itself. Of those who were moved most by this new knowledge, a few came to identify themselves with these stigmatized, oppressed Americans for life. They found purpose, sought careers, built reputations, earned livelihoods, fought off rivals—all in the service of "the Indian problem." Their involvement with Indians was buttressed with countless memberships, fund drives, lobbying, polemic tracts, romantic novels, legislation, advanced degrees, and other marks of achievement and symbols of duty performed. They differed considerably in their willingness to wait—to learn about, and participate in Indian life—before interfering in it. Carrying everything from the Bible through first editions of Emily Post to, most recently, Robert's Rules of Order, they simply imposed these on the Indian as an instant cure-all for his problems. A very few gave sympathy, listened and learned, cooperated with—served. And doubted any simple solution.

Oliver La Farge was representative of the latter group. A man who by biographical accident identified himself with Indians, he came first to Navajo country as a romantic sightseer, and stayed to serve. As revealed in D'Arcy McNickle's curiously incomplete biography, *Indian Man*, La Farge remained to his death curiously incomplete himself. He sought fulfillment through serving the Indian cause (McNickle, an Indian himself, has no higher praise for him than "he was on our side"), but apparently never achieved it.

If McNickle is accurate in his existential placement of La Farge, he was in the beginning marked by a too warmly enveloping mother—who called him her "little Indian man." Personally introduced to the early Harvard anthropologists by a father with some antiquarian interest in the western Indians, La Farge was then sent to the Southwest as an apprentice archeologist. There he discovered the Navajo and the Hopi, and started his life work. Politically, the young La Farge seems to have been a naïve Teddy Roosevelt conservationist: these living remnants of an unspoiled past discovered in the Four Corners region were objects of wonder to be preserved, sheltered, and protected. Had he continued to think of Indians as a threatened species of wildlife, La Farge might have deserved no biographical mention at all.

But the Native Americans of the early 1900s were men whose ways and morals La Farge came quickly to know and respect. The Indians then were composed of fragmented, harried populations which official federal policy and popular practice had placed on a short, quick road to extinction, a road well greased with malignant neglect.

La Farge decided to try to block this road by giving his talents, energies, and his life to Indian causes. He played politics, pressured the growth of Indian rights organizations, worked at developing a science of Indian affairs administration—all the while practicing as an anthropologist, and earning his keep as a novelist and popular essayist. It seems clear that he attempted too much. He even tried out for the lead role in the adaptation of his Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *Laughing Boy* (Ramon Navarre got the part).

La Farge was a pioneer in Indian affairs, but a flawed one. His biographer provides the necessary evidence for this conclusion but hesitates to draw it. Oliver La Farge, reared in the elite ethic of lifetime services and good works, was accustomed to affluence but was not provided an inheritance. While serving, making his mark, and forming a complex identity, he had also to earn his own keep, and this deflected his energies and time sufficiently to block full accomplishment in any of the many skills he experimented with.

McNickle's *Indian Man* is only part biography; it is also a partial but solid history of the last fifty years of Indian rights movements, federal Indian policy development, and allied matters. For both its history of an era and biography of a singular man, this book should be required reading for the many young people who have themselves just recently become aware of the Indian and his plight,

Unfortunately, the handful of curious well-wishing visitors among the Indians in 1910 has grown today into a horde. Thousands of American youths, driven from suburbia by 'identity crises" and ennui, are descending on Native American communities throughout the land. They are searching for a more whole and genuine culture, but a modern Indian reservation often resembles a daycare center for the post-adolescent rejects of delinquent middle-class households.

These people might do well to read about Oliver La Farge, but they should realize that Indian affairs have changed since his day. No longer can one casually trespass on a Navajo reservation. The Navajo Tribal Police will not allow it. Nor will one find, as La Farge

(Continued on page 98)

"Hey! How about you giving me a wish and me giving you a wish?"

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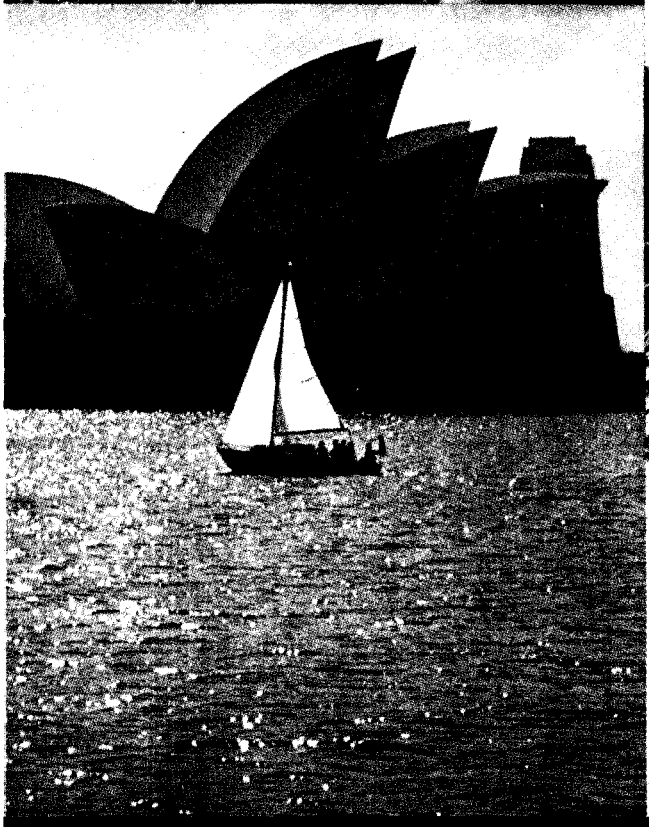

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TEMPLE BELLS AND BLUE ATOLLS

A SPECIAL SR TRAVEL SECTION

A certain shade of mystery has hung over China ever since Marco Polo, and it is no different now. The strangeness still calls, and the riddles, so long sequestered, well up anew now that hope rises. The first journalists go, and the scientists, and then the President. Can the travelers be far behind? In the back halls and in the open meetings, this will be conversation's most exercised gambit when the World Travel Congress of the American Society of Travel Agents convenes in Sydney at October's end. For the opening of China ignites the incense once more, sending the tantalizing scents of all the Orient wafting clear to the West. The routes to the East lie along a score of pathways and perhaps more—by way of the blue atolls of the Pacific, by way of that vast mass of sea and earth called Australasia, by way of Japan, by rail from Hong Kong, and by air along the Kissinger route from Pakistan. The pleasures of these lands, themselves a fascination, as well as the boundless curiosities of China itself, are set down by unusually qualified chroniclers on the folios that follow. —H.S.

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All You Need to Know for a Trip to China

by LOIS WHEELER SNOW

Nine months before Ping-pong became a household word in the United States (and other interested countries) I spent almost half a year in the People's Republic of China. I had waited a long time; twenty years and two children after my marriage to Edgar Snow I eagerly set off with him to see the country he had known so well and that had focused our lives on things Chinese.

We reached Canton in one of the air-conditioned trains by which most foreigners get there from Hong Kong. There is no Hong Kong-Canton plane service. It was early August 1970. Customs formalities at Shumchun, the border town that is divided between mainland China and the New Territories of Hong Kong, were conducted with ease and politeness, followed by lunch in the fan-cooled restaurant. My first glimpse of China was one of scroll-like beauty—long-legged herons in shimmering green rice paddies, lichee trees, water buffaloes sporting little boys on their leathery backs, and the peasant farmers, familiar as Hollywood actors, in wide-winged, woven palm-hair coats and peaked straw hats.

My husband was a working journalist and I his helpmate-secretary. Up to that time no Americans had been accredited as correspondents in China, and he had always, as now also, entered as a historian, with his visit sponsored by one of the Sino-foreign cultural groups. This trip was handled by the Association for the Promotion of Sino-Foreign Friendship. Hotel and travel arrangements were made in consultation with us and our requests. Costs were moderate, about corresponding to rates one finds listed in Nagel's guide, *China*. (*China*, Nagel's Encyclopedia Guide, Nagel Publishers, Geneva, Paris, Munich; Henry Regnery, Chicago, distributors, U.S.A. A good guide book, well worth perusing before and during the trip. Its 1,504 pages make it unhandy, but bring it along. Nagel lists hotel rooms and meals in main cities; tourists visiting in groups can make package arrangements for below the regular cost.)

Language presents a problem to most travelers, and knowledgeable help eliminates the pitfalls and frustrations of being on one's own in an unknown country. Most people touring China do so in conducted groups, accompanied by a guide-interpreter. Where you go and what you do will normally be worked out in advance with China travel service offices in Hong Kong and Kowloon. No foreigners are yet permitted to wander on their own in China, which in any case is impossible for a non-Chinese-speaking visitor. One is free enough to amble around a city, but travel beyond designated areas must be prearranged through the tourist agency or the sponsor of one's visit.

Peking became our headquarters. We traveled through the surrounding province of Hopeh; flew up to the northwest —Sian, Yenan, Nanniwan, Pao-an; traveled by rail to Liaoning in Manchuria; went by train and plane to Changsha, Canton, Nanking, Hangchow, Shanghai, and the lower Yangtze.

In the capital we lived in the comfortable, rambling, old, centrally located Peking Hotel. My husband had formerly stopped at the Hsin Chiao, a post-revolutionary hotel in the same vicinity, which is smaller and has a top-floor restaurant affording a good north-south view of the city. Single and double rooms and some splendid suites are available. Rates at both hotels range from $4.20 to $6.30 a day for single rooms with bath. In every large city there are modern hotels where foreigners stay, and there are many Chinese-style inns with much lower rates, but these are usually not available to the Western visitor.

The "comrades" who tended our room (one calls them *t'ung chih*—never waiter or "boy") were gracious and attentive. Tipping is out of the question; don't even try. Cleaning, pressing, laundry, and emergency mending are done promptly; Western-style breakfast (eggs, jam, pancakes, toast, milk, etc.) is served in one's room when desired. We brought along our own instant coffee, but hotel coffee is also available in the cities. Thermos bottles of boiling hot water are in every hotel room, facilitating the making of tea or coffee at will. The excellent meals (Western or Chinese) are available for visitors and their guests either in one's quarters or in the restaurant on the main floor. There also I discovered a barber shop where, for about 50 cents, ladies can be treated at a moment's notice to a scalp-tingling massage, shampoo, hair curlers, and electric dryer (an ancient but efficient model). Warning: Men's hair in China is worn *short*; a barber's tendency is to keep it that way!

My husband understands and speaks conversational Chinese; I acquired a vocabulary of enough words to enable me to say "thank you," "please," "come in," "sit down," "how are you?" "very good," "not good," and "may I have some ice?" (In Hong Kong we had purchased a small phrase book and accompanying tape.) Every effort was appreciated, though sometimes the wrong tone brought unexpected results—once at breakfast our request for sugar produced a cup of steaming hot soup. In most hotels a waiter or two knew enough English so that when conversation was supplemented by some pantomime, understanding was possible.

The Peking Hotel stands on the broad tree-lined Avenue Chang an Chieh (main streets bear signs in Roman letters beneath the Chinese characters), which bisects Peking for forty straight kilometers, east to west. The splendor of T'ien an Men (Heavenly Peace Gate) is its focal point. Off this center, past the huge People's Hall and the Forbidden City's solemn red walls and the heavy facades of government buildings, one finds shopping streets and narrow lanes intermingling in a jumble of commercial and residential activity that divides itself between life on the sidewalk and life behind ancient brick walls. Fragrant in spring and summer with the rare sweetness of jasmine, chock-a-block with old houses now divided into flats or shops, these city streets are unlike any I had seen.

Western foreigners were few; I was unusual, in spite of newly acquired Chinese-style clothes. (*We* stared, a time or two, at groups of blond, long-haired, blue-jeaned youngsters, perhaps students from Scandinavia.) Even "minis" as modest as those I had brought with me were quite out of place. I purchased drip-dry pants and shirts at a Peking department store (an outfit came to about $4); later I had a handsome woolen pants suit tailor-made for less than $50, including the material, which was expensive by Chinese standards but about the same as Hong Kong prices. (Cotton purchases required a coupon; along with rice and cooking oil it was rationed at this time.) Men get by easily in slacks and shirts, with a sweater or light jacket for breezy evenings.

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Forbidden City pavilion—"fragrant in spring and summer with the rare sweetness of jasmine."

Life in China is very casual. A simple wardrobe is all one needs, planning with an eye to season and area. It is *hot* in Peking, as well as in Canton and Shanghai, in the summer. It is still very warm in the south when northern winds blow in Peking and above. An easy way of bucking this is to bring along warm underwear to don as needed. With winter-weight pantyhose, a good sweater, and a scarf, I found a three-quarters topcoat sufficient and not too bulky to carry about. In December I topped this off with a beautiful fox-fur Mongolian-style hat, purchased at a main-street shop in Peking for about $12. A pair of stout walking shoes is mandatory. A raincoat, slip-on rubbers, and an umbrella or rain hat (all plastic and fold-up) are good ideas. Slacks, or pants suits, can be worn everywhere, night or day. Foreigners *do* wear skirts or dresses, but with everyone else in pants, why bother?

Weekdays and Sundays—shops are open all week—an ever changing, always similar combination of people throngs the sidewalks. First impressions remain: the blackness of hair, bobbed, plaited, or crewcut; the similarity of clothes, mostly in grays or blues except for the khaki green of the army and the bright outfits of toddlers, like little colored birds; women shuffling by in tiny, pointed slippers encasing distorted bones of long ago crushed feet. The variety of transportation: wooden baby carriages (small playpens on wheels); rubber-tired carts piled high with everything and anything, including at times the whole family on top; modern two-car buses; open trucks squeezed to capacity with workers and soldiers all armed with shovels; enclosed nursery-school pedicabs; bike-propelled leftovers of the ricksha (mainly for the elderly or sick); a few "Red Flag" sedans and taxis—all dominated by thousands of bicycles flowing steadily from 6 a.m. to 10 at night, when streets quiet to sudden calm.

Pedestrians are casual about crossing streets, an attitude not shared by the "Little Red Soldiers" posted at intersections to pipe out traffic regulations. People smile at them, then plunge nonchalantly into the swirl of vehicles; the result is an intermittent braying of horns—abrupt, pleading, staccato, insistent—and sometimes just a blast of honest proletarian outrage. However, the accident rate is said to be very low, and I never saw a mishap. The closest was the time a young man literally fell off his bike at the sight of me; fortunately he was at a standstill at the time.

In spite of the number of people in any of these big cities, there's seemingly little hurry or pressure. Long queues disappear into capacious buses without pushing; people politely offer the foreigner a seat, or offer to help one on or off. At dusk street lamps glow, shop windows light up to illuminate, not to hard-sell. Painted political slogans (nearly all Mao Tse-tung's) add color to muted stone or brick. Red stars and potted poinsettias give a gay, unexpected Christmas touch to these cities of Oriental socialism. There is no advertising; products come in simple containers easy to obtain for the pointing to, like the filtered Panda cigarettes whose package displays the baby animals chewing on bamboo leaves. Once one leaves the main street, sounds become pleasant—lively Chinese chatter, a flute from a window, a bugle loud and clear, kids at beanbag or tag, marchers swinging past with a song. Young men toss basketballs in sidewalk courts, hawkers of vegetables sing wares. I forgot the shrill of a siren. Except for traffic cops, policemen are not conspicuous. One can walk about without fear of molesters or pickpockets, even after dark.

"Night life?" There are *no* nightclubs, bars, discothèques, or any variation on this theme in China. There *are* first-rate sports events and good, if limited, cinema, theater, and ballet. Theater begins at 7:30 and usually closes by 10; cinema is on from afternoon to early evening. "Model" revolutionary Peking operas and talented ballet make up most of the fare. Tickets are very inexpensive and easy for the visitor to obtain, but the demand is immense, and tourist groups have prearranged accommodations for entertainment. Most of the museums were closed during the Cultural Revolution, but a few are newly opened. One may now again see such ancient glories as the Temple of Heaven and the Ming Tombs near Peking, the Drum Tower in Sian, and newer monuments such as Sun Yat-sen's memorial in Nanking. Every city has something "worth the journey," providing revolutionary history in more than a nutshell. All cities have magnificent parks where

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one can boat or swim in once imperial lakes, wander through history, take tea and cakes in the shadow of a pagoda, or dine in a lakeside café.

Eating is entertainment, whether in the expansive pavilion at the Summer Palace, or on a lantern-lit terrace in Canton, or munching famed Peking duck in a centuries-old restaurant, or cooking your own Mongol lamb on huge blackened braziers, or, if lucky, as we were, feasting on fish by Miyun reservoir or picnicking beneath the Great Wall. Most people eat an early dinner; by 10 restaurants are ready to close. A number of street restaurants, especially in Peking and Canton, now cater to foreigners. A good meal costs $1 to $4. Reservations, and whole menus planned and ordered, can be arranged through a hotel. Restaurants serve, on request, a fiery liquid called *mao-tai,* or sweet wines, sometimes served warmed, or beer, which goes well with Chinese food.

A trip to a commune, school, factory, or hospital is food for thought at the time and later back home. Depending on your interest, such expeditions will be arranged. One encounters a way of working and living not to be seen elsewhere and lively shows of folk dancing, songs, and theater often put on by local talent.

Street markets and shopping offer hours of interest. Vegetables from commune farms come in early in the morning, sometimes stacked up and sold right off the sidewalk. The variety of fruits and vegetables includes melons, oranges, and lichees in the south; Peking's apples, pears, and persimmons are famous.

Stores are fascinating. For off-hours hungry travelers, cafés serve light snacks; try a sesame bun stuffed with roast duck, or *chiao tzu,* the Chinese equivalent of ravioli. Cookies, candy, nuts, and crackers can be brought back to hotels for snacking. (I gained twelve pounds!) Fruit beverages, bottled milk, and refreshing mineral water are widely available. Gin costs 50 cents a bottle; bring your own vermouth for dry martinis. Scotch doesn't exist, but there *is* a Chinese-type whisky.

There are stationery, and arts and crafts shops, also drugstores Chinese and Western. Vitamin pills can be had, but the content is small; we were glad to have our own large-dose C and B. Band-aids are something I was glad I had brought—I walked so much. Photography shops contain some recent-model equipment. Developing and printing are fast and inexpensive.

City department stores are places where people ponder over purchases while clerks remain attentive and polite. From silk-padded jackets (good gifts to take home) to fur-lined coats, enormous thermos jugs to pots of cleansing cream, the selection includes groceries, Chinese phonograph records, musical instruments, scarves, interesting kitchen ware, ceramics, tissue-paper cut-outs, toys, first-aid kits, and yarns. What can't be found? I never discovered cheese, Kleenex, Tampax, or absorbent cotton. Make-up is confined to cleansing products, and young faces reflect the benefit.

For gifts especially portable and appreciated I found: Chinese-style blouses; children's T-shirts and stout canvas book bags—both printed with "Serve the People" in red characters; capacious tea cups decorated with Mao Tse-tung poems (30 cents); inexpensive hand-embroidered towels and tea or dinner cloths; building blocks from which children can construct curved-roofed temples and pagodas; straw and wicker work; scrolls ranging from pretty bamboo for less than one dollar to more costly beauties; needlepoint pictures; fans of all sizes and prices. Chinese stamps are great. At the "friendship stores" in Canton, Wuhan, Shenyang, Shanghai, Nanking, and Peking, the choice goes through beautiful Shantung silks, cashmere sweaters, expensive jade, ancient seals, old snuff jars, ivory, Soochow needlework, porcelain, and carved wood. Delicately decorated Hangchow chopsticks are 10 cents a bundle of ten; local "butterfly" scissors and tinned tea are also practical. Shanghai has shellwork and featherwork. Paying presents no problem; when unsure, one is not risking

How to Eat in Chinese

by PATRICIA BROOKS

—Illustrations by Edward Epstein, from "Oriental Cooking the Fast Wok Way"

When President Nixon announced his intended visit to China, interested observers throughout the United States sprang to instant attention, transfixed with envy and anticipation. Although some belong to the celebrated breed called China-watchers, others, better known as Chinese cooking cultists, were not interested in the political aspects of a Presidential visit to Peking. "What really grabbed me," one earnest graduate of a Darien (Connecticut) Chinese cooking class confided, "was the prospect of that cottage-cheese-and-catsup man dining on genuine Peking duck before I do."

To Chinese food buffs, a visit to mainland China is comparable to a pilgrimage to Mecca or Jerusalem for the true believer. To them—that is, to *us,* for I am among them—China is the Promised Land of a cuisine that is 4,000 years old and whose recipes were being recorded on silk and bamboo by poets and scholars at a time when Europeans were grubbing at raw meat with their paws. That China is opening up at last to a generation of travelers and Chinese food fanciers who have not yet experienced The Real Thing on their home territory is still too heady a thought to contemplate for long.

Every old China hand knows well that Chinese cooking improves and becomes more recherché the nearer you get to the mainland. The first-time visitor to the Far East may pride himself on his expertise in New York's Chinatown, but he may be in for shock and bewilderment when faced with the abundance of a menu in Hong Kong, Taipei, or Singapore.

The Chinese is perhaps the most adventurous cuisine in the world, having evolved where economic conditions were poor. A good chef learns early to improvise with what is readily at hand. As a result, virtually everything grown is eaten: tiger lily buds, lotus roots, tree fungi, chrysanthemum petals, sea

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much by handing over some notes. Correct change will be given back. Honesty is the rule. It is difficult to lose anything and practically impossible to have anything stolen. (Tuck a plastic or string shopping bag in your purse or pocket.)

Don't wander too far from where you want to return, or shave seconds for an appointment—there are no cruising cabs. Taxis are to be found at big hotels, or obtained by phone with the help of someone who speaks Chinese. Otherwise, it's on foot. Buses are fine, but you need language to use one.

Hospital service is attentive and thorough. My husband received excellent emergency toothache care; I had acupuncture treatment for an aching back. It didn't hurt, and neither has my back since.

Shanghai "friendship store"—from beautiful Shantung silks to old snuff jars.

Service at hotels is facilitated by giving expected callers your room number, thus ensuring messages and phone calls. There is no foreign language phone book unless you get one of the embassies' lists. Hotels have somewhat English- or French-speaking postal clerks. Postcards are available, and mail from Europe or the United States usually reaches one in four to six days. Tell people to address mail to the People's Republic of China. Foreign newspapers may be obtained only through resident foreign friends, or the travel bureau by arrangement. Hotel radio broadcasts come in a variety of languages from a variety of sources: BBC, Voice of America, Japan, etc. Peking broadcasts news in foreign languages. If you need paperback novels to get you through the wee hours, bring them along; except for a few technical works, books are in Chinese. Hotels provide such magazines as *Peking Review* and *China Reconstructs*, which give Chinese views on political developments and a variety of activities.

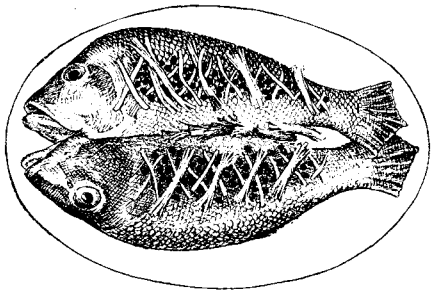
Trains (good sightseeing) are comfortable, clean (I counted four flies in five months), though at times noisy with a loudspeaker system; this can, however, be shut off. (The train attendants will do it for you.) With a pilot full of Mao Tse-tung thought, I, who usually don't, felt safe on the planes we took. Commercial planes never take off under bad weather conditions. Hot tea, and sometimes fruit and candy, are served in flight. Overnight trains serve full meals.

For any knowledgeable touring, a potential visitor should catch up on background reading. Besides the many volumes giving the history of China and the revolution, there is Mao Tse-tung's indispensable "little red book." You'll need it to follow the conversation. And bring along a diary; you'll want to remember a country where one quarter of this world is gaining a new outlook on life.

---

slugs, sharks' fins, birds' nests. In the hands of a master chef, even the lowly scallion is mixed audaciously with something rare and becomes a work of gastronomic art. The cuisine is full of surprises: beef with oyster sauce, shrimp with sizzling rice that is as crunchy as Rice Krispies, chicken baked in mud. Who but the Chinese would have experimented with the ubiquitous bamboo and discovered the tastiness of its tender shoots?

When ordering a Chinese dinner, one should estimate roughly one dish per person. There is no *single* main course, but a series of courses, each designed for communal dining, served in large bowls or platters in the center of the table, with all diners sharing and scooping tidbits into their individual bowls or plates. Chopsticks add immeasurably to the enjoyment of a Chinese meal, for the food is prepared and seasoned to be popped bit by bit into the mouth with these "quick little boys," as the Chinese call them. Precise cutting of the food into small pieces is part of the cooking ritual. The perfect balance of a dish is often disturbed if it is drowned in soy at the table and shoveled up with a fork.



Ordering from the diverse and lengthy menu in most Asian Chinese restaurants need not be intimidating. Just keep in mind the concept of balance and contrasts. If you order chicken and walnuts, you would not want pork and almonds as another course. Translated into English, the poetry of Chinese dishes is often lost, leaving titles that sound corny or quaint. Don't let this worry you, for the poetic titles are meant to convey the exquisite essence of the dish. "Golden tree branches with jade leaves" does, after all, sound more appealing than "mustard cabbage with ham strips."

If you are planning a dinner party at a restaurant, it is always wise to order a day ahead to ensure maximum perfection. If you have a Chinese friend to order for you, all the better. If not, don't be dismayed. For a dinner party of ten or more, it is customary to begin with several cold appetizers, perhaps wedges of century eggs, sesame ham sticks, pickled Chinese lettuce. Follow this with a substantial soup, such as sweet corn and crab, or pork and cucumber. (For a smaller party, eliminate appetizers and begin with the soup course.)

It would add a measure of style to order assorted dishes carefully, some small, one or two spectaculars. For example, you might order braised anise beef, sautéed pork with shrimp sauce, a light vegetable dish such as mushrooms with bean curd or snow peas, and then a spectacular, perhaps eight precious duck, Peking duck, or gold coin chicken. Follow up with a delicately steamed fish with lily buds or black bean sauce, and then, surprisingly by Western habits, another soup, this time perhaps a light double-boiled melon with ham or chicken and lotus seed.

Dessert, if you deem it necessary,

(Continued on page 77)

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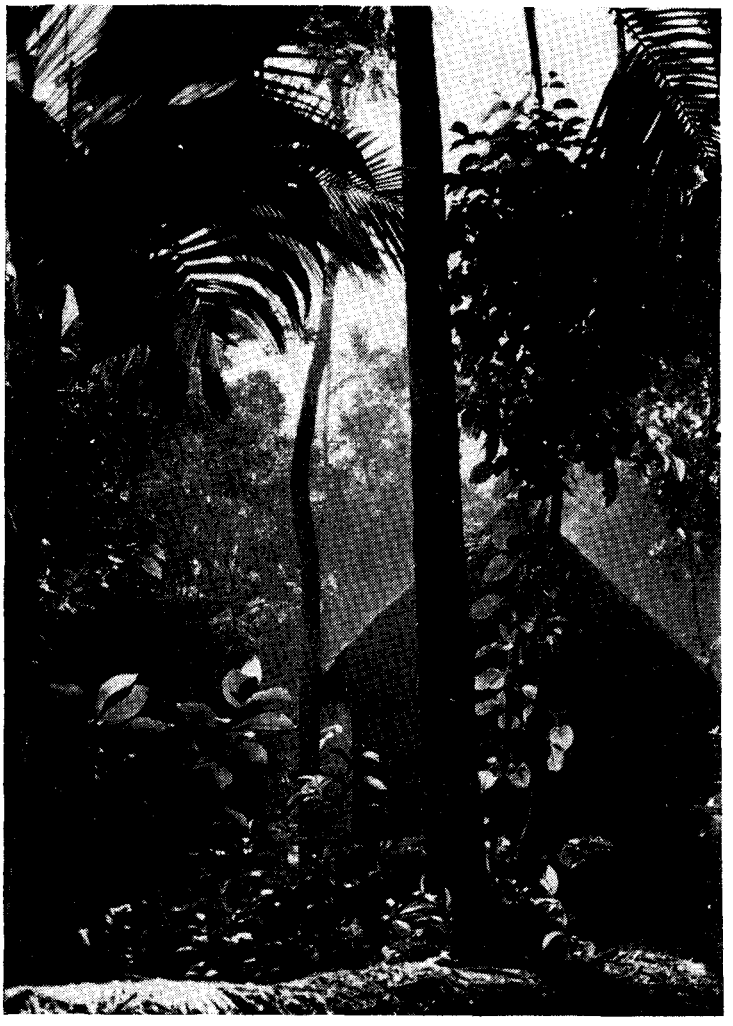
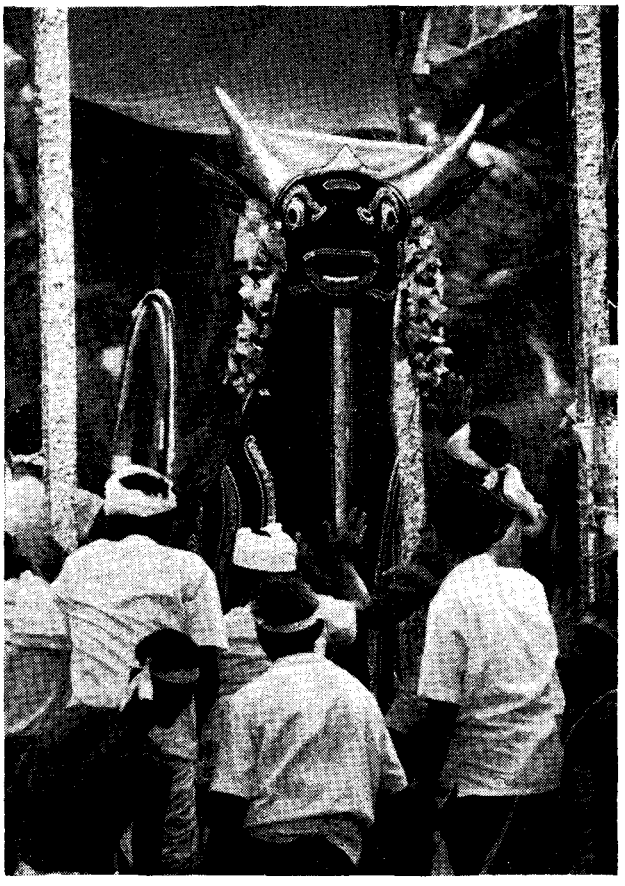
Bali: The Last Eden



Morning in a Bali village.



There is artistry in Hindu funerals (above) and in the layout of terraced rice fields.

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One name, one place on this shrinking planet still evokes hushed piety in even the most blasé world travelers—Bali. I remember, before I went, telling of my magic itinerary (Tokyo, Hong Kong, Singapore, Djakarta . . . savoring the final destination, Bali) and then waiting for that familiar put-down, "You should have seen it years ago before it was spoiled," but instead hearing a reverential sigh and "It's still great—the last place on earth."

Nehru called it "the morning of the world," and frankly either line will do. Yet, only a befogged visitor can come away from Bali these days without a slightly tempered view. Slowly by our standards, but perhaps rapidly by theirs, the Balinese are absorbing the ways of alien cultures loosed from afar by Garuda Indonesian Airways, Thai International, Malaysia-Singapore Airlines, Qantas, Cathay Pacific, and Pan American, which also controls the Inter-Continental's Bali Beach Hotel, a five-year-old temple that islanders still regard with awe.

For most visitors, the Bali Beach, at Sanur on the southeast coast, has provided a point of reference, the beginning and end of a day. Recently, though, a band of Djakarta army generals has put up an air-conditioned bungalow colony at Kuta Beach with promises of an additional two-story "highrise" of 200 rooms ("high" in Bali now being defined as the height of a coconut tree). Other hotels are planned, and already there is talk of replacing the winding, bamboo-lined road between the airport and Sanur with a much wider strip of concrete.

So the point is to get there soon, and whether you end up staying in the hippie huts at Kuta or amid the jungly decadence of semiprivate estates down the beach from the Inter-Continental, Bali will come forth to meet you with the kind of adventures only Hope and Crosby used to have.

There are tour buses and taxis to get you around, or you can hire a young guide like Ngurah Supardhi and see Bali from the back of a motorcycle. Many of the customary sights—shrines and tombs, the monkey forest, artistic villages—are within a day's reach of the southeast coast and are well marked on the map, but on Bali the joy is discovering your own treasures. The colors come up to hit you first—varying shades of green dominated by the deep lush green of rice fields stepping upward in terraces or sweeping away to dense groves of coconut palms. No doubt the international standard for greenness is set on Bali, although Ireland may argue, and on this Asian swing I heard a few votes for Penang, the Malaysian island.

You will have to go a long way, however, to find the equal of Bali's craft and artistry. Examples are not hidden away in museums or behind bamboo walls but instead rear up everywhere. Crossroads are guarded by carved stone demons—merely, I thought, to prop up directional signs, but in fact to ward off evil spirits who might cause traffic accidents. Because a religious holiday was approaching—and one is seldom far off in this ritualistic Hindu culture—the road was overhung with bamboo poles, *pendjor*, festooned with strands of young palm leaves and knotted with displays of rice, coconut, and other produce. Women in sarongs passed by on the way to temples, balancing on their heads straw baskets filled with delicately bound floral and fruit offerings.

Older women go bare-breasted, but the young women have covered up since about the time of Dorothy Lamour. Tooling down the road late in the afternoon, though, you can't help but catch glimpses of nude bathers crouching in streams to wash off the day's toil. Wives do much of the labor, while, in some towns, the men stay home with their art work. In Mas, we found the head wood carver tapping away with mallet and chisels under a straw roof. Ida Bagus Tilem looked up to say he had worked at the Indonesian Pavilion at the 1964 World's Fair and now oversees fifty-five carvers in his own compound and ninety-one others who work out of their homes. "I think ninety-eight per cent of the village men know wood carving," he said. "If I would say one hundred per cent—impossible, because some are farmers and some officials. Now we have some girls starting too."

At a roadside hut in Batubulan, a center for stone carving, young boys were at work on a towering statue of Raksasa, a demon with bared fangs that serves as the guardian of temples. The shopkeeper and instructor, sitting back in a rattan chair, said the boys spend a half-day at school and the rest of their time preparing for their life's work, which shall be rewarded as long as those big silver birds keep thundering in from the West.

There were other confrontations that could have occurred only on Bali. Stopping one morning beneath a thatched roadside kiosk to wait out a rainstorm, I saw a little boy kicking a rubber ball around. It wasn't a Voit. My companion Ngurah took a closer look and identified it as a pig's bladder. Then, there was an afternoon ride over a coastal plain, left charred and barren by the 1963 eruption of Mount Agung, to a curious temple called Goa Lawah. We stood back a respectful distance from the opening of a cave while hundreds of bats screeched and clawed around the entrance, dropping guano on stone and wooden shrines. Ngurah said the passageway extended all the way to Besakih, Bali's holiest temple on the slopes of Mount Agung. Just then a dog ran into the cave. "It is okay," Ngurah said, "but for us, only the high priest may go in. Not even his daughter. There are black snakes inside. If you see one from here, it is regarded as fortunate." We didn't.

On my last morning on Bali, I sat by a beachfront bar with a bright young Indonesian—a jewelry designer who has Yale Law School and London School of Economics credentials and runs a shop in Djakarta—and heard him ponder the future of this last place. He wasn't hopeful. "Already I hear people—promoters—grumbling that the Balinese are impossible to deal with. But these people are coming in and taking, not giving. They may soon use up the talents of the Balinese. Some pieces are scarce already," he added, indicating the carved chairs we were sitting on, wrought by a Balinese named Tjokot. "Not long ago you could buy these chairs by the dozen," he went on, "but now the man is old and blind, and the stuff is hard to get."

He waved across the water at the island of Nusa Penida, once a penal colony and now the potential site of a casino with hydrofoil transportation from Sanur. "I can just hear it," he said. "'Your attention. Announcing the departure of Hydrofoil Number One for Nusa Penida.' You know, I think I'll live to see it."

Perhaps he will, but even if the Kentucky Colonel comes to Bali, the gongs will call me back. —D.B.

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Way Out West in Kurashiki

by DAVID BUTWIN

Reports reaching these shores as to the Americanization of Japan are highly overstated. No matter how many Shakey's Pizza Parlors open up on the Ginza, the truth is that the Rising Sun still flutters over a land largely unswayed by Western custom. Exceptions are Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, and a few other stops on the obligatory tour, but once a traveler has forsaken the *Hikari* express train (complete with *Life* magazines and hamburger steaks) and pushed into the western reaches of Honshu, the main island, he will encounter all the exotica he can handle.

My journey west began one morning in Kyoto aboard a railroad coach running on the old Tokaido Line, not to be confused with the new Tokaido Line, whose *Hikari* (or *Bullet*) dashes along a parallel track. From the window you could see the NTL's freshly laid concrete runway, which stretches west of Osaka (the last stop so far) and eventually will run all the way out to Hiroshima and across to the island of Kyushu.

One of the first lessons the *gaijin* (or foreigner) learns about travel in the outlying precincts of Honshu is to book space far in advance, show up early anyway, and then expect to tuck away his ungainly limbs to make room for an entire family (at least three generations) bent on spreading out a lunch. My friend Fujita and I squeezed into first-class seats on that Saturday morning, but in no time the car filled up with SRO Japanese, to whom such vigils are a way of life. Pairs of patient girls, ignoring the sweat on their brows, unmindful of the mounting obstacle course, picked their way along the aisle selling fruit juice, oranges, and wrapped *sushi* lunches.

West of Osaka, retreating from the bastions of modernity, we began to notice more thatched roofs, although Fujita pointed out that colorful new red and blue tiles are gradually coming into use across the country. It occurred to me that no other *gaijin* were aboard the train and all the announcements were in Japanese. Of course there would be a few more Americans later in the season, but these were the first days of spring, a time when the Japanese themselves fan out to see their country coming back to life.

We stayed our hunger until we were off the train at Okayama and sitting with boxes of *sushi* on the greening acreage of Korakuen Park. Japanese regard Korakuen as one of their three most attractive parks, along with the Kairakuen at Hito and the Krenokuen at Kanazawa. Japan's parks are generally small, owing to the scarcity of open land, but this one, laid out in 1700 by a feudal lord and later turned over to Okayama Prefecture, spreads across a network of ponds and streams, through groves of apricot trees (then in blossom), and upward to a castle set against a pale March sky.

Formality is still practiced out west. The men around us were dressed in *sebiro* (as in Savile Row), the dark, conservative suits the Japanese first began bringing back from London a century ago. Here and there, seated in groups on the lawn, the men deigned to remove jackets and shoes. Many of the young boys wore coats and ties, but after a while a few Levis appeared, and I didn't feel so alone.

Fujita, by far the least formal Japanese adult within view, lay back on the still-spongy grass and observed that although Japanese workers are permitted twenty days of vacation time each year, some employers discourage them from taking that much time. "We like to travel, but it's still a new thing to us," Fujita said. "Some elderly people like to work their heads off without stopping, and they think this is honorable."

After hiring a cab—one of the least expensive travel propositions in Japan—we headed west toward the city of Kurashiki via the much-venerated Inland Sea. One of Japan's favorite views of that sea is from a craggy, elevated point called Washu-zan. Out in the mist you can see dozens of islands bristling with pines, boats barely breaking the calm waters, and, off to one corner of the coast, the remains of Shimotsui, a dying fishing village. For a closer and more sobering look, you can drive through the village, which consists mainly of a single narrow street winding along the harbor, with a huddle of decaying slat houses to one side and a mass of inert boats to the other. We saw women standing by the road hanging strands of seaweed on wood frames; otherwise, the town, lovely in its decay, seemed deserted.

One explanation for the demise is that the supply of fish simply gave out. More to the point, no doubt, is Shimotsui's close proximity to an iron refinery whose billowing white smoke tainted portions of an otherwise pristine sky that afternoon, and whose wastes had probably done in the fish. The blight somehow seemed doubly tragic in a land where space is scarce and beauty so cherished.

Though it administers this industrial zone, the city of Kurashiki, not far to

(Continued on page 82)

Old Kurashiki—budding willows, graceful bridges, and a dozen Impressionists.

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Khajuraho.

The very word is like an incantation transporting me back into the 9th century.

Yet only an hour's plane trip away from modern, lovely Delhi.

Jaipur-Nov. 5

Jaipur is like a city that blushes. All pink.

I find it a very pretty town, set like an oasis in the arid Rajasthan Desert.

Took an elephant "taxi" up to the Amber Palace. A fortress set high on a hill.

And it is not made of amber.

Beautiful tie and dye, enamelled jewelry.

Everywhere in India, I am waited on hand and foot.

In some places, unexpected luxury.

In others, spartan face. But all so worthwhile.

So much to see.

...raho-Oct. 30

...g, bounce everywhere.
...dless love.
... I have stumbled on
...
... remember the gentle, modest
... I've met.
... different, these demanding
... that twine and twist in every
... attitude of love.

...ee India. It's another world.

For information please contact The Government of India Tourist Office, N.Y., 19 E. 49th St.; Chicago, 201 N. Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 685 Market St. Also Canada; Mexico.

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My travel agent is _____

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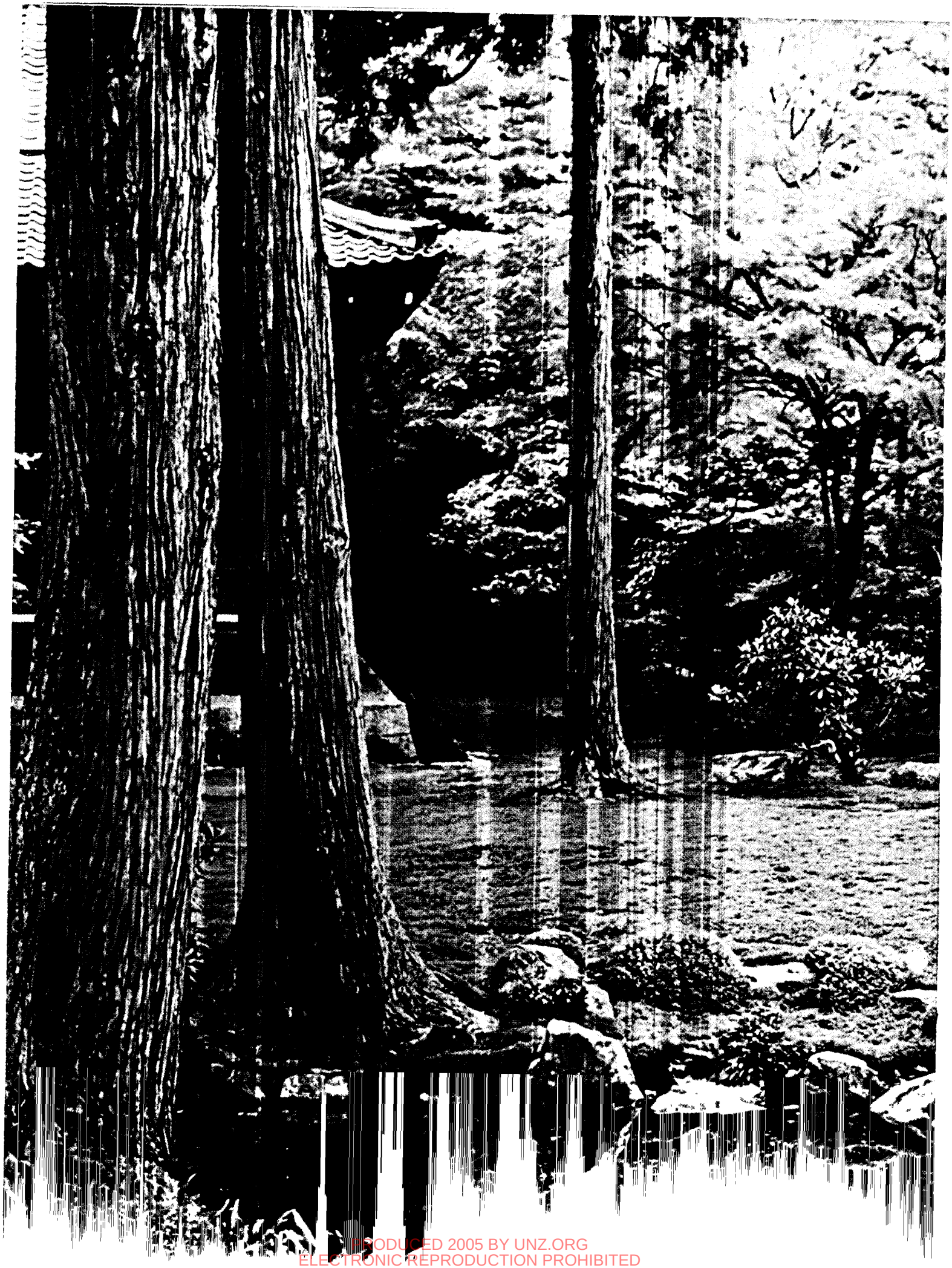

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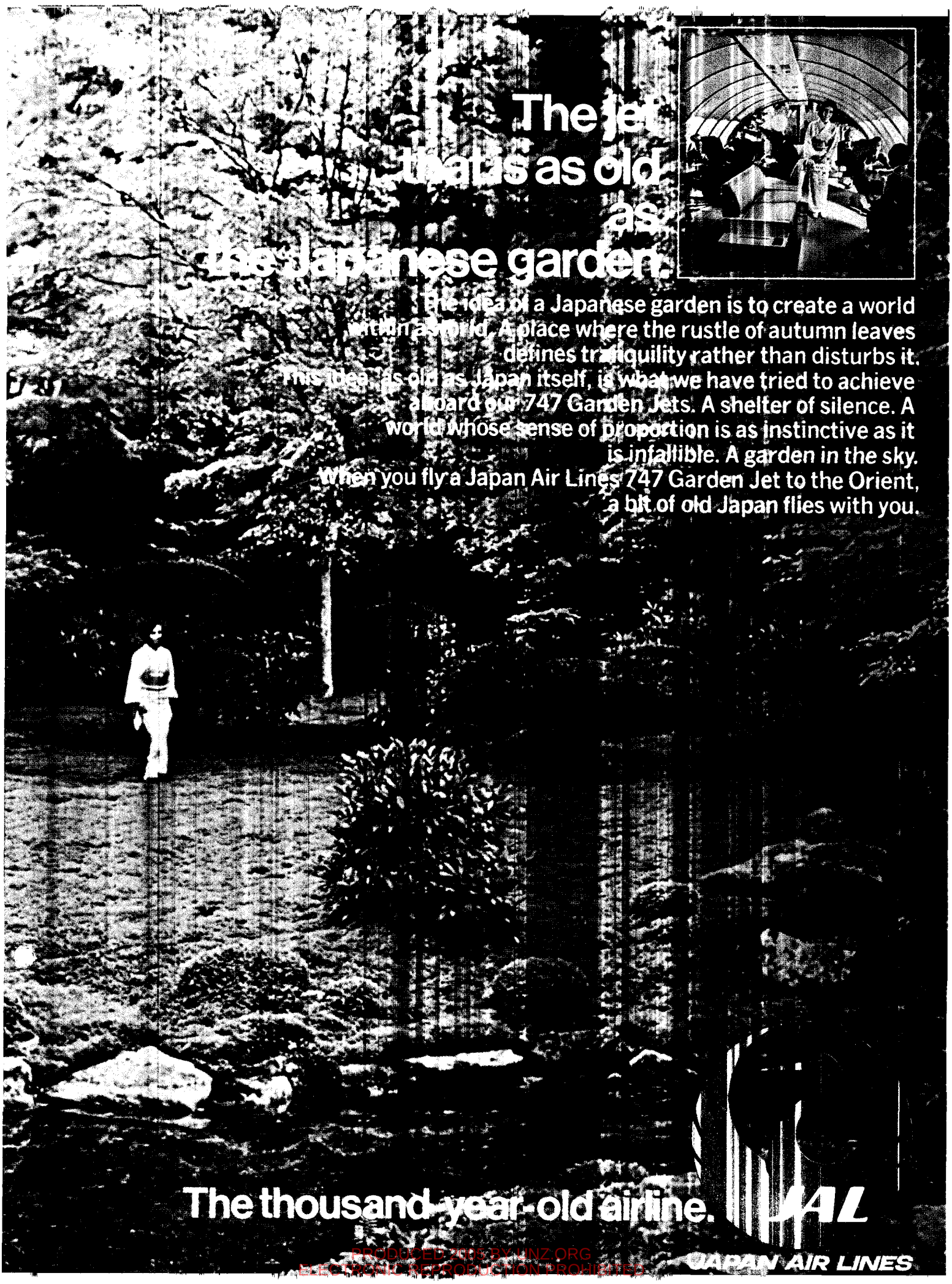
The jet that's as old as a Japanese garden.
The idea of a Japanese garden is to create a world within a world. A place where the rustle of autumn leaves defines tranquility rather than disturbs it.
This idea, as old as Japan itself, is what we have tried to achieve aboard our 747 Garden Jets. A shelter of silence. A world whose sense of proportion is as instinctive as it is infallible. A garden in the sky.
When you fly a Japan Air Lines 747 Garden Jet to the Orient, a bit of old Japan flies with you.
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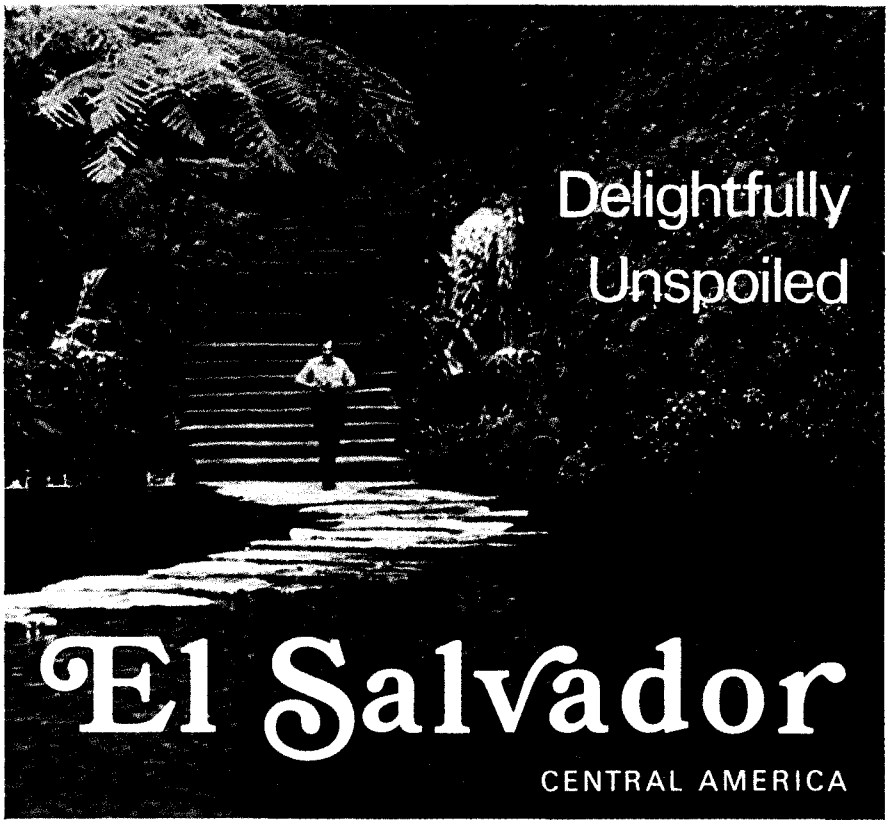

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It takes a special jolt to upset the calm and reserve of a New Zealander, but one sure way is to suggest that his country is a mere province of Australia, or just a poor relation across the Tasman Sea. "I know the Aussies themselves think of us that way," a New Zealander says, "but there's no harm meant. It's really a love-hate relationship both ways." He went on to note some differences between the two Down-Under lands:

New Zealanders speak in much more British tones than do Australians, whose peculiar and colorful brand of "strine" — short for Australian — runs more to slang. This no doubt reflects the splendid isolation New Zealand has enjoyed since its settlement early in the nineteenth century, and also its closer emotional ties with Great Britain. Citizens of Dunedin, the fourth largest city, at the bottom of the South Island, still speak with the heavy burr of their Scottish forebears.

Australian cities are big, bold, and American, whereas Auckland, Christchurch, and Wellington—all with populations of less than half a million—are calm, well-ordered little communities where each man seems to own a plot of grass and a little white house. Auckland, the largest city, has sheep grazing on hillsides in the center of town.

Australia is a continent; New Zealand is a country the size of Tennessee. Yet New Zealanders rightly refer to their land as a world in miniature. From top to bottom it is 1,000 miles long, and nowhere is the sea more than seventy-five miles away. Within that narrow domain are mountains, fjords, lakes, waterfalls, streams, bubbling hot springs—enough unmarred scenery to fill the Outback.

If Australians are beefeaters, New Zealanders rely more on lamb (served with mint sauce, roast potatoes, and parsnips). Also favored are such homegrown specialties as Stewart Island oysters, crayfish, and toheroa soup from a sand-burrowing clam.

Though more isolated, New Zealand has less strict censorship laws governing films, literature, and the theater. Australia wouldn't allow the movie *Ulysses* to be shown. It ran in New Zealand before segregated audiences—women at two-thirty, men at five o'clock. The Aussies flew over to see it.

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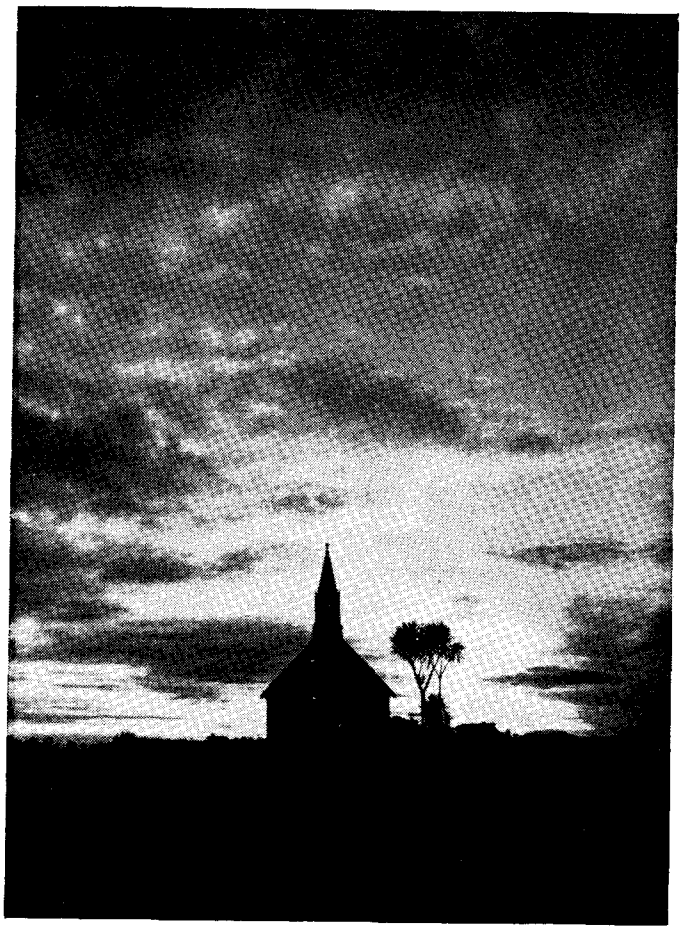
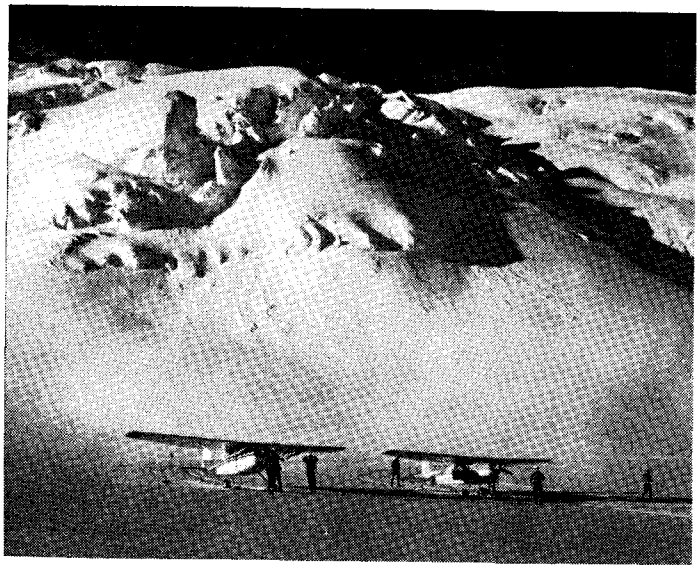
Why New Zealand Isn't Australia



Photographs by Brian Brake

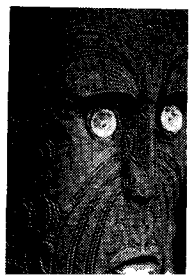


Sightseeing planes on Fox Glacier.

Sundown on the high plateau at Taihape.

Bowling at Rotorua, a Maori center.

Sheep sale in the Southern Alps.



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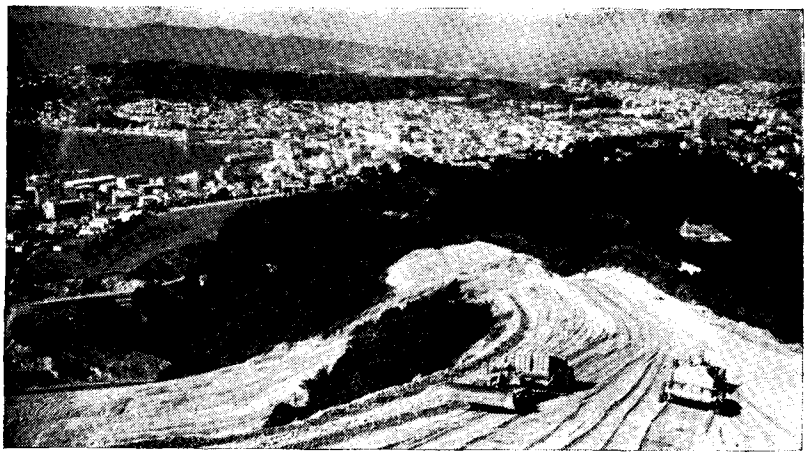
NEW ZEALAND

Australia and New Zealand aren't even close geographically. Visitors to Australia have been heard to ask when the next ferry leaves for New Zealand, but no such conveyance exists. You have to fly over the 1,300-mile gap, covered in two-and-a-half hours by jet. Below are some of the splendors on view:

Down Under autumn at South Island's Lake Hayes.

Volcanic thrust of 7,515-foot Mount Ngauruhoe.



Land reclamation above Wellington, the capital city.

by IRVING KOLODIN

In a way, the cities of Australia form a Hollywood-like facade to a non-existent urban interior. Beyond the city limits lies the Outback, a colorful term for the wide, open spaces and occasional smallish communities. Nearly half of all Australian citizens are congregated in the cities, settlements that, except for Canberra, have grown up at the edge of the sea. Like Washington, D.C., Canberra was created by legislation, and it occupies an interior site between Melbourne and Sydney.

Journeying among five of Australia's cities was for me a pleasure, an enticement, and, in some ways, an inspiration. Each has a character of its own derived from history, and in larger part from physical situation, access to or separation from natural resources that have subtly shaped their destiny in the last couple of decades. Since water is almost everywhere, swimming and sailing are almost universal enthusiasms. It was "winter" when I arrived in June, but an air traveler making a landfall at Sydney on a Sunday could hardly count the number of white dots denoting sailing craft on the blue waters below. They don't swim at Melbourne's beaches in June (one is called Brighton), but I did see a man, topless, in shorts, on the courts that surround the famous Kooyand Stadium where Davis Cup tennis is played, batting a ball around.

Brisbane, five hundred miles north of Sydney (where it is, paradoxically, much warmer because it is that much farther away from the South Pole), was long a sleepy, warm backwater, best known as the headquarters from which Douglas MacArthur plotted validation of his "I shall return" pledge. Recent discovery of mineral wealth and the productive growing conditions in Queensland, of which it is the capital, have given it the air of a boom town. It is still tropically warm when the area to the south is chill, but the clock tower of the Town Hall is no longer the highest point on the horizon. High-rise has come to Brisbane, with residential as well as commercial construction erupting on all sides.

Adelaide, on the south shore of the continent, was long celebrated as the only sizable community not settled by convicts transported from England. It has only recently emerged from puritanical restraints on hard liquor (though it is the center of Australia's best wine growing area), thereby acquiring several gourmet eating places

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Australia: The City Life

properly to complement the international flavor of its biennial Festival of the Arts.

Canberra struck me as a kind of Australian Camelot, not so much for endlessly clement weather (surrounding high ground holds snow that can cause fog) but because it is just beginning to fulfill the dream of its planner (Burley Griffen of Chicago). It abounds in trees and foliage brought in from almost every part of the world, and its international diplomatic population gives the town the bizarre impression of a well-disciplined tower of Babel when they congregate in the shops and restaurants at day's end. On the day of my arrival, *Portnoy's Complaint* had just been cleared for sale by Australian censorship, but the heaps of copies in the biggest news depot did not attract a mob scene. Probably most Canberrans had read it previously.

The immediate impact of Australia's largest cities on the first-time Stateside visitor is "How like America." Coke signs are as apparent as in Dayton, Ohio, Firestone tires are instantly available, the shelves of the food marts are heavy with Campbell soup cans, and the freezers contain as many Sara Lee concoctions as your nearest supermarket. Most are locally produced, under franchise, but the items of Australian identity do predominate. The tentacles of the international industrial octopus can, after all, encompass only so much. As the cities themselves differ greatly from each other but do conform to a basically Australian character, so local life is only American-influenced, not Americanized.

One learns, sooner or later, that much of the working population in both Sydney and Melbourne lives outside the area of their employment. In one case, it may be across the famous bridge that connects Sydney to its Oakland, North Sydney (called the "coat hanger" because it does, indeed, resemble a coat hanger); in the other, across the meandering stream named the Yarra, which is so heavy with pollution that it is alleged to float upside down. In either case, there is the basic Australian preference for a self-owned rectangular plot with a house at the front and a substantial garden at the back. There are some "condominiums" (locally known as "own your own") in both cities, but they are exceptions and, where they overlook the pleasant bays that indent the Sydney shore, likely are expensive. Melbourne has its chic district called Toorak, but within it are some refinements of the "own your own." The self-owned oblongs have been converted into two-floor structures running the length of the block, with two-bedroom apartments above and below. At $11,000 or so, these "own your owns" are definitely attractive.

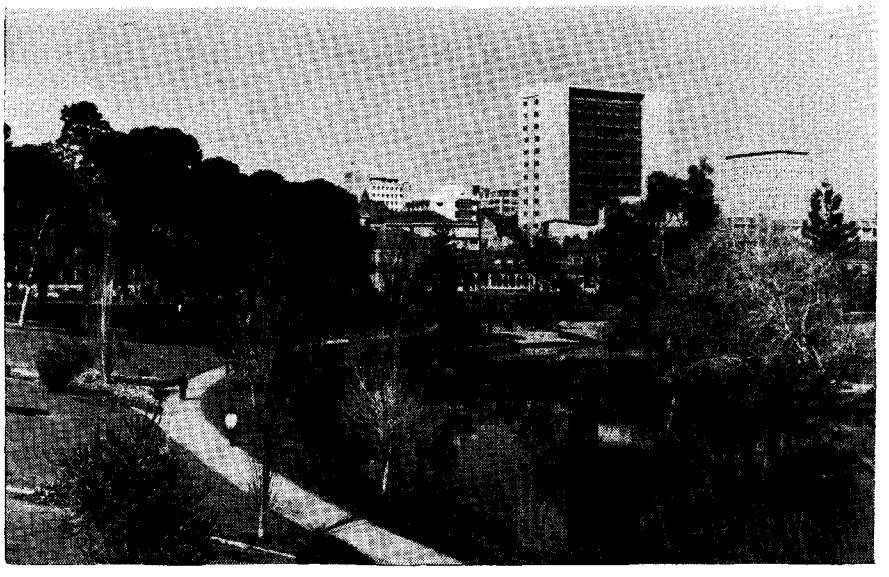
Sydney, on business days, is a bustling metropolis, with its equivalent of a Wall Street district offering a choice, for lunch, between a slowly revolving elite restaurant on top of its highest downtown tower (between the appetizer and the dessert one may ingest a 360-degree view of Greater Sydney) and, perhaps, the only cafeteria in the world with a Polynesian cuisine. This peripatetic Trader Vic's is immensely popular.

Sydney's life is so varied that it could, to one visitor, be typified by King's Cross, a junction of streets that encompass Times Square, the Sunset Strip, and Las Vegas. Within it are deli dealers with a Yiddish accent, purveyors of Italian merchandise who might be fresh in from Naples, and sidewalk hawkers of girlie shows barking in pure Cockney. Or, to another, Sydney could be the Argyle Arts Center in which may be purchased anything from aboriginal wood carvings to importations from New Guinea of primitive folk art to artfully fabricated silverware by local craftsmen. Don't fail to visit it, and bring along your American Express card. You may walk away with a funeral mask from Hollandia charged on it. As for the stunning Sydney Opera House, it has been so much covered in these pages that any more would be redundant [*SR*, June 26, July 17].

In Adelaide, the spirit of the town is exemplified by the name of Don Bradman, doyen of the famous Oval, who rose to knighthood because of his prowess with the cricket bat. The cabbie who drove me in from the airport responded to a question about famous native sons by saying, "You come from America where cricket is not played, and you have probably not heard of Don Bradman." My answer was, "You live in Australia where baseball is not played. Have you ever heard of Babe Ruth?" He agreed that he had, and that perhaps I had a point.

I did discover, in short order, that baseball *is* played in Australia, especially in the winter months when the long leisurely afternooons suitable for cricket are curtailed by early darkness. A husky cab driver in his late twenties or early thirties, when queried about his sports interests, stated, "Baseball is my game. Cricket is too slow." He apparently acquired a taste for the game from the GIs who were based in Australia during his infancy. Australia's informal league ends each season with a cup play-off, and there are international games with Japanese teams.

A city of 750,000, Adelaide is a beautiful example of town planning, with belts of greenery around the rather easygoing business district. Doubtless a visitor sees only the best (or the worst), but a controversy in a local



Adelaide—"Local life is only American-influenced, not Americanized."

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paper during my visit about the "cost of living" brought a response from a new settler that life in Adelaide was far preferable to that in Oregon, whence this family had migrated.

Melbourne doesn't grab at you the way Sydney does, and its charms are quieter, less spectacular than those of its northern counterpart. Its celebrated elegance and grace, derived from long lines of English ancestry, don't rule out a fanatical involvement with football; Melbourne's stadium can seat 130,000 for a ritualistic exercise of a Sunday. "Football" to the Melburnian is the kind known as "Australian Rules"—eighteen players to a side (substitutes in case of injury are forbidden) playing on an oval of huge dimensions, and very much, as one devotee termed it, a "man's game." The tackle permitted in rugby is forbidden, but Australian football is an endless exercise in stamina, with a ball, more round than pointed, that can be made to bounce backward into the arms of a receptive teammate by a skillful kicker. TV covers all these matches, with local matches replayed after midnight much as some professsional football games are in the U.S.

Royal Arcade in Melbourne—"quieter and less spectacular than Sydney."

The particular pride of the cultured Melburnian is the recently opened Art Gallery, a handsome, spacious structure beautifully situated on St. Kilda Road, a broad boulevard across the Yarra from the business center of the city, where a new concert hall will eventually be built. The gallery has a famous collection of Oriental art, and an endowment by Alfred Felton dating back to 1904 has enabled it to acquire three Rembrandts, a Veronese, an El Greco, and a Murillo, plus representative examples of Cézanne and Modigliani among others. It has a spacious hall in which music can be performed under a ceiling that is a beautiful example of the mosaics in which Leonard French specializes. But the most interesting item I saw was a portrait of Helena Rubinstein. Probing for a reason, I discovered that Melbourne was the city in which young Helena had settled after leaving Poland and begun to mix her creams and pastes on an obscure side street. She still remembered it fondly after success had magnetized her elsewhere.

City life in Australia strikes me as being at its zenith in Melbourne, along the two parallel streets called Bourke (pronounced Burke) and Collins. They both run inland, rather uphill from the bayside dock area. Bourke is a center of department stores, movie theaters, a boutique in which everything from jeans to records of the Rolling Stones is available to the young, and a worldwide shopping mart in which carpets from Iran, India, or Taiwan are merchandised along with Italian leather goods and Spanish ceramics.

Collins Street, with its more elegant book shops, an eating place that a Roman would enjoy called Via Veneto, and sources of sophisticated perfumery, has been called the "Paris end" of Melbourne. It is hard to imagine anything in tough-cored Sydney being likened to Paris.

If there was one thing disquieting about the Australian urban scene (aside from reports of muggings that appear to be worldwide in social implications), it was, to this visitor, the increasing incidence of highrise buildings, not only in Sydney and Brisbane, where they have no special physical conditions to intrude upon, but also in Melbourne, where they have. Most alarming of all was the fanfare attendant upon the unveiling of plans for a forty-odd-story building on Collins Street itself. It was sponsored by a syndicate that had recently done the same thing in Montreal and, when finished in Melbourne, might well press on to Manila or Montevideo. It is an I. M. Pei concept, with a hotel rising over a glass-covered shopping arcade, flanked by a tower with office and resident spaces. It has about as much place in Melbourne as a heroic statue of Genghis Khan.

The moral is plain. The Australian Big Five present an urban scene delightful to visit, profitable to shop, enjoyable to stroll. But go quickly, before they all look like Cleveland or Detroit.

Australia:

by NEIL MORGAN

October's child is born of woe
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull these woes to rest.

Back when aborigines still had Australia to themselves, Pliny was raving on about opals. "In them," he wrote, "you shall behold the glowing fire of the crimson garnet, the effulgent purple of the amethyst, the seagreen of the emerald, all scintillating together in an unbelievable arrangement of lights." Opals came from India in those days, and much later from Hungary. But those from both countries are milky in quality, lacking the pinpoint stabs of brilliance found in the lighter pastel opals of the Coober Pedy and Andamooka fields in South Australia—and entirely unlike the black opal of Lightning Ridge in the far north of New South Wales. Today, Australia provides more than 90 per cent of the world's gem opals.

I had never seen a black opal before my first visit to Sydney nor ever had more than a casual interest in gems. When the flashing rich colors of a fine two-carat black caught my eye one afternoon, I became diverted from the pursuit of Australia's tangy oysters and rich beer. For the next week I talked to opal buyers and looked at their collections, visited museums to seek out opals, and finally headed into the Outback to see the opal fields and talk to opal gougers. To me there seems no more charismatic stone or more bizarre mining industry.

Before leaving Australia, I bought a black opal of unusual quality. Its owner regarded it as a problem stone because of its triangular shape, and he was willing to part with it at a price that I decided I could venture. I had a plan, and later in Hong Kong a silversmith constructed a pin in the shape of a racing sloop. He formed a triangular setting and mounted the opal as the sail.

The opal, I have since discovered, is in rather less good standing in the United States than in most of the world's gem markets—a result of ignorance and superstition. Cheap opal from the Southwest and Mexico, bearing no chemical or fiscal relation to Australia's black opal, still carries the opal name and has downgraded the reputation of gem opal. There are relatively few opal experts in America.

The opal, we have long heard, is bad

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Opals Are a Girl's Best Friend

luck—although that is usually the end of the story, and no one seems quite sure why that should be true. Opals from certain areas have an unexplained tendency to crack—or craze, as opal men say—even ten or twenty years after they have been cut and polished and set. Investors prefer the relative durability of diamond or jade or emerald. The only bit of historic bad luck that I have searched out involves a massive opal brooch that Queen Victoria wore for her coronation in 1837. The pin to the brooch worked loose, and it fell to the floor as she strode down the nave of Westminster Abbey.

Recently the Japanese have been buying 80 per cent of Australia's gem opal production, now valued at about $10-million a year. The best black opals usually stay in Japan these days, cherished by Japanese women; other opals find their way into gem markets in Hong Kong and Bangkok, Paris, London, Zurich, and—to a lesser degree—New York and San Francisco. The distinguished London jeweler Andrew Grima presented an opal collection at New York's Georg Jensen last December and reported enthusiastic buying of stones in the $500 to $15,000 range, most of them Australian blacks from Lightning Ridge, the only known source of this queen of opals. Grima believes that Americans are discovering opals, and he now maintains a respectable sampling of the gems in New York. It is a reasonable speculation that a set black opal will sell in New York for about ten times the price received for it by one of the 300 or so men who make a living gouging opals from the

Black opals: A $3,500 handful.

desolate man-made anthills of Lightning Ridge.

It was in 1903 that the first black opal was found at Lightning Ridge, a woebegone red desert flatland in the sheep station country about 400 air miles northwest of Sydney. The gem is not really black, of course, but teeming with deep reds, blues, and greens that vary dramatically in tone and shape as you turn the opal slowly between your fingers; it is called black because these colors shoot out from jet-black depths within the gem. Even the finest gem opals from Coober Pedy and Andamooka radiate their colors from clear bright centers. There are superb opals from these and other fields, and some connoisseurs prefer them; in any case, they are decidedly easier to own. It is the rareness and distinctiveness of the black opal that have given this gem its rank. For the foreign traveler who has taken the trouble to seek out Lightning Ridge, there is a tingling thrill in seeing a black opal anywhere in the world and knowing its pitiful origins.

Until recently, the journey to Lightning Ridge was a monumental challenge. Ten years ago, one took a twenty-six-hour train ride from Sydney through lonely villages fifty miles or so apart, past herds of kangaroo and flocks of emus, to the end of the northwestern railroad at the village of Walgett, a wool-shipping center. On the day following, it was usually possible to find a seat on a mail truck that also delivered freight to sheep stations on the way to Lightning Ridge, about fifty miles farther north.

By the time of my second visit, the journey had eased, largely in response to a surge of weekend and holiday prospectors who dabble in opal holes for the cost of a $2 permit. I flew in a Fokker Friendship that makes the round trip from Sydney to Walgett four times a week. The mail truck still carries passengers on to the opal fields—and seats are usually available as well on a school bus that departs Walgett in late afternoon—but I found three Australians eager to share a Walgett taxi.

The New South Wales tourism department warns that the mail truck is "fairly rugged for tourists" and suggests that "visitors should take with them a sense of adventure and a sense of humour." But the town now offers two motels in addition to the frontier-like Diggers Rest Hotel, and a new Bowling Club is fully and joyfully licensed to provide a setting in which gougers and buyers may dream together about the glories of past and future. The present is less grand.

The temperature soared past 100 degrees on the January day when I visited there last, and naturally the Bowling Club was crowded. I sought out Sandy

(Continued on page 76)

Two fixtures on Lightning Ridge: pioneer Fred Bodel (left) and the Bottle Shop (above).

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Australia: A Quiet Place to Fossick

by FRANK RILEY

For a long time the Great Barrier Reef of Australia had for me the quality of a half-remembered dream. As a junior third mate on a freighter out of Seattle, sailing the South Pacific during the illusory peace that followed World War II, I had passed through the Trinity Opening in the reef near Cairns to find shelter in which to repair a storm-damaged rudder. I knew nothing about rudders, so I was given my usual assignment of commanding a motor lifeboat to perform the essential service of replenishing our supply of beer. Out of sight of the ship, it was a simple matter to duck behind a coral cay for a few hours of swimming, reef walking, and sampling the beer to make certain it was up to the captain's standard of excellence.

Lolling on Lindeman—half-ton turtles, mutton birds, and tranquil waterways.

More recent travels finally brought me to the Whitsunday group of islands behind the southern section of the reef. I found that the dream was still a reality, preserved from mass tourism by remoteness and the natural reluctance of Australians to be in any hurry to confront the future.

Life within the reef moved a bit differently after so many years, but the changes were not abrasive. On Lindeman Island at the southern end of the Whitsunday group, a thirty-minute flight from mainland Mackay, the ambience has been pretty well fixed by three generations of the same pioneer family. It *feels* like the sort of island Princess Alexandra would have visited during her Centenary Tour of Queensland. During five minutes of walking along the main beach, I was told three times that Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh had spent a whole afternoon on Royal Seaforth Island, just 600 yards across the water.

The passage of time loses all significance when you submerge beneath the surface of a reef lagoon into Darwin's world of continuous creation and survival. Each of the thousand varieties of fish that shimmer irridescently in front of your face plate is the pursued as well as the pursuer. The jeweled colors—glowing pastels of pink, lavender, and green—reflect in living coral the endless industry of tiny polyps that have been infinitely multiplying their dwellings of lime for the past thirty million years, rebuilding what is destroyed by air, sun, sea, and the subsidence of a drowning coastline.

Coming up into the sunlight again, you look far across the green and blue water to the playful white froth of reefs that have sheltered and menaced seamen during long centuries before and since their unyielding coral tore away the side of Captain Cook's *Endeavour* one June night in 1770. To experience any part of the Great Barrier Reef is to risk being seduced into wanting to experience it all, and not even the reef's half-ton green turtles live long enough for that.

The Great Barrier Reef is the largest reef on earth, the most immense structure ever built by a life form. It fringes the vast state of Queensland on Australia's northeast coast for 1,250 miles, reaching from near Brisbane almost to Papua-New Guinea. At the outer edge, facing the Coral Sea and the South Pacific Ocean, is the serrated coral barrier, a multiple rampart against which breakers crash and foam. Within the lee of the reef are thousands of islands and islets—palm-wreathed coral cays and high forested remainders of the subsiding continental shelf. Only some 600 have been charted.

The entire area encompasses 80,000 square miles. Between the mainland and the reef is a generally tranquil and incredibly beautiful waterway varying in width from twelve to 150 miles, a protected shipping channel known as Australia's Grand Canal. This waterway and its enormous complex of islands and lagoons teem with every known variety of marine life, plus uncounted variations yet to be identified. Birds are almost as numerous: cormorants, terns, herons, and tens of millions of rowdy, waddling mutton birds that migrate from Asia each October. All this unfolds under a tropic sun and fresh southeast trade winds.

If something like the Great Barrier Reef had been strung out along the coast of California or the South Atlantic states, it would have been encrusted by this time with the golden ghettos of tourism. Situated where it is, only a dozen or so of its islands have been developed during the past thirty years. The development has been haphazard and modest, geared mostly to refugees from winter in southern Australia. Scarcely 8 per cent of Barrier Reef visitors currently come from overseas.

By happy historical coincidence, brought about in part by the unhurried growth of tourism in Australia, economic pressures for developing the Great Barrier Reef are taking shape just as the ecology movement within the country is becoming powerful. A recent study of the reef's touristic potential states: "In developing a tourist industry along the Barrier Reef, the aim should not be restricted to economic benefit but should encompass the preservation of the reef ecology. The Barrier Reef is one of Australia's greatest natural wonders. As such, its

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Snacking at Dent—a fragile reef.

potential can be depleted as readily as, for example, mineral resources. Development should therefore be monitored so as to avoid the pitfalls of overcommercialization and exploitation which usually result from unplanned and uncontrolled development."

The report warns that "for all its splendor and sweep, the reef is fragile." Uncontrolled development would in time "leave only the picked-over remains of what is now called the Great Barrier Reef."

Basic to all other recommendations is the establishment of a Barrier Reef Authority, representing the federal government, the state of Queensland, and the scientific, education, conservation, and business communities. It would have the muscle "to govern objectively and act independently of self-interest groups." The entire Great Barrier Reef region between the coastline and the outer edge of the reef would be declared a marine preserve to be administered by the Reef Authority. It would be zoned according to various intensities of usage and nonusage.

Heron Island off Gladstone, within the southern section of the Barrier Reef, and Green Island in the north off Cairns are the only true coral islands with present resort development. They are on the reef proper. The other resort islands are high, pine-forested, continental outcroppings encircled by their own lagoons and necklaces of coral. At low tide, both Heron and Green are surrounded by wide vistas of coral gardens. Australians like to fossick here, to ramble around for hours watching marine life and coral shapes in pools and grottoes. Today's visitors are being encouraged to look and photograph but not touch. A shell heedlessly picked, a bit of coral overturned could destroy a tiny link in the vital chain of reef life.

More than 1,150 different fish species have been recorded in the twelve square miles of lagoon around Heron. A great spectacle in October is the migration of mutton birds from Asia. They come in huge anarchic formations, millions upon millions, to settle in the dense growths of coconut palms, pisonia, and pandanus trees. They stay until April, each a vocal individualist, while their eggs incubate in sand hills. The island is a bird sanctuary and national park. Giant green turtles crawl laboriously up the beaches in late October, so single-mindedly bent on laying their eggs that you can ride on their backs without disturbing them.

Heron has about forty rooms in cabins now upgraded to "lodges," a room for two without bath costing $12.88. Suites for two with reef and harbor views, including all meals and three teas a day, start at $35. Helicopters fly from Gladstone each Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday for a round-trip fare of $36. A five-hour launch trip each way operates Saturdays and Tuesdays.

Green Island, all thirty-two acres of it, is the oldest Barrier Reef resort development. Only eighteen miles and a ninety-minute, $1.50 round trip by launch from Cairns, the island is a natural for one-day tours. For years it had the only underwater observatory along the reef; now there's a new $350,000 one off Hook Island in the Whitsunday Passage.

Even for the skin or scuba diver, an underwater observatory within the Barrier Reef can offer a fascination tinged with awe and sometimes a strange foreboding. Once you put your face close to a porthole twenty feet below the surface, the walls of the observatory do a slow dissolve and you merge into the prismatic life of the reef. Fish flash and dart around you, all apparently playing but actually striving unremittingly to eat and not be eaten in their desperately overpopulated world. A thousand milling pilchards search for food while trevally fish with swordpoint teeth herd them gently toward the surface before swooping in for the kill. Within the lovely muted golds and greens of coral shapes a black fish with a cavernous mouth waits patiently for a newly gorged trevally to come its way. A sea star settles over an oyster to begin the relentless pressure that will ultimately force open its bastion.

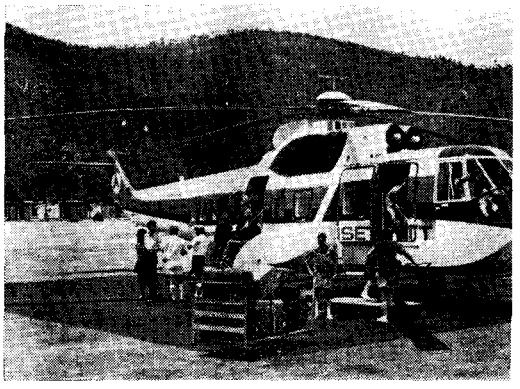
Several small cruisers give you other reef perspectives. The seventy-nine foot *Coralita* carries up to sixteen passengers on a five-day cruise out of Yeppoon. Along the way, you fish, reef walk, skin or scuba dive, go ashore at Heron and Lady Musgrave islands. Fare is $171 per person in cabins with private bath.

Bush Pilot Airways based in Cairns offers reef flightseeing, as do other local air services out of Brisbane, Rockhampton, Mackay, and Townsville. It's good to counterpoint a snorkeler's view with an aerial view at least once. In no other way can you get a sense of the hugeness of the reef or the incredible range of its colors.

Hayman Island at the head of the Whitsunday Passage is one that even the pampered international tourist would be hard pressed to criticize. The Royal Hayman Hotel, set in a sweeping curve of sandy beach, pays unexpected attention to the appointments of its lodges, each with an ocean panorama looking out toward the high profile of Hook Island. Hayman's Gold Room can unblushingly claim to be gourmet. The regular dining room displays its smorgasbord on a lakatoi, an authentic island canoe.

Other touches for the international set include one "Hayman Helper" to every two guests, certified nurses on duty, an excellent boutique, and a telegraph service that posts instantly all

(Continued on page 104)



Landing on Hayman—hard to criticize.

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Palms? Black Beaches? Graying French Planters? Smoking Volcanoes? Bali Ha'i?

This Must Be the Place!

by JOHN GRIFFIN

It takes less than a day in the New Hebrides before you get to thinking somebody should write a musical about these islands tucked away in the Southwest Pacific. Then you remember somebody has. It was called *South Pacific,* and faded images from the Broadway hit and James Michener's stories linger—the rusting remains of great military bases fringed by jungle; French planters, some graying and handsome; a few Tonkinese, as shrewd as Bloody Mary but more sophisticated; colonial Englishmen who could have been coastwatchers; even a distant island that stands high and beautiful, then fades in cloud and shadow so that some say this (among how many others?) was Michener's Bali Ha'i.

I don't know about that, but there is enough scenery for anyone's South Sea fancies: smoking volcanoes, tiny coral atolls, copra plantations, white and black sand beaches, etc. The Melanesians are a jigsaw of ritual and totems.

The Gilbert-and-Sullivan government is run by both Britain and France, the world's only such condominium arrangement. In addition, you get the color of a lingering British empire, a heavy overlay of French presence and ambition, plus the recent arrival of land subdividers from Hawaii and a philosophy that foresees the New Hebrides as a Pacific Bahamas, a tax-free haven for foreign firms as well as retired Americans. And with these Western dreams must be included the hopes and demands of the New Hebridean people just coming of political age.

All this takes place on some eighty large and smaller islands with a total land area equal to Hawaii's and smaller than New Jersey's. It is the product of a checkered history replete with unscrupulous traders, tales of cannibalism, "blackbirders" who kidnaped natives to work in Australian canefields, British and French settlers who sometimes bought land with gin and guns, and long-suffering missionaries. There were pleas and protests as the nineteenth century wore on. The illogical condominium grew out of an initial agreement between the British and the French in the late 1880s.

Local folks don't always take kindly to outsiders' jokes about "the pandemonium." Still, it's hard not to find humor in a system that has three sets of laws and administrations (British, French, and Joint Condominium), both French and Australian currencies in daily use and British pounds used to figure the budget, both British and metric weights and measures, separate courts for French and British subjects and a third for New Hebridean native affairs—plus a Joint Court for land and other such internal matters, whose neutral president is by treaty supposed to be appointed by the King of Spain. Both the King's and the court's president's jobs have long gone unfilled.

There are even separate police forces, each with colorful colonial uniforms, their own crime statistics, and differing approaches that say something of national goals. "We get along well enough, but there are differences," explained a British police official. "The French are more inclined to leave things alone and take care of their people. We see it more as the idea of developing local people to eventually run it themselves. At any rate, about ninety per cent of our cases involve drinking and fighting. One of the special hazards is that drunks have a habit of going to sleep on the road. It's quite dangerous."

Because there are hotels on only the two main islands of Efate and Espíritu Santo, most visitors see the other islands from the air, on brief stops by the local airline, or by special arrangement. Still, the New Hebrides, including the small Banks and Torres groups, run 450 miles north and south, and the result is a procession of primitive beauty, diversity, and slow change.

There amid the thatch houses of Melanesian villages, grass-skirted women still work gardens with simple tools and men fashion masks and statues of dark, hideous beauty. Pigs, especially those with fine circle tusks, remain currency of high value in the inland villages. But the Western civilization of the coasts increasingly intrudes with clothes, cooperatives, government councils, and Christian schools. A few white planters live in large old houses set in vast groves of palm trees and serve visitors fine French food and wine, while a few miles away bush villagers dine on cooked cricket and such other staples as *laplap,* a pudding of taro, yams, and island spinach.

There is great variety in this pattern. On Pentecost Island, for example, the home of the land divers, men and boys prove their courage and supposedly help stimulate a good yam crop by diving from rickety towers up to eighty feet high. Their ankles are tied with springy vines that pull taut and stop the diver just before he lands head first in the dirt. Since the Italians filmed the stunt in *Mondo Cane* a decade ago, tour groups have started arriving. Most divers even wear clothes in deference to the shutterbugs.

Malekula is known as the home of the Nambas, Big and Small, so named for

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In 1003 A.D., the Vikings discovered America.

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In 1972 A.D., America discovers the Vikings.

One day next summer, America will discover what the sea is really all about.

From people who have known for over a thousand years: The Vikings of Norway.

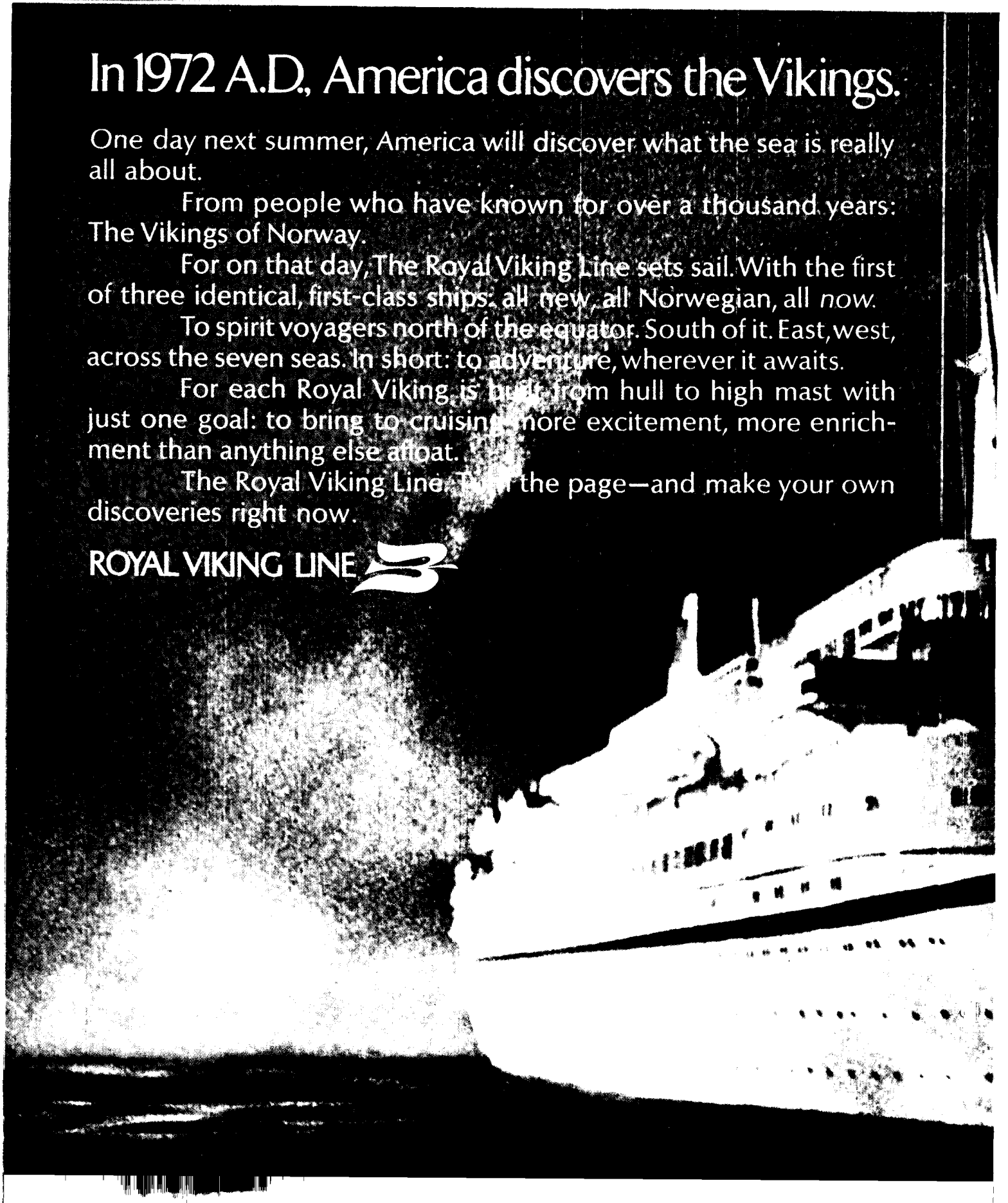
For on that day, The Royal Viking Line sets sail. With the first of three identical, first-class ships: all new, all Norwegian, all *now*.

To spirit voyagers north of the equator. South of it. East, west, across the seven seas. In short: to adventure, wherever it awaits.

For each Royal Viking is built from hull to high mast with just one goal: to bring to cruising more excitement, more enrichment than anything else afloat.

The Royal Viking Line. Turn the page—and make your own discoveries right now.

ROYAL VIKING LINE



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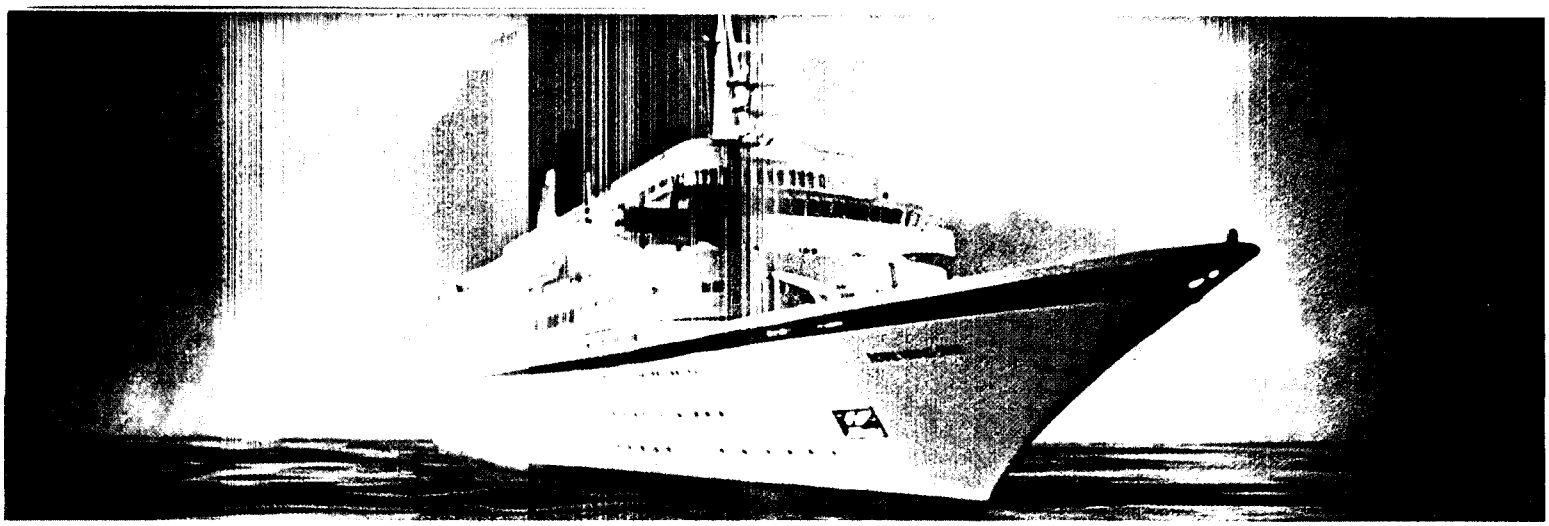

When will the Royal Vikings sail?
The Royal Viking *Star*, first of three identical sister ships, hoists anchor on July 21, 1972. Maiden Voyage: a 14-day odyssey from Copenhagen to Norway's North Cape. Ships two and three complete the fleet in 1973.

Where will they sail from? And where will they go?
Here's the chart we've charted for the first year:

1. Two North Cape cruises round-trip from Copenhagen: one to Norway's outpost at the top of the world. The second even farther north to Spitsbergen...both the land of the midnight sun! Sights to see at sea: heartstopping fjords, glittering glaciers, millions of arctic birds, walrus, seal, polar bear and the like. We'll cruise the loveliest fjords, stop at the most scenic towns and, in sum, show you the midnight sun as it's never been seen before.
Each cruise is for 14 days, departing July 21, 1972 and August 4, 1972.

2. Russia/Europe...a capital idea: a voyage to some of Europe's most fascinating capitals! Like legendary Leningrad...an optional excursion to Moscow...Stockholm, Amsterdam...romantic Lisbon! And, at journey's end...the Vikings discover America—all over again.
26 days, departing Copenhagen, August 19, 1972 to New York.

3. Mediterranean...The Vikings search for the autumn sun! And discover it shining warmly on the Riviera...a hideaway called Málaga...the ageless isles of Greece. And up ahead is a hint of Africa in Casablanca...a tropical island called Madeira...and a restful journey home. Five shining weeks of sea and sun.
35 days, departing New York, September 15, 1972. Return New York.

4. Intercoastal/Caribbean...Add Mexico to the Caribbean and the Vikings come up with a fabulous cruise: the Dutch atmosphere of Curacao...the African undercurrent of Haiti...the incredible Panama Canal! Then the other side: the incomparable Acapulco... the fishing off Mazatlan...really two sumptuous cruises in one!
21 days, departing New York, October 21, 1972, Ft. Lauderdale October 24, 1972, on to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

5. West Coast/Caribbean...the Vikings take a longer look at the Caribbean and Mexico: Puerto Vallarta for peace...Caracas for action...Montego Bay for the British touch...and everywhere, emerald islands and pleasure-loving people. Add in the Canal and Acapulco for good measure!
32 days, departing Los Angeles November 10, 1972 and San Francisco November 12, 1972, and return.

6. California Coast...four fabulous, fleeting days from San Francisco to Baja California's Ensenada...a mini-cruise of sun and sea... and non-stop fun (or non-stop resting) all the way! Four days tasting "the grand life"!
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7. Holiday in Mexico...Ole! A seagoing fiesta as the Royal Vikings celebrate Christmas and New Year's south of the border! All the warmest ports on the West Coast: Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo, Acapulco—in a happy holiday mood!
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8. South Seas...a whole new world of cruising...of lovely beaches, green and black volcanoes, luxuriant jungle, and shimmering waterfalls. All the most pacific islands in the whole wide Pacific... and the Vikings know where the beauty is! In places like Moorea, New Zealand, Pago Pago, the Great Barrier Reef. Add Sydney and you have yourself the South Pacific!
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9. Circle Pacific...another, longer look at the wide Pacific: Many of the same lovely ports, then on to Bali, Hong Kong, Japan, Singapore ...the intrigue and strange beauty of the Far East. The Vikings take a full 66 days to discover with you every nook and cranny of our largest ocean...the cruise for those who think they've seen it all.
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10. Caribbean/Europe...more of the world in 37 days than you thought possible! Just listen to the places: Acapulco, Montego Bay, Nassau, Madeira, Lisbon, Southampton, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Copenhagen...it's like seeing three worlds at once!
37 days departing San Francisco April 28, 1973, and Los Angeles April 29, 1973, and Ft. Lauderdale May 15, 1973, to Copenhagen.

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What do the Royal Vikings cost?
They cost us over $70 million. But in 52 of our outside double staterooms, for example, the cost to you is only $65 per person per day. Others more or less. Including all meals, facilities, entertainment.

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289—including four suites, 35 deluxes, 211 doubles, 39 singles. Rooms aplenty for 539 adventurers, all in lower beds. And 94% can see the sea. And 58 rooms convert, via connecting doors, into *two*-bedroom staterooms.

What are the staterooms like? And the public rooms?
Fantastic. Every room has: built-in bar, closed circuit TV installed or available, private phone, shower and/or tub, and Scandinavian furnishings. The public rooms? Like a seagoing exhibit of Scandinavian design; a posh lounge, spacious dining room, a nifty night spot for skål...or rock and roll! A sky bar, boutiques, cinema, a seagoing gym! Even a Viking-style sauna. And outside, a dance floor, tennis courts, and heated pool.
And the crew includes temperamental chefs, a tactful maitre d'hotel, discreet attendants from the entire continent of Europe. And the men who man the ships? *Norwegian,* through and through.

How do I book Royal Viking?
Just see your travel agent, the man who's made a profession of knowing cruising, fore and aft. (When it comes to facts and figures, he's very seaworthy!) Or call 800-227-4246. Toll free, anywhere in the continental U.S. (From Northern California, and Canada, 415-398-8000. Southern California, 213-627-1365. Collect.)

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Royal Viking Line
Department A-21
One Embarcadero Center
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The Vikings intrigue me. Please send your 1972-73 Cruise and Fare Schedule and folder on these cruises: ☐ North Cape, ☐ Russia/Europe, ☐ Mediterranean, ☐ Intercoastal/Caribbean, ☐ West Coast/Caribbean, ☐ California Coast, ☐ Mexico Holiday, ☐ South Seas, ☐ Circle Pacific, ☐ Caribbean/Europe.

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the bark G strings worn by the men in their mountain villages. The Big Nambas have a fierce reputation in the tourist literature, in part because they still have hungry black looks and many of the old cultural trappings, including some magnificent primitive art forms. But the reality has been softened by the increasing influence of government, missions, and a steady trickle of hardy tourists willing to pay for the three-day hike to see their villages. As a result, Big Nambas may now consult the village sorcerer, then go down to the coast to the dispensary. Carvings are now made for tourism as well as ritual. There is even Women's Lib of a sort. A husband used to reward a good wife by having friends knock out a couple of her teeth amid great ceremony. But now women don't even crouch down and cover their faces when they encounter a man along a footpath.

While the Big Nambas seem primitive enough for most of us, friends who know about such things report that the real in group to visit is the Small Nambas in south central Malekula. The travel agents have not penetrated there yet, and there are villages no Westerners had ever visited until only a couple of years ago. Says a friend who went: "The Small Nambas still administer justice as they see fit, despite a half-hearted government attempt to introduce condominium law. Punishment may be a fine of a given number of pigs, or it may be a musket shot from a convenient ambush."

Erupting volcanoes and exotic religion are part of Tana, the big southern island. The Jon Frum movement there has aspects of Melanesian "cargo cults," native movements built on the belief that some reincarnated deity will arrive bearing great wealth in material goods—trucks, food, cigarettes, etc. Once verging on violence, it's now more quietly anti-missionary and anti-government, to the frustration of British and French.

So it goes for the adventurous traveler—copra boats, small planes, rough jeep trails, long walks, and no hotels. But life's a lot easier on the island of Efate, where everybody arrives from independent Fiji to the east or French New Caledonia a couple of hours by small jet to the south. You land at a grassy airfield, go through British-French customs, and drive along dusty roads through vast palm groves kept parklike by grazing cattle that act as living lawn mowers. Vila, the condominium capital, is one of the Pacific's pleasant surprises. The harbor bursts upon you, deep and blue, with sweeping vistas taking in a couple of handsome islets close to shore. The town itself struggles along a narrow edge of shore line, secondary streets climbing a steep hillside amid flowering bougainvillaea and old pastel buildings. It's a French colonial town with a few British touches and a variety of styles, from old rococo to imaginative modern to new concrete horror.

But the real variety is in the people; not just British and French in their many types, but lots of others are included in the 5,000 non-New Hebrideans among the 80,000 population. When I arrived at the Vate Hotel at midmorning, for example, the registration clerk was a Fijian girl wearing a Samoan dress. A couple of Tongan workers walked by. Plotting strategy over a coffee table and beer were two Australian traveling salesmen in shorts, knee socks, and ties. The smiling black waitress insisted I have a drink with my two Solomon Islands friends from the flight. The bartender was a handsome Italian immigrant. At the bar a young New Hebridean homosexual smiled pleasantly. Beside him, a red-haired French floozy from Nouméa, obviously lovely once but now fat and foul, alternately muttered curses and sang like Edith Piaf as she drank and smoked away a heavy hangover. Outside, a lovely, part-French mother in bikini and see-through shift walked by holding her little boy's hand. And across the street a Chinese shopkeeper smiled at a new mixture of transistors from Japan and canned goods from China he had put in a jammed show window.

There is a choice of hotels. The Vate is new, modern, and comfortable in a concrete way. The place to eat is the rambling old Rossi Hotel on the bay across the street. In fact, the Rossi has some of the better French food I've tasted in the Pacific, as well as a terrace gathering place where local Europeans dine and socialize.

For those seeking more rural "South Sea" atmosphere, there is Le Lagoon, a mini-resort of sorts (golf, tennis, etc.), a few miles out of Vila. It gets some play from vacationing French off New Caledonia, where tourism has run an increasingly minor second to strip-mining for nickel.

Like most such out-of-the-way places, Efate can be seen as either a drag or a delight. Compared with more developed tourist areas, there is little to do for those without friends, business, or imagination. Anyone driving in the countryside or swimming at beaches is likely to be descended upon by enough flies to make his arms look like a raisin pudding. Still the exotic pattern of dark and sunny beauty is there in places and people—natives paddling big canoes in from tiny offshore islets, copra boats unloading, a sparkling *pâtisserie* with marvelous croissants, and, a few feet away under waterfront trees, Afro-haired Melanesians and lantern-hatted Tonkinese women selling baskets of papaws, mangoes, tomatoes, yams, eggs, fish, coconut crabs, and quacking white ducks.

About 150 miles north, Espíritu Santo is a mixture of new frontier, scruffy island charm, and ghosts of World War II. The biggest of the New Hebrides, it is seventy-five by forty-five miles, a crab claw of mountains, heavy jungle, fertile valleys, coastal plantations, beaches, and new American subdivisions.

Anyone can picture how it must have been. During a few short weeks in 1942, tens of thousands of Americans poured into what was only a little trading post along the great Segund Channel. They built miles of road, vast airfields, great docks, and sprawling complexes of barracks and workshops. The natives moved inland, some to work land planted for vegetable farms to feed the troops. Shrewd Tonkinese plantation laborers from Vietnam (most have since returned home) worked fringe businesses, and the character of Bloody Mary was born. So maybe was Bali Ha'i in the fleeting view men got of Aoba Island seen in rain showers offshore to the east. The boom lasted three years, then faded through a period of postwar surplus property affluence.

Now there are mostly memories. But the roads are still surprisingly good and two airfields are in usable shape. So are a few of the old Quonset huts and other buildings. But most are long gone, and what survives are bits of scrap, rusting remains in the damp undergrowth, and docks crumbling in the wash of quiet tides.

The town isn't much, rambling as it

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New Hebridean stone face—"exotic pattern of dark and sunny beauty."

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Rarely are a hotelier and her hotel honored with a postage stamp.

Bed and Board at Aggie Grey's

by ROBERT TRUMBULL

"The captain invites you to the cockpit," the freckle-faced Australian stewardess whispered as the droning DC-3 leveled off over the Bougainville Strait and pointed toward New Georgia Sound, better known as "The Slot." "Thought you'd be interested in this," the pilot, also an Australian, said presently, pointing to a lonely clump of green on the blue expanse of sea. It was the island of Kasolo, or "Plum Pudding Island," where John F. Kennedy took refuge after a Japanese destroyer had sliced into his torpedo boat, the PT-109.

Other islands with once-famous names slipped by as we continued down The Slot—Vella Lavella, Kolombangara, Gizo, Savo—names associated with World War II battles, but largely unknown to a new generation of newspaper readers. From the DC-3, the best kind of plane for sightseeing since it doesn't fly as high as newer aircraft, there was an enchanting vista of hundreds of tiny islands as we approached Guadalcanal and Henderson Field.

The scenic glories of The Slot—unmarred by the black puffs of flak that greeted wartime visitors—are among the visual joys available to travelers on South Pacific regional air services, whose mostly two-engine propeller or turboprop planes operate from upgraded World War II bomber strips. These exotic byways are largely passed over in travel promotion, which tends to focus on the superior facilities and easier access of such places as Fiji and Tahiti.

Few tourists come to Guadalcanal; the number last year was 1,809, according to official figures, exclusive of one-day callers from occasional cruise ships. Among those arriving by air have been a number of war veterans and their families, coming to view the scenes of historic battles. They wouldn't recognize Guadalcanal today as the same jungled, fever-ridden place that James Michener, in *Tales of the South Pacific*, described as "that godforsaken backwash of the world."

Honiara, a pleasant town of about 11,000 residents, replaced the ruined wartime capital, Tulagi. Honiara stands on the site of an old American encampment built around Point Cruz, the port area, where the Spanish navigator Alvaro de Mendana landed in 1568 to claim the Solomon Islands for Spain. The attractive main thoroughfare of the town, Mendana Avenue, is lined with air-conditioned shops shaded by rows of colorfully flowering poinciana trees. A less warlike setting could hardly be imagined, were it not for the signboards marking the location of an old Japanese command post and the spot where Marines once launched an abortive attack on the enemy.

Also recalling the war are the rotting hulks of landing craft along the sandy beach. Traces of wartime trenches can be seen in the hills behind the town; hikers sometimes come back with old helmets and other mementos found in the battlegrounds. But a posh club of the kind found in any British colony and the comfortable and picturesque Hotel Mendana decorate the shore of Iron Bottom Sound, so named for the ships of both sides sunk in the passage between Guadalcanal and the Florida Islands, visible across the water. Tour agencies in Honiara can arrange trips to other islands by Solair, the local internal airline, with visits to remote villages undiluted by urban contact. Among things to buy are curiously shaped carved heads of polished wood, inlaid with bits of shell, and necklaces of the shell money used for

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ceremonial exchanges in the islands.

It is not necessary to venture far from the regular tourist paths to find offbeat places in the South Pacific. For example, travelers passing through American Samoa on the way to Australia and New Zealand may be unaware that at Tafuna Airport, near Pago Pago, they are on the threshold of deepest Polynesia. By a Polynesian Airlines DC-3, it takes only forty-five minutes and less than $14 to reach the tropical dreamland of Western Samoa. The English poet Rupert Brooke was so entranced upon seeing Western Samoa that he immediately wrote back home: "It's all true about the South Seas!"

Earlier, this languid land had so captivated Robert Louis Stevenson that the writer built a stately home, called Vailima, on a hill behind Apia, the waterside capital, and lived there until his death. Stevenson, known to the Samoans as Tusitala (Teller of Tales), is buried nearby on the summit of Mount Vaea. The steep, 500-foot climb to his simple memorial deters most visitors, but Vailima should be seen. The gracious old house has been renovated and enlarged as the official residence of the Head of State, His Highness Malietoa Tanumafili II, but Stevenson's living and working quarters have been preserved as the writer left them, with many mementos of his occupancy, and visits can be arranged.

The passage of the years since Stevenson and Brooke has brought few conspicuous changes to Western Samoa. The drive to Apia from Faleolo Airport passes through village after village that look as Samoan villages always have, with the exception of more recently built churches (I counted thirty-six on the twenty-three-mile drive and was assured that I had missed a few) and such modern touches as a parked car or truck. Nearly all Samoans in the countryside dwell in the traditional *fale*, an open structure consisting of a conical thatch roof supported by poles, with rolled-up curtains of woven pandanus that can be let down for privacy or protection from the elements.

An imposing mansion on stilts in the middle of a semicircle of *fale* identifies the famous village of Lepea, near Apia on the way from the airport. The mansion is the home of Fiame Mata'afa II, the former Prime Minister, who once was so incensed when a horde of tourists invaded the village, cameras clicking, that he punched the bus driver and a guide and declared the village out of bounds to uninvited visitors.

The lovely islands of Samoa were divided between Germany and the United States during the period of intensive colonial expansion in the Pacific just before the turn of the century. Germany took the western part, which is larger, while the United States settled for seven smaller islands and the splendid harbor of Pago Pago, a naval base till recent years. New Zealand ousted the Germans in World War I and ruled the islands, first as a League of Nations Mandate, then as a United Nations Trust Territory. The trusteeship was formally terminated on January 1, 1962, making Western Samoa the first fully sovereign Polynesian nation since the United States annexed Hawaii in 1898.

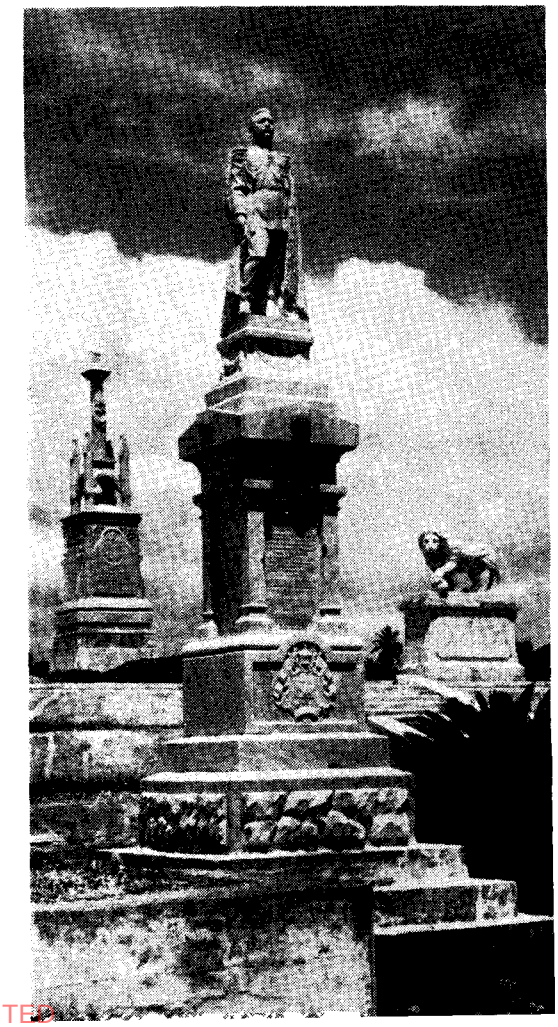
Fearful of what big-scale tourism can do to traditional Polynesian ways, the government of Western Samoa has only recently given permission to an American enterprise to build a much-needed new hotel. Visitors besieged by the growing number of prostitutes, pimps, and soliciting transvestites who infest tourist haunts in Apia after dark may conclude that the government's fears have been well founded.

Most visitors to Apia stay at Aggie's Hotel, a long-standing institution in the South Pacific. The rambling establishment by the sea is a hodgepodge of South Seas décor. It has a big swimming pool and a downstairs bar, open to the scented breeze, that serves as the informal social center of all Apia. The daily charges, low by American standards for just the room, also include three meals and morning and afternoon tea. Besides the air-conditioned rooms, each of which opens onto a veranda where "morning tea" is left at 7 a. m. on a table decorated with fresh hibiscus sprays, there are *fale*-style cottages, also air-conditioned. The Samoan waiters seat guests together at random in the open-sided dining room, where private tables are unknown. It is not advisable to ask for room service; the place isn't geared for it. Tipping is contrary to local custom.

No less an institution than the hotel is Aggie Grey, the owner, remembered as a great South Seas beauty in her youth and still a handsome figure at seventy-three in her floral-printed *puletasi*, the fetching Samoan adaptation of the long gown introduced by early missionary women. Aggie regularly performs a *siva-siva*, the sinuous Samoan version of the hula, at the *fia-fia*—Samoan feast and entertainment—held at least weekly for hotel guests. This function is put on in a huge *fale*, next to the swimming pool, that is described in different hotel brochures as "the biggest Samoan-style building in the South Pacific" and as "the biggest nail-less wooden structure in the Southern Hemisphere."

Aggie, recently honored on a Western Samoan postage stamp with a picture of herself and her hotel, has long been presumed the prototype for Michener's Bloody Mary, the energetic island businesswoman in *South Pacific*. The same claim has been made for Aggie's sister, Mrs. Mary Croudace, among others. Mrs. Croudace ran the ramshackle old Casino Hotel, where

(Continued on page 74)



Monument to a king—"Tongans expect and respect bigness in their royalty."

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—*Illustrations by Susan Perl*

Dreams Come True in Buru Hawaii

by COBEY BLACK

Heads turned, mine among them, as the modest man carried his little flag to the front of the line at Lihue Airport. Amazing, I thought, how so reticent a people as the Japanese have a knack for attracting attention when they visit Hawaii.

Behind the leader trailed, in twos as orderly as ark emigrants, a well-mannered troop, sporting red-and-white enamel JALPAK buttons and a comity that indelibly stamped them as a contingent of Hawaii's most popular tourist import: the Japanese Tour. The mixed bag of local airport loiterers refrained from smart remarks, and not a soul complained of being supplanted in line. Strange things are happening as West meets East in Blue Hawaii. Burly Kanaka tour bus drivers have been seen to bow.

As I slipped in among the enamel buttons on the return flight from Kauai to Honolulu, I pondered the mutual cultural shock softly emanating from both sides. The disciplined decorum of the Japanese is matched by the all-embracing *aloha* of their island hosts. But we continue to astonish one another.

"Like the way they order drinks on the plane," said my sloe-eyed stewardess. "In their zeal to please, they accept everything we offer: Mai Tais, pineapple juice, Kona coffee with cream and sugar. The run on plastic cups is devastating." Since the flight from Kauai to Honolulu is a brief twenty-seven minutes, this may also set some kind of record for airborne imbibition.

There have been other surprises:

One day the manager of a new hotel noticed damp cracks on the ceilings, only to learn that the Nipponese guests on the floor above were splashing about on the bathroom tiles, in proper *ofuro* fashion, reserving the tub for the final refreshing ablution. A prompt explanation that in America the entire bathing process takes place in the tub—soapsuds, dirty water, the works—brought alacritous apologies from guests too polite to betray their dismay at this bizarre notion of sanitation.

One night Don Ho, an entertainer whose cool is seldom shattered, called a tittering Japanese tour group to the stage, dutifully bussed the mama-sans, then bandied quips with a couple of male members, only to find himself straight man in a highly professional act that brought down the roof. "One of the guys was Japan's leading comic and the other Tokyo's answer to Liberace," recalls Don.

Then there was the salesgirl at the airport's duty-free shop who dusted off a bottle of rare Napoleon brandy for a Japanese customer, wished him "*Kampai!*" and received the retort, "I shall not waste it by drinking it." Black Label is the perennial status whisky, and this year no self-respecting Japanese who goes abroad will return home without a Du Pont lighter. Last year it was Dunhill, Ronson the year before.

Signs of the times are appearing on the remotest restroom doors: calligraphy side by side with WAHINES.

The *Waikiki Beach Press* is putting out a Japanese edition. Three leading hotels—the Hilton Hawaiian Village, the Princess Kaiulani, and the Ala Moana—recently opened Japanese restaurants. At the Kahala Hilton's intimate Maile Room, entertainer Jimmy Borges sings "Danny Boy" in Japanese.

Only the other day I joined a gaggle of gapers in Kapiolani Park who had gathered to watch two dozen gentlemen of Japan attempt the hula under the eyes of a Hawaiian *tutu* twice their size. Neck-slung cameras bounced off the buttons of new aloha shirts. I decided on the spot it was time I forsook the bemused native and shared a bit of the shock being absorbed on the other side. I called Kobayashi Travel Service, one of Hawaii's four largest agencies catering to Japanese tourists, and was told the average tour lasts four days, costs $400, and includes Pearl Harbor, a round of shops and nightclubs, and the Official Tour. They would be delighted to book me with the JALPAK JOY group arriving from Tokyo at 10:30 a.m. the next day.

"JALPAK stands for Japan Airlines Package Tour, and JOY identifies the group as regular tourists," explained a Kobayashi aide. "JALPAK SWEET is our honeymoon tour. SWEETs fall off after May, but they pick up again in the fall, September and May being the astrologically auspicious months for matrimony in Japan."

The mood was set. "I recommend an interpreter," he added. "None of the sixty-three members of this JALPAK JOY

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has previously been abroad."Who better than my neighbor, Mrs. Linda Beech, a blonde doubly blessed with beauty and wit, who, during seven of her seventeen years in Japan, became a household word as "Rinda Beechy," heroine of *Blue Eyes Tokyo Diary*, the first and last Japanese television series starring a distaff foreigner

At the appointed hour, Linda and I rallied around the flag, this time a handsome standard of Roman legion motif, the JALPAK emblem embossed with a Nippon lovely. Two kimonos, six miniskirts, one maxi, and fifty-four squares—the last nattily dressed in the manner becoming middle-class prosperity—soon joined us. On the count of sixty-three, our leader sprang into action: Leis were hung, luggage stored, and buttons paired on a bus for Pearl Harbor. From airport to sunken USS *Arizona* in ten minutes flat.

Silence stalked the pier, punctuated only by the clicking of cameras. A young lady broke ranks and demurely presented her card, introducing herself and her brother. She was a dressmaker from Hakone and wished to pose with us. We offered to pose with her brother as well, a pocket Laocoön laced with cameras. "He's too shy." I pressed Linda for their reaction to the Pearl Harbor memorial. "I am ashamed," said the dressmaker. "I feel very small and would prefer to see some other historic site." Her shy brother said, "Please forgive us."

Then we followed our leader to the Moana Hotel for the official briefing prior to the Official Tour.

"Honorable ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Hawaii," translated Linda. "Please turn your eyes to the window where I humbly receive your cooperation in absorbing the magnificent view of Waikiki Beach." The button-black heads turned as one. "This is check-out time, and the rooms are not yet ready, so please use your great tolerance to await the maids."

It was 2 p.m., and the members of JALPAK JOY had been flying all night, taken a blitz tour of Pearl Harbor, and been firmly herded through midday traffic and congested lobby to their first American meal without so much as a hand-washing respite. Not a voice was raised, not a temper frayed, not a trouser crease wrinkled. Even the reaction to such alien gustables as pineapple shell filled with seafood salad brought no more than a delicate giggle as the diners removed tiny paper parasols from atop the shrimp.

"May I warn you of a shock in store: When you pick up a telephone the voice will answer in English. Before you panic, say JALPAK." Sixty-three pencils were poised as the guide said, "If you are lost, call this number from eight a.m. to eight p.m.

"Tomorrow is the Owishuru Tua (Official Tour)," continued our leader, using the English expression, "which will take you to the number one important places in Honolulu. I humbly recommend an extra trip to Kauai. It is *horomanchiku* (so romantic) with wild goats, waterfalls, and lovely beaches where *Buru Hawaii* (*Blue Hawaii*) was filmed."

This endorsement by Elvis would send droves of JALPAK JOYS to the Garden Isle, Linda assured me.

"I would like to receive your arising at seven a.m. and hopefully wish that no one will misplace his passport, nor his camera, nor any *turaburu* (trouble). If you wish a detailed explanation of all I have said, please read your pamphlet."

According to Linda, this suggestion would be carried out. "Very Japanese. They're the only people in the world who read plaques on statues and small cards in museum showcases."

"I shall now have the honorable pleasure to present a beachboy!" Our leader was stalling because the rooms were still delayed, but his charges took this with grace. "Captain Watanabe-san!" A strapping Nisei with "Capt. Wata" on his T-shirt bowed to the audience. Wholly Hawaiianized, this bronzed Goliath bore little resemblance to the pale, delicately wired luncheon guests whose ancestry he shared. "Taiho and John Wayne have surfed with Captain Wata. For seven dollars an hour you may too. For non-swimmers and women, there are canoes.

"May I suggest in closing that should you be so unfortunate as to have an accident or any other *turaburu* after eight p.m., you call me at the Aloha Surf Hotel, and I shall come to your rescue in five minutes. Thank you for your honorable tiredness."

The rooms were ready. It was 3 p.m. I wondered if the tiredness of American tourists would have been so honorable.

Any vestiges of fatigue were banished the next day by a rousing tocsin of "Hello, Dolly!" that heralded the Official Tour. A game of pass-the-button seemed to be going on in the bus. "A Japanese excursion is an elaborate ritual of exchange," explained Linda, as sun cream, postcards, cigarettes, and book matches changed hands. A Fuji cigarette was pressed into my palm, with matches. The match cover read: "Train at home to be a computer programmer." It was from the U.S. Department of Labor.

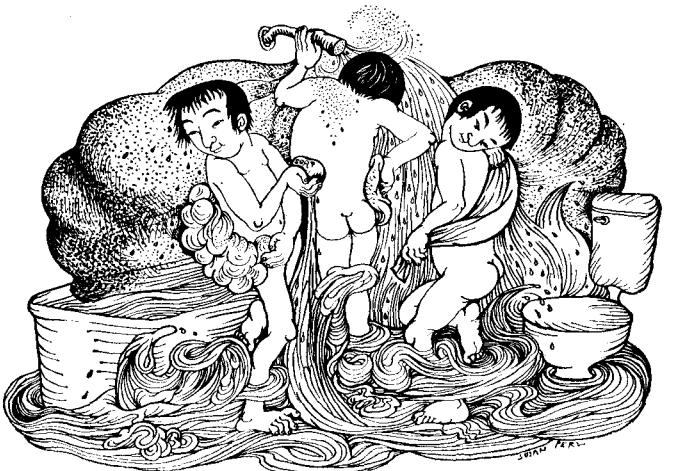
"Here we go, dear honorable friends," began Eiko-san, the dimpled guide who had relieved our leader. She was to carry the conversational ball for the next four hours, response being limited for the most part to complimentary intakes of breath, the first inspired by the introduction of Rinda Beechy. "It is a typical beautiful day in Hawaii with the sunlight skipping on the emeradu (emerald) ocean. We are first going"—excitement raised her voice several decibels—"to the University of Hawaii!"

Since the number one important places in Hawaii hold no novelty for me, I concentrated on my fellow travelers' unpredictable reactions, ranging from Buddha-bound silence for the handsome new State Capitol Building to polysyllabic paeans for Arcadia, a deluxe retirement home. Effusion is a seldom thing on a Japanese tour. Not that I traveled with a busload of cigar-store Indians, mind you. Gratitude, though understated, was omnipresent.

"Gracious and appreciative," says Akyoshi Hayashida, director of international hospitality for the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, of this new breed of tourists who comprised 10 per cent of Hawaii's visitors last year. This year 200,000 are anticipated. Nearly a third of all Japanese traveling abroad come to Hawaii, their number two choice, after Southeast Asia and before Europe.

"We are now passing the playground of the animals," said Eiko-san. "They are all sleeping because the hour is early, but here that cute little symbol of Hawaii, the Nene goose, plays." Linda assured me this was a verbatim translation. Attention was riveted on the deserted zoo.

Drawing more astonished hisses were the public golf courses. "In Japan, golf is a rich man's sport, confined almost entirely to private



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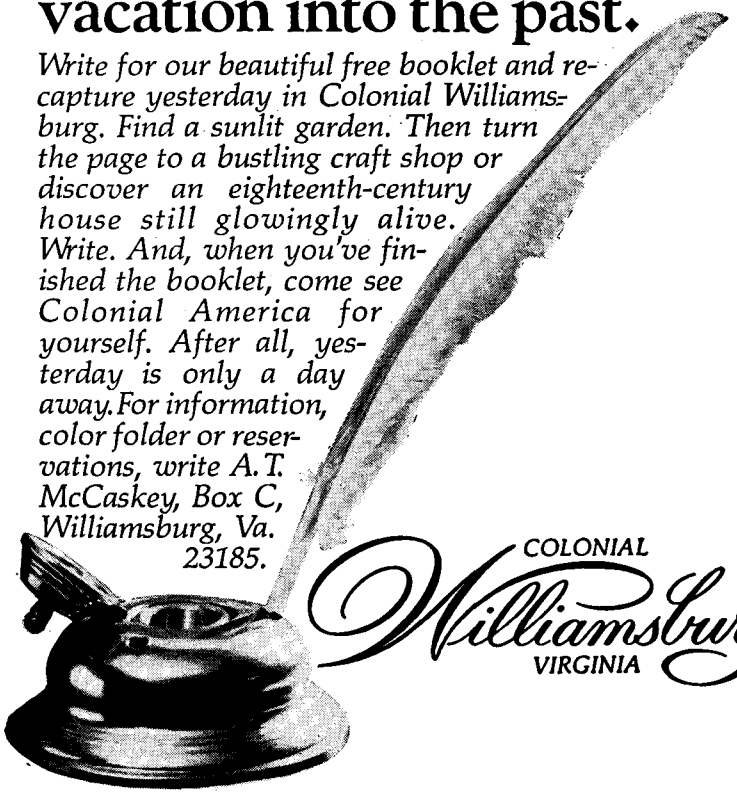

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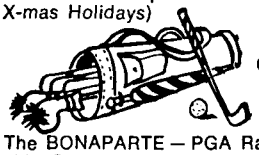

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clubs," was Linda's interpretation.

"And note the really breath-taking number of cars belonging to students," continued Eiko-san. "They're parked all the way to Kaimuki!" When she added that only a minority of university students continue their studies to graduation and that student labor is paid 700 yen a day compared to 200 yen in Japan, the marvel mounted. It reached a crescendo with the announcement that summer vacation extended for three months in America while Japanese students are grateful for four weeks.

"Please draw your honorable attention to an exotic note of dress," said Eiko-san. "The students are barefoot." The first unabashed giggle arose from the tour. When we alighted at our next stop, Iolani Palace, the miniskirted contingent had doffed their shoes.

"The Japanese are nuts on history and culture," said Linda, as Eiko-san capitalized on this national proclivity with a prolonged dissertation on Hawaii's development from the Aru of Sando (Earl of Sandwich) to latter-day leaders. "Three of Hawaii's representatives in the honorable United States Congress are of Japanese ancestry!" Above appreciative murmurs, Eiko-san added, "And the honorable Governor's son is married to a lovely Nisei girl, while the honorable Lieutenant Governor is none other than George Ariyoshi, son of an immigrant shopkeeper from Japan."

Punchbowl Cemetery, the Honolulu Academy of Art, Queen Emma's summer home, the Royal Mausoleum, and Pari (Pali) were greeted with static respect and frenetic picture taking. At Kamehameha's statue, the plaque was duly read and translated.

Eiko-san's voice was now a hoarse contralto, but her determination was undiminished as she loyally filled every minute of her dear honorable friends' time with informative comments on local customs. "Would you believe that American couples go out together to all social gatherings?" she asked her incredulous audience as the Official Tour unwound. We passed the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, fading *grande dame* amid the strumpet highrises of Waikiki. "May I humbly suggest that you turn your eyes to the hotel where Prince Akihito and Princess Michiko spent their Hawaiian holiday!" Ah so, a fitting finale.

"And now we return to the Moana Hotel that first met your eyes on arrival. Thank you for your honorable tiredness."

Vigorous applause was interrupted by a flurry of last-minute exchanges. The bus driver arose and bowed.

"Aloooha," said Eiko-san.

"Aroooha," echoed the honorable tour.

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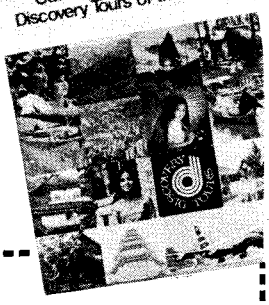

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This Must Be the Place!

Continued from page 59

does for a half-dozen miles along the channel, but the atmosphere and people are: New Hebrideans you talk pidgin with at sunset by the shore, Chinese storekeepers, a woman missionary from New Zealand, tired but still gentle-looking after twenty-three years in the islands.

The town's leading (and really only) inn is the Hotel Corsica, a Quonset and plywood onetime U.S. Navy headquarters restored somewhat with paint, flowers, and island décor. At the hotel bar you meet a salty French planter, a former French Legionnaire down from his home in the remote Banks Islands for treatment of a bad leg wound suffered when he shot himself while crocodile hunting in the Solomons. Downing glass after glass of milky pernod and water, he makes wry accusations of lechery about an aging British official, a veteran of Malay and African colonial days, who sips beer beside him.

In the dining room, a more distinguished Frenchman who looks as if he could play the lead in *South Pacific* dines with his young and lovely Chinese wife and a chubby little daughter he obviously adores. Off to one side is a prosperous-looking Japanese businessman entertaining two less urbane countrymen from the big ocean fishing base down the coast. He's having trouble ordering lobster from the New Hebridean waitress who speaks only pidgin or French. "Robster, robster," he says, making his hands look like crawling claws. She laughs, and you wonder how much luck he would have if he knew French and said, "Wrongouste."

Increasingly to this faraway land have come Americans, some just passing through but a number involved with real estate. Five years ago there might have been one American in the New Hebrides; now about two dozen live there, heavy-drinking beachcombers, rich and respected businessmen, and a few retired couples. But the more significant statistic is that thousands of lots have been and are being sold to Americans and other Westerners.

The lure of investment is understandable to anyone who watched choice Hawaii land prices skyrocket out of sight in recent years and the accompanying sale of outside island "subdivisions," some of them literally on lava flows and of little value. The New Hebrides are being sold to buyers as a sort of "New Hawaii with a difference." For those weary of the pollution, crowding, and overdevelopment that afflict the Honolulu scene, this is "unspoiled paradise." Yet it is also pictured as a coming new crossroads and vacationland. All this with the spectacular advantage of no direct taxation—no income tax, no company taxes, no profit tax.

What will happen to alter this situation and its resultant dreams is the key question. Native political (not to mention economic) advancement has been slow in the New Hebrides, and nobody is predicting rebellion. The eager French and the reluctant British will be around. But looking at the Pacific islands, the world's last emerging colonial area, it is unrealistic to think that 75,000 New Hebrideans will want to stay dominated by a few thousand Europeans. Nor may they always want to continue the tax-free status of foreigners living in the vast subdivisions being sold. There has been a native movement to get back some land sold under controversial title.

At the same time, there are signs of change in what has been largely a copra, fish, and cattle economy. Where there used to be one of each, there are now three banks and four law firms. Some 500 international companies have

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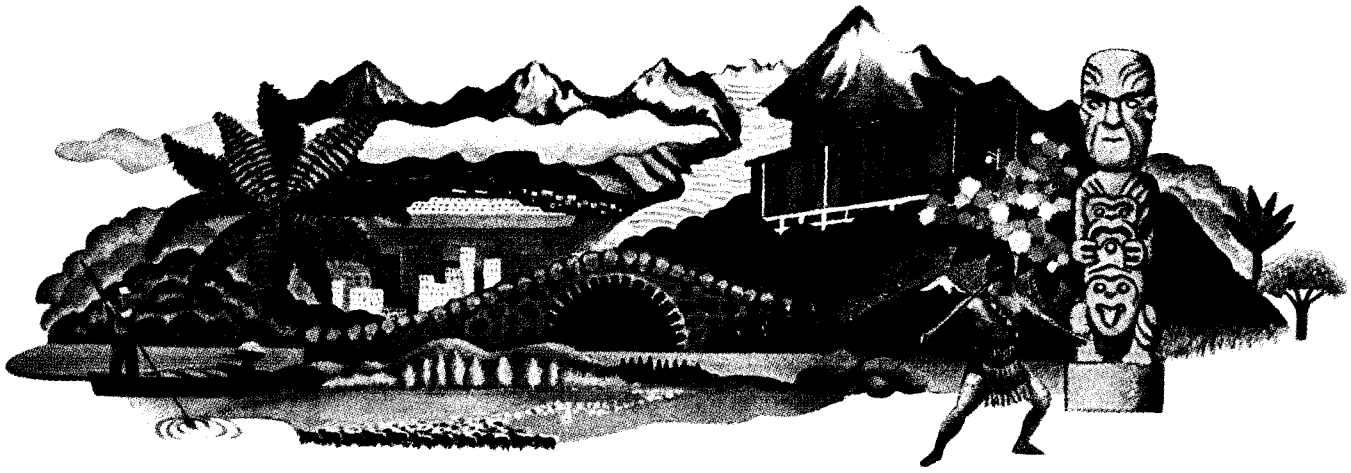

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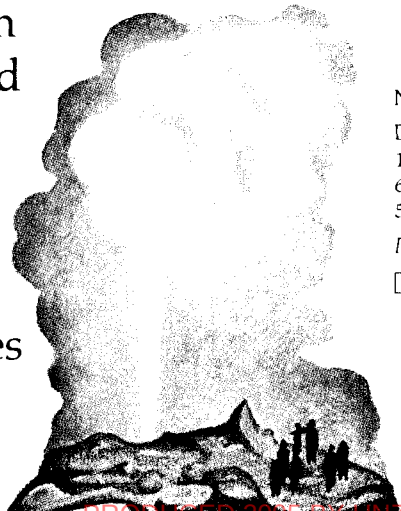

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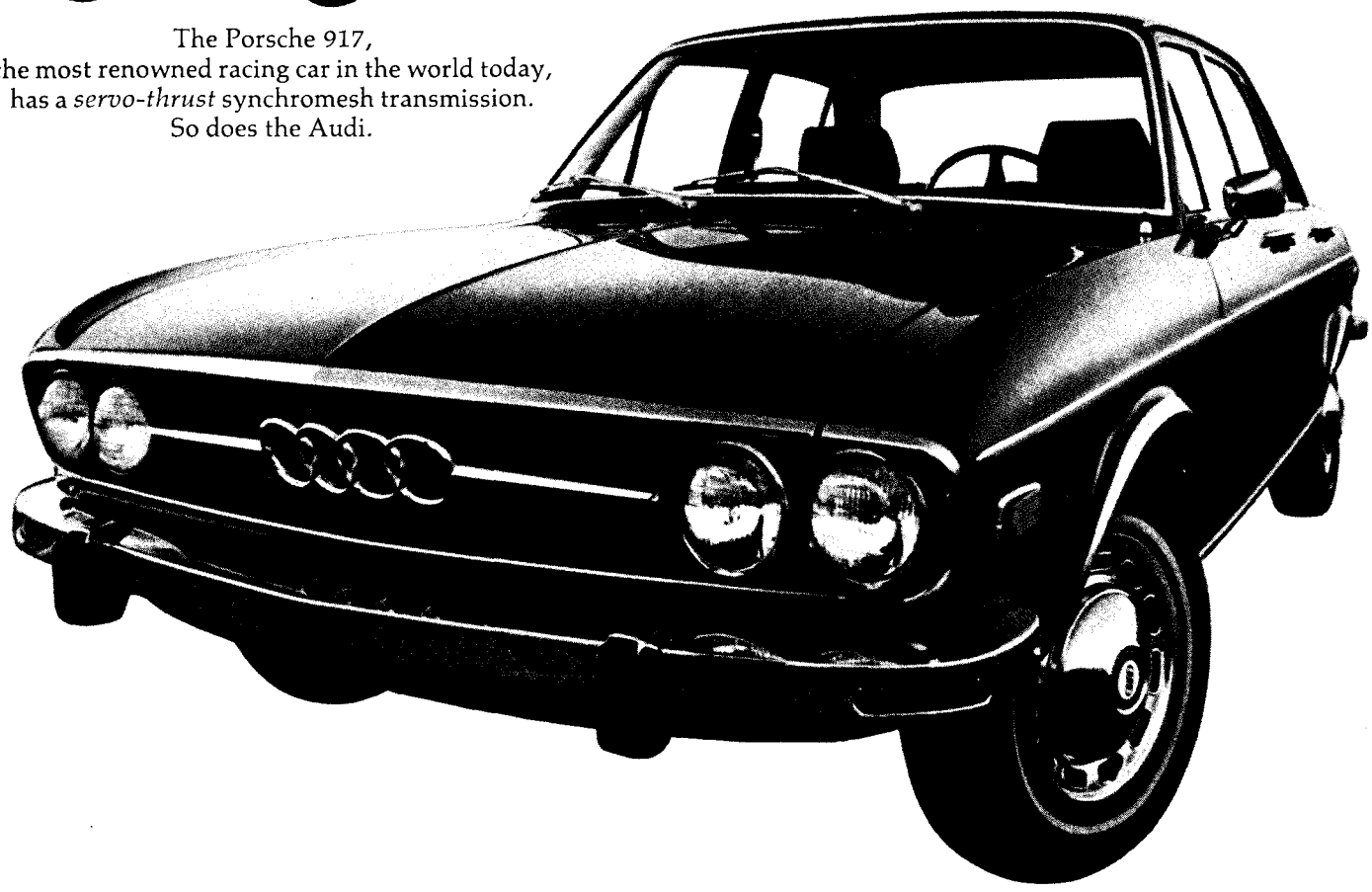
So does the 1972 Audi.



Both the Cadillac Eldorado and the 1972 Audi
have front-wheel drive. But we had it first.

The Audi holds as much luggage

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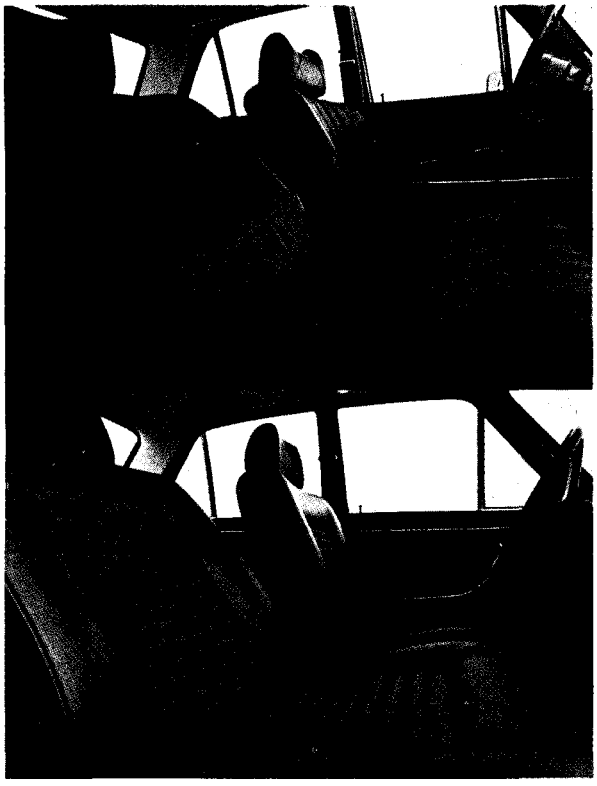
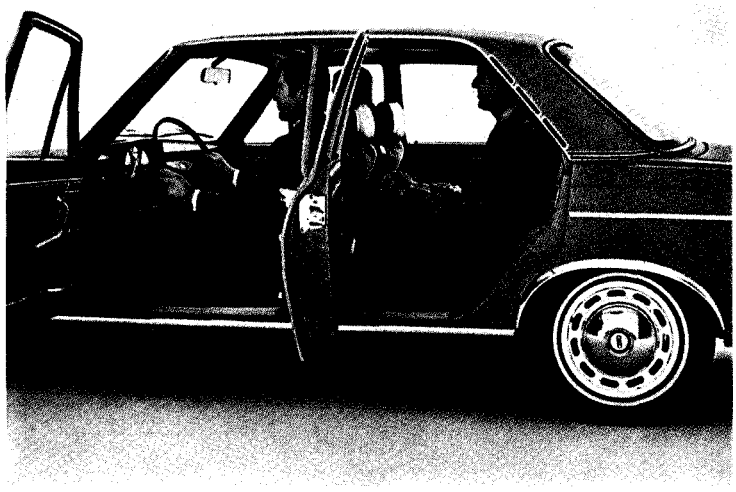
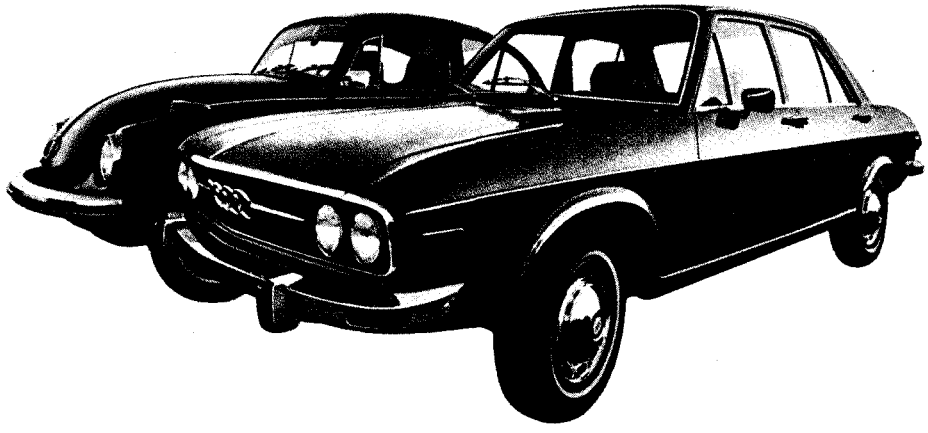
for the money.



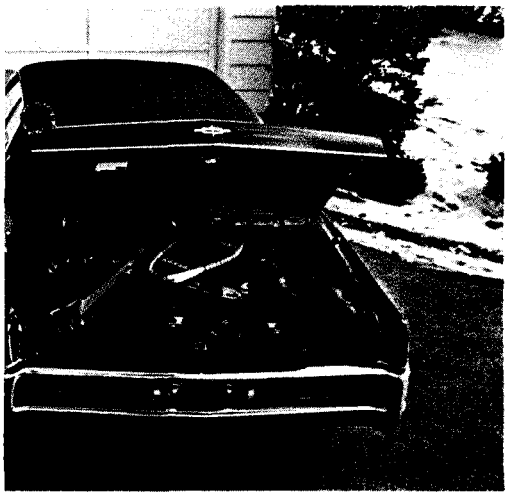
The interior on the top is the incomparable Mercedes-Benz 280SE. The one on the bottom is the Audi 100LS.
You'll have to admit there's an uncanny resemblance.

You get just about the same headroom and legroom in the Audi as you do in the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.





as the Lincoln Continental.



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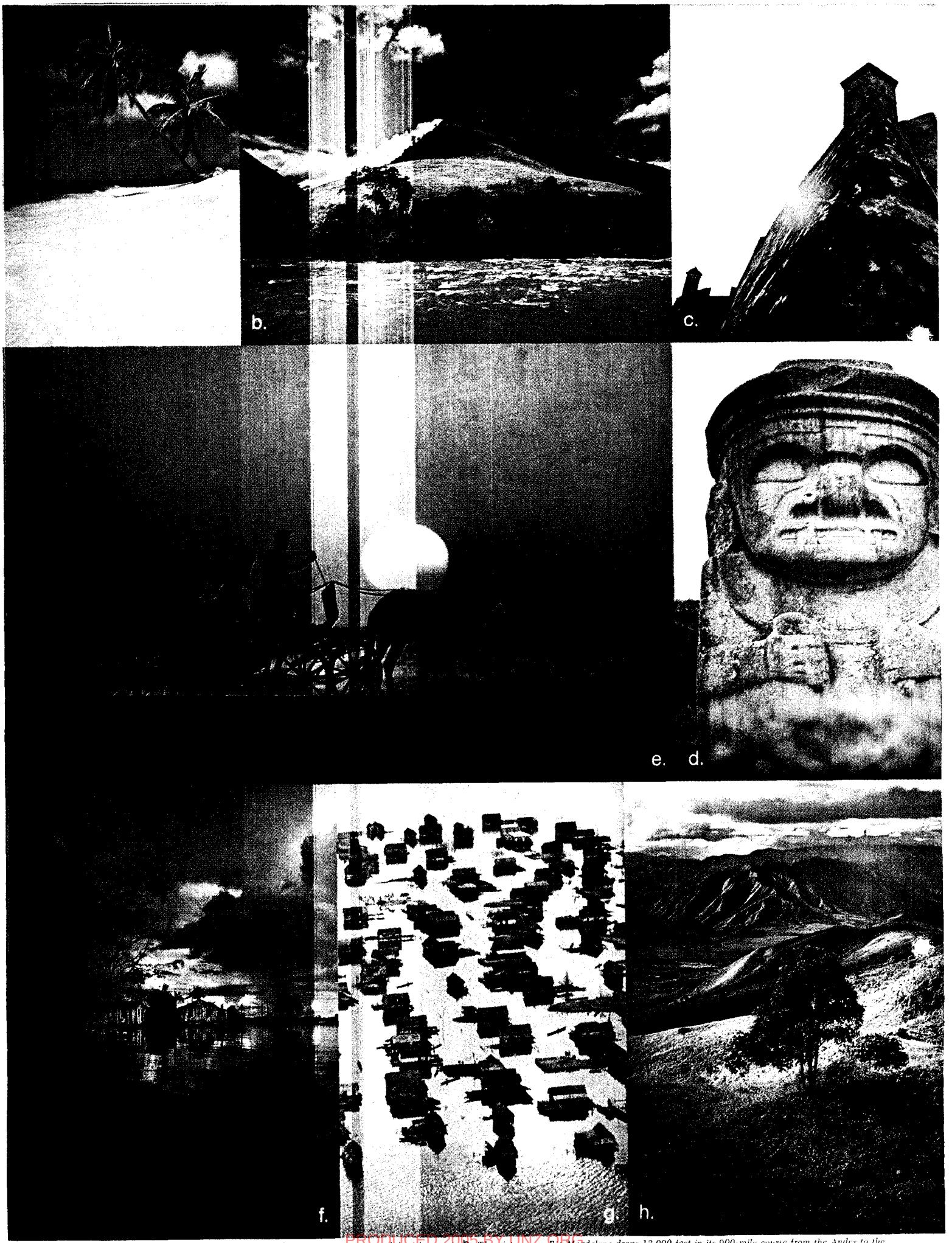

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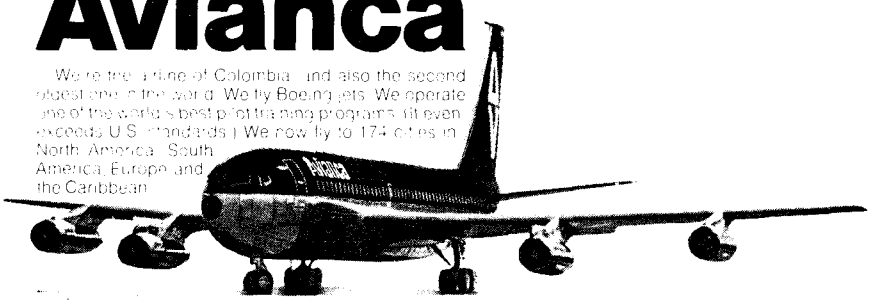

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registered in Vila since early last year.

Tourism is also being promoted. This year some 9,000 adventurous souls were expected, up 100 per cent over 1970. On Santo, a modest motel has gone up amid the palms of Lokalee Beach at Hog Harbor, or "Ogg Arboor" if you are French. Other hotels are planned, including a big one atop the renovated town dump outside Luganville—a site made famous as "million-dollar point" when departing American troops dumped tons of surplus trucks, bulldozers, and supplies into the ocean rather than give them to the condominium government.

The future of the potential "commuter colonies" of Americans and other outsiders is another question, not only here but in Fiji and other islands where land is being sold. It could be the next step in tourism: exotic vacation homes that make a contribution to the local economy without being offensive. One danger comes if foreigners think that by buying a lot they are buying the country, complete with happy native servants and a tax-free ride forever. Any "paradise" has a higher price these days.

About the Writers

Lois Wheeler Snow, wife of Edgar Snow, will appear on an upcoming lecture tour in the United States and Canada, has written for *The Nation* and *Le Monde*, and is at work on a book, *China on Stage*, to be published by Random House. Patricia Brooks, a writer who specializes in travel and gastronomy, has journeyed and eaten her way through the Orient many times. She lives in New Canaan, Connecticut. Neil Morgan, La Jolla resident, is a columnist for the Copley News Service, writes on California, and considers the Pacific his domain. So does Frank Riley, author, adventurer, frequent *SR* contributor, and travel editor of *Los Angeles Magazine*. John Griffin, editorial page editor for the Honolulu *Advertiser*, has traveled extensively in the Pacific on an Alicia Patterson Fund fellowship and with the Peace Corps. Based in Sydney, Robert Trumbull, chief of *The New York Times*'s South Pacific Bureau, makes frequent forays into largely uncharted territories. Cobey Black, former columnist for the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, practically shuttles between her Honolulu home and the Far East. Irving Kolodin, best known for his writings in other parts of this magazine, is fresh from a trip Down Under that inspired his first piece of travel writing.

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Aggie Grey's

Continued from page 61

many American officers stayed during World War II, and now owns a smaller waterfront establishment whimsically named the Apian Way.

Superb handbags of woven pandanus or *tapa*, the paper-like cloth made from pounded mulberry bark, and floor-size pandanus mats that bring high prices in Hawaii are shopping bargains in Apia. The biggest selection can be found at the Government Handicrafts Shop near the town clock, a seaside landmark from which all distances on Upolu Island are measured. Purchases can be mailed home.

Another logical stop on a South Pacific tour is the Kingdom of Tonga, reachable from Apia by Polynesian Airlines or from Suva, Fiji, by Air Pacific (formerly Fiji Airlines). Tonga is said to be the first inhabited place on earth where each new day begins, since the International Dateline was bent eastward around the islands so they would have the same date as other British or formerly British territories in the vicinity.

Near the picturesque seafront and the crowded open-air market where platoons of amply proportioned women may be seen packing tropical produce for shipment to New Zealand stands the photogenic palace of King Taufa'ahau Tupou II, with the royal chapel beside it. The palace, a white frame structure, has been unchanged since it was built in 1867, except for the addition of a second-story balcony in 1882. Photographs are permitted from outside the low encircling wall. The King, a nearly absolute monarch, is a truly regal figure standing six feet two and weighing more than 300 pounds. Tongans expect and respect bigness in their royalty.

One can come down from Hawaii to the Micronesian Gilberts, and on through the Polynesian Ellice Islands to Fiji, by changing at Majuro from Air Micronesia to Air Nauru. Air Nauru, with one eight-seat Falcon fanjet leased from an Australian charter outfit, is known as the smallest international airline in the world. This is appropriate enough, since Nauru is the smallest country in the world with an international airline. The independent Republic of Nauru occupies a roughly circular island with an area of slightly more than eight square miles.

For fifty years, Nauru, a former German colony less than thirty miles south of the Equator, had been administered jointly by Britain, Australia, and New Zealand, with the Australians doing the actual governing for all three. The three governments shared the island's fabulous deposits of phosphate, a valuable limestone deposit used in

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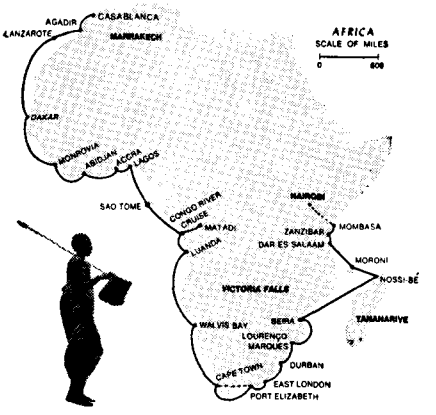

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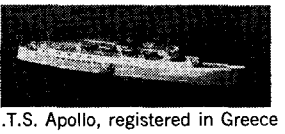

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chemical fertilizer. Led by Head Chief (now President) Hammer DeRoburt, a former schoolteacher, the islanders mounted a stubborn campaign in the United Nations for independence, which was granted on January 31, 1968. The Nauruans, a mixture of Micronesian, Polynesian, and Melanesian strains, now receive the entire $25-million yearly revenue from their phosphates instead of mere royalties. This makes the minuscule Republic of Nauru the wealthiest country in the world in terms of annual per capita income. When the phosphate is exhausted about twenty-five years from now, the accumulation of investments abroad will enable the Nauruans to keep going even if the population doubles.

Stopping on Nauru last year between planes (at that time a wait of a week), I discovered the ultimate welfare state, in a dreamy South Seas setting. Taxes are unknown, being "unsuited to the Nauruan temperament," as President DeRoburt told me. Compulsory schooling, medical and dental care, hospitalization, even telephone and bus service are free. The prices in the air-conditioned shops beat any tax-free airport. Rent on government housing was less than $5 a month, and home repairs were free.

The easygoing Nauruans concentrate on government, commerce, and the enjoyment of life, having hired expert employees of Australian and other nationalities and a labor force of Gilbert and Ellice Islanders to do the bulk of the work in the administration and the phosphate enterprise.

Sightseeing is limited on an island that is only twelve miles around. Australian secretaries working for the government sometimes pass a moonlit Saturday night by walking all the way around the coast road, which takes them three-and-a-half hours. Swimming is pleasant and fishing tremendous in the warm, blue immensity of sea that surrounds the island. An excellent Cantonese meal can be had, by prearrangement with the cook, at the island's one nightclub, called Star Twinkle after the jingle, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," which entranced the Chinese owner.

The mined-out phosphate areas are a startling scene, resembling a landscape on the moon, but the narrow coastal belt where all the people live is a succession of sylvan scenes, and in the center of the island there is a village of surprising charm on a hidden lagoon. My most treasured recollection of Nauru is of driving by the sea one afternoon, passing two pretty Nauruan girls going in the opposite direction on a motorbike, and a few minutes later passing the same two girls again, each of us having gone halfway around the island.

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A Girl's Best Friend

Continued from page 51

Randall, vice president of the Lightning Ridge Miners' Association, who works his own mine and operates a walk-in hole where tourists may get a quick glimpse of the hardships involved.

"A miner who's been here twenty years can't know where to look any better than a person who's been here twenty days," he said. "Nature gives no surface clues to opals. You just choose a spot somewhere and start swinging a pick. You shave the opal dirt away and you listen while you do it. When you hear a kind of gritty sound, you've probably hit a nobby. Then it's worthwhile being careful, for you could easily crack one with the pick. Then use a penknife or screwdriver to scrape the dirt away gently. With a pair of pincers you nip off the corner of the nobby to see if it is opal. If you get a flash of color from it in your light, you put it aside for cutting and polishing."

I paid my $2 and swung away for a while, but if I hit a nobby I missed the gritty sound. My interest in Australian beer revived, and I retired to the Bowling Club.

Yet, something between $1-million and $2-million worth of black opals comes from Lightning Ridge each year. Figures are elusive because the buying is in cash. With the world price of opals rising at 10 to 20 per cent each year, there is no prospect that these gougers will give up the quest. More than 20,000 acres has been set aside by the government for mining, and less than 5 per cent of it has been mined.

Priceless black opal pieces have come from Lightning Ridge—the 900-carat Dunstan's Stone; the Red Admiral or Butterfly Stone, a 40-carat gem resembling a British butterfly in shape and color; and the Pride of Australia, found in 1915 beside the crest of the Walgett road. Many such stones remain intact in Australia and around the world, but Lightning Ridge no longer seems to yield monumental gems. What it offers is good enough. Gougers sell their best stones for up to $500 a carat. It does not seem too much for stones that have been fifty million years in the making.

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How to Eat in Chinese

Continued from page 39

should be light, perhaps chilled lichees on ice or the refreshing chilled bean curd with almond juice. Chinese generally do not, except at large parties, have dessert, satisfying their sweet tooth with sweet-sour dishes, plum sauce, and numerous tidbits throughout the day.

The pursuit of Chinese cuisine poses a problem for the tourist traveling alone. It is difficult to dine sumptuously solo, for you can't sample a wide range of dishes without being rich or wasteful or both. (Chinese restaurants do not scale down a serving for just one person.) If you are content, however, to limit yourself to two or three dishes, you can dine very well. A bean curd and spinach soup accompanied by steamed chicken stuffed with lobster and perhaps braised pork and pea sprouts is a generous meal indeed.

If you are alone or part of a twosome at midday, things look up considerably, for one can choose *yam cha*, lunching at a local teahouse on an endless series of snacks. A continuous parade of waitresses with carts passes through the noisy dining rooms, offering a variety of steamed and fried *dim sum*, which are dumpling-like pastries filled with varying mixtures of minced vegetables, meat, or sea food. The *dim sum* are served hot, delicately seasoned —a combination of *hsien* and *hsiang* (flavor and aroma)—in small saucers, three or four *dim sum* per saucer. A waitress tallies the number of saucers to determine the bill.

One's location in the Orient may determine the choice of Chinese food. Don't look for Peking duck, for instance, in a Cantonese restaurant. In general, there are five distinct regional cuisines, with variations from city to city within a region.

Major, and considered by many Western gourmets the pinnacle, is Peking, sometimes called Northern style, the most elaborate of all Chinese cooking, due no doubt to the presence of the Imperial Court, where in the past a single Gargantuan banquet could consume three days (thence came the revolution . . .). Restaurants that advertise "Mandarin style" usually mean Peking or Northern, suggesting the opulence of past imperial performances.

Spring roll, a refined version of the rather bastardized Chinese-American egg roll; chicken velvet; *mo-shu-ro*, chopped meat and vegetables rolled in a pancake, and many wine-cooked meats are Peking specialties. Most celebrated, though, is Peking duck, a combination of textural surprises unlike anything you might have eaten any-

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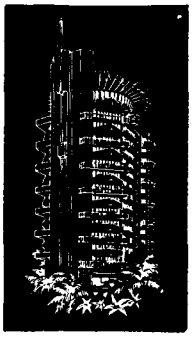

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where else in the world. Chinese *émigrés* claim that no Peking duck outside China is equal to the home-grown ones, for ducks raised in Peking are pampered and force-fed in a unique fashion that enhances their flavor.

Southwestern, or Szechuan-style, cooking is audacious in its flouting of all the rules, its daring mixtures of fiery hot, spicy, sour, salty, bitter, and oily flavors. Surprisingly, everything works, making this perhaps the most innovative regional style. Hot peppery Szechuan duck, shredded chicken with chilis and ginger sauce, camphored and tea duck, and hot-sour soups are a few of the many imaginative offerings of this cuisine.

Cantonese cooking, most widely known abroad, emphasizes sea food, quick stir-and-fry dishes, a rich range of sweet sauces and delicate steamed dumplings, dishes that rely on color contrasts and textural surprises. Cantonese chow is far more seductive than the average American chop suey-MSG joints would suggest.

East coast, or Fukien, cooking has a repertoire of sea food and light soups, subtly uses soy sauce and wine, and is famous for its suckling pig.

Central, or Hunan, cooking is known in China for its Yellow River carp and its devotion to sweet-sour dishes, rich seasonings, and liberal use of spices and hot chilis. Similar to but less radical than Szechuan style, Hunan cooking is not found often enough outside China.

As the Cantonese have been traditionally the great emigrants and restaurateurs, Chinese food in Southeast Asia is usually dominated by Cantonese chefs. It is possible in the Philippines, in Manila especially, to eat reasonably well Cantonese-style. I would recommend avoiding the eye-rolling-dragon-décor tourist restaurants near Roxas Boulevard. Head instead for the heart of Chinatown and the grubby little Carvahal Restaurant, where you will find superb sea food choices, or the Panciteria See Kee, a favorite with local Chinese, or just about anything Cantonese you can name. The Marquina, near the old Escolta section, is a popular place for lunch, specializing in fresh clam soup gently laced with ginger and fresh crabs you may choose yourself from huge baskets along the walls.

Understandably, there is infinitely greater variety in the Chinese cooking

(Continued on page 81)

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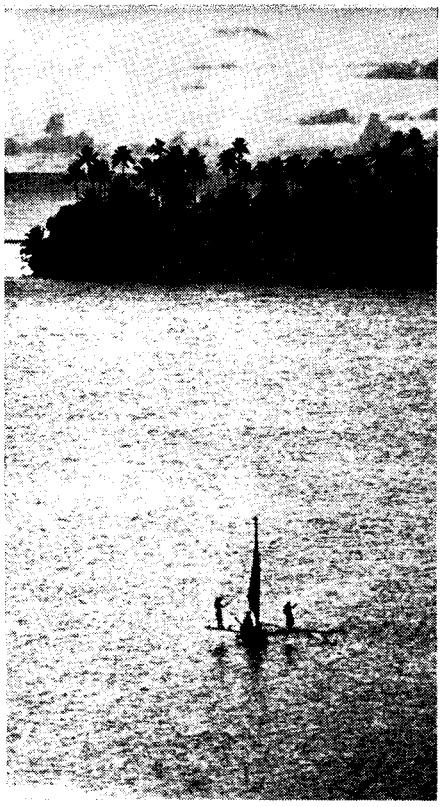


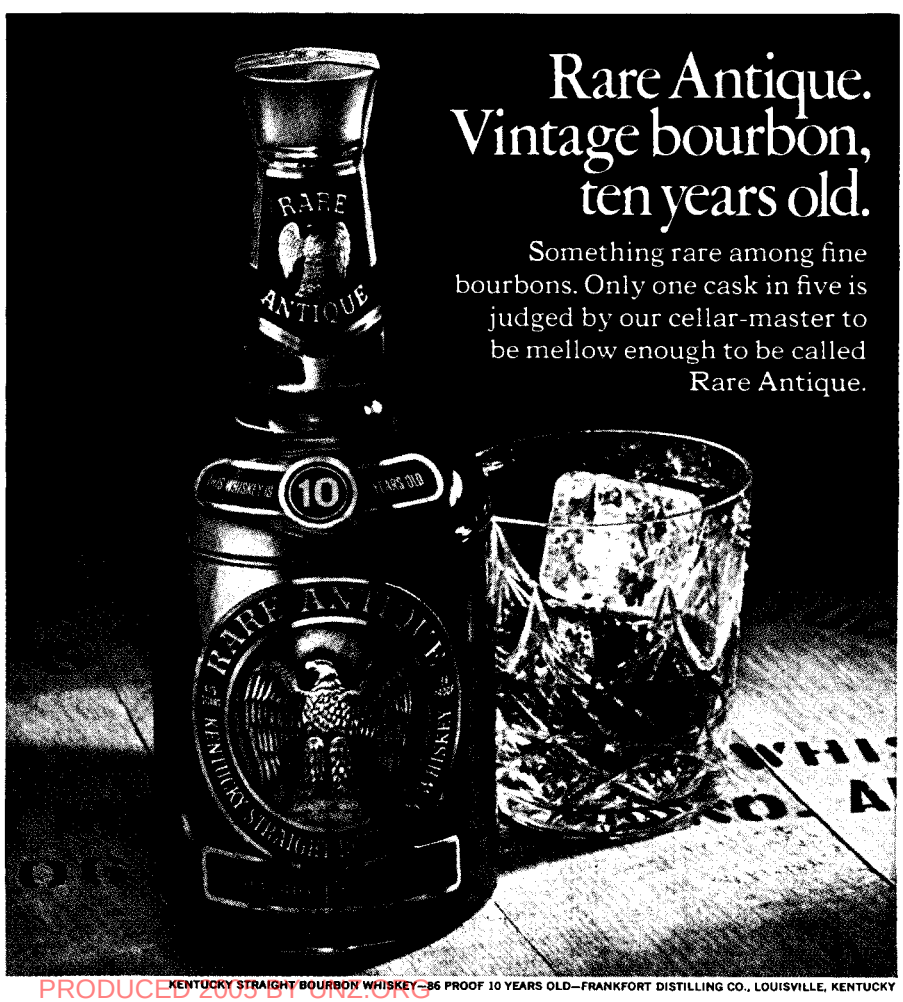
So vast is the Pacific that jet planes seem to crawl across the horizon. And yet, by comparison, cruise ships are mere snails, affording passengers who have enough patience, time, and money (Have you got eight weeks and $8,000 to spare?) a slowed-down and carefree interlude on the world's biggest patch of water. A half-dozen or more steamship lines, generally sailing out of West Coast cities, will nose down into the Pacific this winter on various cruising patterns that will take in scores of ports from Honolulu to Kota Kinabalu in North Borneo.

One of the more casually run liners, the 334-foot *West Star*, will launch a sort of South Seas shuttle service between Papeete, on Tahiti, and Suva, on Fiji—an eleven-day cruise in either direction. There will be little of the formality, bingo, and bridge so familiar on the high seas. Westours of Seattle, which operates the ship, has planned its cruises to coincide with flights coming down through the South Pacific. If a traveler doesn't have eleven days, he can cruise for six by getting on in the middle at Pago Pago. Out of Tahiti you span two geological ages of French Oceania—from the high volcanic mountains of the Society Islands to the low coral atolls of the Tuamotus.

One of the new ports of call on the *West Star* run will be Vava'u, in the Tongas, where air service is unscheduled, at best. The ship has to enter through a tight pass in the coral reef, leading to a hidden harbor surrounded by lush hillsides. Informality on board will be so complete that shorts, sandals, and shirtsleeves will suffice for the Captain's Dinner. Older or less venturesome passengers can see the various islands by guided tour. For others, underwater and shoreside explorations are planned. Motor scooters and bicycles will be available on many islands. The ship also will linger at Bora Bora, the Cook Islands, and American and Western Samoa.

Other cruise lines in the Pacific will also offer new twists during the coming season. American President Lines, with fifteen Pacific cruises in 1972, will leave San Francisco on January 8 for a forty-three-day run that will include two full days at the Winter Olympics on Hokkaido. Orient Overseas has refitted and recommissioned the old *Queen Elizabeth* and renamed her the SS *Seawise University*, in hopes of promoting floating classrooms. P & O, posh but relaxed, will do eleven voyages to the South Pacific, including seven out of Port Everglades, Florida. The other lines generally sail from the West.

Pacific Far East Line, operating the widely traveled *Monterey* and *Mariposa*, formerly Matson properties, has added a new stop at Bay of Islands in New Zealand. German Atlantic Line's TS *Hamburg* will venture into Pacific waters for the first time with a sixty-day cruise leaving San Francisco April 9 and charging from $2,940 to $8,400. Mitsui O.S.K. offers straight-across transport between California and Japan at the cheapest rate available, from $347 economy to $528 cabin class. Three Norwegian shipping companies have formed the Royal Viking Line, which begins sailing the Pacific in January of 1973 with entirely first-class service aimed at the affluent traveler; i.e., a Circle Pacific odyssey running as high as $10,000.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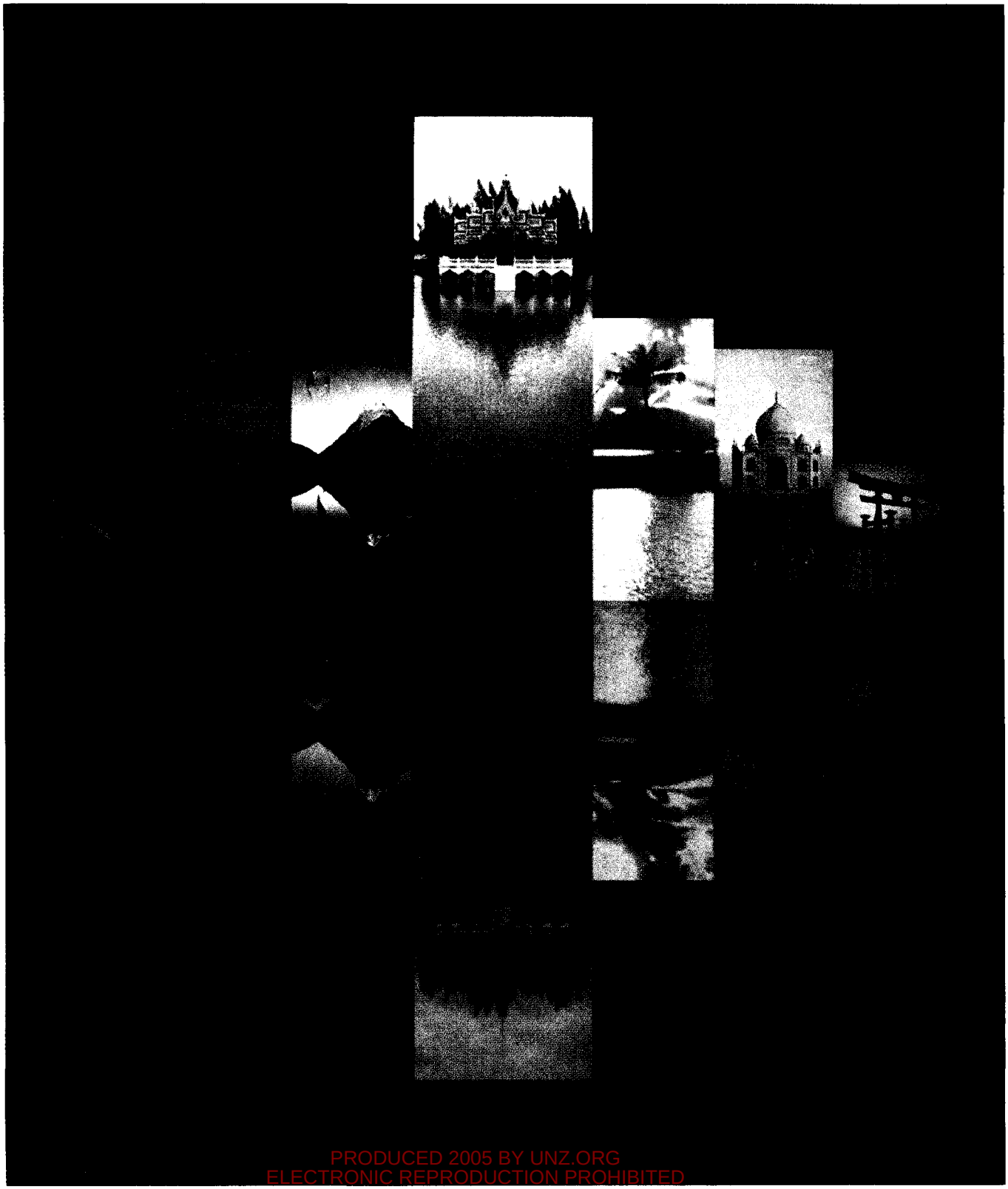

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How to Eat in Chinese

Continued from page 78

of Singapore, as the Chinese population is so large. The most acclaimed restaurant is the Peking on Clemenceau Road, which continues to expand with success, featuring Peking foods and an especially felicitous hot-and-sour soup. The Szechuan restaurant in the Adelphi Hotel is also commendable, though for Szechuan cooking at its absolute peak, you'd do well to make a special trip to Taiwan. While in Singapore, if you miss everything else, you dare not miss the fun and camaraderie of a meal at one of the stalls along Albert or Hokkien streets. The setting is unprepossessing, casual (but immaculate); the food is absolutely first-rate, with each stall specializing in just a few choice dishes.

Hong Kong offers even wider possibilities, though there the predominant cuisine is Cantonese. It is almost reckless to recommend any restaurants among the hundreds that exist, for chef stealing is a favorite pastime there, and only residents can keep track of where their favorite chef is currently working. Still, there are *some* old reliables that maintain their quality year after year, visit after visit. One of the best is the Crystal Palace on Cameron Road, Kowloon, a second-floor hole-in-the-wall that is anything but palatial. Among its Peking dishes, the Peking duck is especially exemplary, as is the beggar's chicken, an unbeggarly creation stuffed with dried lily leaves, scented with star anise, wrapped in lotus leaves, and then baked in clay.

Yung Kee, Wellington Street, Hong Kong, has become almost too famous and busy, though its succulent roast goose, glazed a rich mahogany color, is as spectacular as ever. The rows of geese still hang in the window, beckoning diners to a memorable Cantonese feast. This is one place to arrive early, for it gets crowded by 7 p.m.

For *dim sum* in Hong Kong, an absolute *must* is the popular and very gay Luk Yu Tea House, on Wing Kut Street. This turn-of-century, multi-tiered establishment, whose many dining rooms are paneled in fine polished wood, has what must be the greatest selection of dimpled dumplings in town.

Most first-time visitors want to sample one of Hong Kong's floating restaurants, such as the Tai Pak or Sea Palace, in Aberdeen Harbor. After being transported by sampan to the big boat with its circus-y atmosphere, you'll watch your dinner practically caught before your eyes, then dine on Cantonese lobster, tender sautéed conch, and/or the freshest of fresh shrimps steaming in their shells. The

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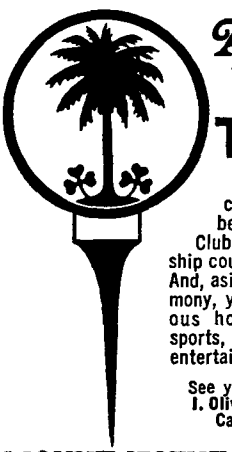

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atmosphere is a bit too touristy for a repeat performance, but is certainly recommended as part of a Hong Kong experience.

Those in search of Chinese haute cuisine who are as yet unable to visit the mainland should use any excuse necessary to detour to Taipei. Culinarily, this is the Next Stop to Paradise, with restaurants catering to every regional, even municipal, taste. Especially notable are the Szechuan restaurants: the roof restaurant of the Ambassador Hotel or, better still, the plain-looking, spartan Omei in downtown Taipei. The Omei's modest dining room is hardly proper preparation for the extraordinary dishes served—such splendors as unbelievably tender fresh shrimp with fermented rice and ginger (Taiwan shrimp are among the tastiest in the world), a wickedly hot eggplant and diced chicken with hot peppers, numerous combinations that assault the palate and delight it at the same time.

Hunan food is also at its outside-China best in Taipei, notably at the Hua-Hsin Restaurant in the slightly seedy Asia Hotel. (Never be put off by a Chinese restaurant's appearance. Only worry if it looks too "Chinese-y" with gilded dragons on the door. That's usually a tip that the emphasis is on décor, not food.) Try the Hua-Hsin's minced pigeon, cooked and served in bamboo cups, and the sugar-cured Taiwan ham, called beggar's ham, baked in a sweet sauce in clay. Ancestor's chicken, with ferociously hot Hunan chilis, is another specialty.

The best Peking food is found at the Shansi or Peking restaurants. The January and Grand Hotel specialize in

Shanghai dishes, less a cuisine than a cosmopolitan blend of major Chinese regional styles. And on the roof of the First Hotel, one can savor a hearty Mongolian barbecue of gently roasted mutton or lamb. Mongolian cooking is a separate entity from Chinese, but it can be found at its best in Taipei. Lee's Restaurant specializes in the famed Mongolian fire pots, called *hoo goo* after the brass cooker used for this delicious stew-like fonduc.

With an estimated 80,000 dishes to choose from in the wide-ranging Chinese repertoire, one can dine out all over Asia without even repeating one dish. Confucius is reported to have said that the enjoyment of food is a factor contributing to "the peace and harmony of society." Which means that when RMN and entourage arrive in Peking, the best move they can make is to the nearest banquet hall.

Kurashiki

Continued from page 42

the northwest, lies outside the smoky sphere. It was growing dark when we approached, and the curious beauty of the city's old section—the canals, budding willows, graceful bridges—would remain masked until the following day. We checked into the Kurashiki Kokusai Hotel, whose stolid gray exterior was built to resemble the rice granaries that once held the region's main staple. The interior, far gentler in design, has both sleep-on-the-mat *ryokan*-style rooms and Westernized accommodations—the latter often preferred by Japanese tourists who, after all, know how it feels to wake up on the floor.

We went Western for a night but not without at least a bow to Oriental habit: Laid out by my bed were freshly laundered *yukata* robes and a pair of slippers. Later, downstairs, as we drank of that ancient and honorable Western libation, the martini, Fujita asked his friend the barman where we could find Kurashiki's best food. Following his directions, we turned down a narrow side street and emerged at Takoshin, a tempura parlor operated by a genial young man and his lovely wife. Just to start the juices flowing, the master dropped a couple of live, bouncing prawns before us. Five minutes later, sizzling and deep-fried, the same *ebi* lay on our plates. There were only twelve places around the three-sided counter and ten were empty. The cook, piling up the deep-fried vegetables and seafood with flying chopsticks, said he usually closed at 9 (it was now half-past) but would stay open in our honor.

There followed an unending procession of browned, steaming morsels, and when Fujita and I had finally laid down our chopsticks and surrendered, the cook's wife presented us with tangerines. The perfect finale. Ideal Oriental simplicity. Nor was there anything ceremonial about the bill. On a simple scrap of paper was scrawled the total: Y13,000. In those days before the floating yen it didn't take even a *gaijin* long to figure that we were being robbed of almost $40. I knew it was so when I heard a faint yelp escape from somewhere deep in Fujita's throat. You can scarcely pay that amount in the Kobe steak places of Tokyo. Or New York.

Afterward, we were philosophical. Fujita, who speaks a pungent, original English, nicknamed our adversary "Mr. Highwayman."

Everything else about Kurashiki went down well. On Sunday we strolled along the narrow canals, while on the green water young couples performed a Japanese version of punting, and little boys stood on the banks fishing. Old Kurashiki owes its neat, well-preserved state to a wealthy local clan named Ohara, which made its first fortune late in the nineteenth century with the founding of a cotton-spinning company. From the start, the Oharas leaned to the West for industrial techniques. They liked the art of Europe, too, and began a modest collection—a Sisley here, a Pissarro there—until they had enough to stock two floors of a heavy, pillared museum opposite the willow-lined canal. Today the first floor holds Kandinskys, Rauschenbergs, Pollocks, Mirós, and other recent works, while the second floor packs more than a dozen Impressionists and an El Greco (who has also given his name to the coffee shop next door).

The grandson of the founding Ohara died two years ago, but not before the clothing empire—producing school uniforms, dress shirts, knits, underwear, carpets—had been expanded to branches all over Japan. The Oharas built Kurashiki's main hotel, established folkcraft and toy museums, and left the city with its distinct black-and-white-tile architectural design.

Around the corner from the art museum, the former Town Hall—a white frame building with brown trim that might have come out of Victorian England or America— was undergoing renovation. In fact, it looked so familiar to the British Ambassador to Japan when he paid a visit in 1969 that he convinced local officials to redo the century-old building and convert it into a photographic gallery of Kurashiki's past.

Before leaving town, Fujita and I took another chance at the restaurant counter. This time we entered a *sushi* house on the canal and, finding all the seats occupied, ordered two lunches to go. In Japan you don't get a brown paper bag with the tab penciled on it. The man behind the counter sliced bits of tuna, mackerel, and prawn, patted them together with balls of rice, and fitted it all in a wooden box, which he wrapped with decorative brown paper and secured with a rubber band. It came to only $1.40 for two.

By train and then cab we wound into the mountainous interior of Honshu and by evening were drinking tea on the floor of the Kajika-En *ryokan* at the hot-springs spa of Okutsu. Every Japanese has his favorite spa, and I can't say that anyone I've questioned since my visit has singled out Okutsu. In fact, few seem to have heard of it. But it had all the trappings—a stream rushing past our window, indoor and outdoor *onsen* (hot baths), a strip of small bars and a few flesh shows, and nearby mountains still topped with snow.

Okutsu is perhaps best known, at least in west central Honshu and on the postcards it puts out, for its traditional wash dance. Women in brightly colored

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kimonos supposedly come to the public springs to do their laundry, jumping up and down on the soggy lumps of wash until they have beaten the dirt out. It was drizzling the morning we investigated, but looking into a wash shed we saw several women, one with a baby on her back, bouncing around. In a nearby stream a townsman out fishing in the rain explained to Fujita that the washerwomen of Okutsu developed the stand-up style rather than the crouch so they would be less vulnerable to interloping bears.

The weather kept us mostly indoors, except for a nocturnal venture along the strip. I can't say it was a familiar feeling, walking into a bar in a *yukata* and with a pair of wooden *geta* on my feet. The sight provoked some bemused looks, but people didn't gawk.

Japanese rooms are measured by the number of *tatami* mats covering the floor. Ours was a spacious ten-*tatami* with a scroll on one wall and a television set in the opposite corner. We passed pleasant hours eating, drinking, and talking by the customary low-slung table with a *kotatsu* blanket to keep us warm. When the fancy arose, we repaired down the hall to the *onsen*, where, like true friends, we dumped buckets of hot water on each other and then lay back in the steaming pool. Fujita said co-ed *onsen* are largely a thing of the past on Honshu, though men and women bathers still mix on Kyushu and Hokkaido.

Jochu-san, our maid, was always on hand to lay out blankets, fold up our *yukata*, set a serving of tea, and joke with Fujita when he was in the mood for Japanese humor.

It had become apparent after a week in Japan that *gaijin* are treated warmly wherever they go in the country. At times people seemed almost admiring in their gazes. I asked Fujita about it one afternoon and he offered a strange answer. He said an American visitor can "take advantage" of being a foreigner in Japan because people will so readily defer to him.

"You see, we admire the English alphabet, we admire the blond, blue-eyed foreigner," said Fujita, who may not have been including himself in the generalization. "It is an awe or yearning we have. Or sometimes it is just curiosity, which may be confused for hospitality. I would say it is half-curiosity, half-hospitality. But you can take advantage of it. If a Korean is lost in Japan, I doubt if he gets much hospitality."

On a rainy spring afternoon with the last snows melting in the mountains, we caught a taxi to Tsuyama and then an SRO train back to Kyoto. The cab driver charged just $5.50 for a ride of thirty kilometers—hardly a highwayman's rate.

Childhood

Continued from page 29

youngsters—nineteen- and twenty-years-old—who had settled down in the midst of arcadian beauty to pursue a life free of the materialistic, warring world, that they had "no appetite for the unknown, no spirit of intellectual adventure." This friend, whose spirit risks all day the possibilities of the unknown, saw in those children the kind of world proposed in this book: a despiritualized world; a pure, psychoanalytic, insane world of freaked-out, liberated children, parents, and teachers at the mercy of the last pronouncement of the latest prophet of the newest tuned-in sect.

I would not wish this on my children. Better they stumble over some "worn-out traditions" and stylish grandmothers than swim free through the blighted, amoral exuberance of Nan Berger's utopia. She writes as if it were revelation:

> Freedom, if it is gained at all meaningfully, is self-gained and the most helpful thing which could be done toward this end would be to make children involved in the decisions in their own life from a very early age. Children are persons. Childhood is a stage of life itself, not just an apprenticeship.

Children simply are not persons, and childhood is in a way an apprenticeship where a child does learn from others certain valuable, true disciplines and styles. A parent who sets his child down and gives him the "vote" is mad, lazy, or viciously irresponsible.

I have had too much experience with teachers, principals, and parents (especially during those three months as a Headstart director) to put trust in "authorities" who have no idea of the self, of man, or of mystery, and who talk and write on and on as if only they and their rhetoric existed. "Children's Rights" in this book are rights that adults have decided children ought to be given. I do not think that there is any question at all that a love affair between student and teacher, especially if the student is thirteen and the teacher is twenty-four, is anything but dangerous no matter what Paul Goodman says in the introduction:

> Writers in this book mention Homer Lane, the inspired educator who did a good service by giving unruly delinquents a chance for responsibility and self-regulation. They point out, too, that his school was closed because of his alleged sexual misbehavior with some of the girls; but they make no further comment on this. I have found the same embarrassment and reticence when speaking to free-school people in this country. They are rightly insistent on sexual freedom among the young, but they will not mention sexual relations between the young and adults, which are usually initiated by the young. Do such things not exist? Ought they not to? I understand that most of the readers of this book are probably even more squeamish, but let's face it: there are dangers, and there is also the possibility of more joy in the world. One of the chief attractions that the young have for adults is their youth, and the attraction is often sexual. Generous kids have models and heroes and crushes on them, and these too are often sexual. Yet there is not a trace of any of this in the recent literature.

As the world is being freed for children and their growth, nothing is ever mentioned about what children—liberated and super-conscious—will study. Is that a damned fool question? If everyone will be taught only what is relevant, what becomes of ancient history, music, astronomy, Latin, Greek, French, El Greco, Mozart, Aristotle, Plato, Shakespeare, and Vergil? What of the struggle for knowledge, of the disciplines that teach a child to write well, enjoy a good novel, rejoice in poetry, and simply to sit and listen while someone *wiser* than himself teaches? No one has dared answer this question yet. It is a risky thing to mention the agonies and rigors of growth in a world so thrilled by the notion of freedom and experimentation. The voices raised now in defense of children against established powers ought to be listened to. But one must be careful that the children are also listened to, and watched closely.

This book about children's rights seldom really thinks very hard and truthfully about children; one hears rather the superior, arrogant voices of adults. It is the badly written credo of a bland, neuter universe—hopelessly bourgeois for all its rhetoric of liberation. In a brutal cacophony for change, the liberated educator has let the structures fall down. Tradition, discipline, morality, and religion (and there is some good yet in the old things) come crashing down upon the children in an ugliness of half-truths and irresponsible demands by stricken adults. We must build now a philosophy and a theology, a science and an esthetic of childhood that would try to see a child as holy, wise, fragile, pure—and never as free as when he rejoices in that holiness, wisdom, fragility, and purity.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Hb (*Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*), 2Bj (*Idylls of the King*), 3Lf, 4Ei (*Battle of Blenheim*), 5Jd, 6Dl, 7Ia, 8Ke, 9Ak (*Casey at the Bat*), 10Gh, 11Cg (*Mr. Flood's Party*), 12Fc.

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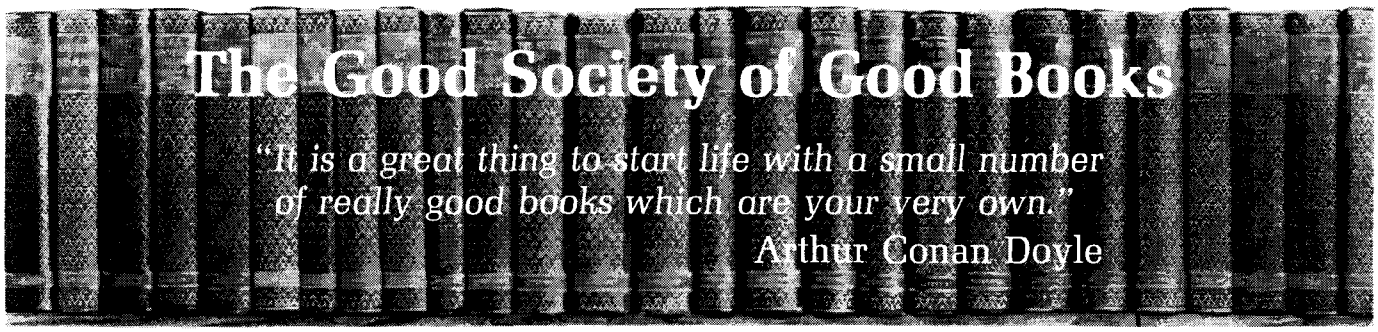
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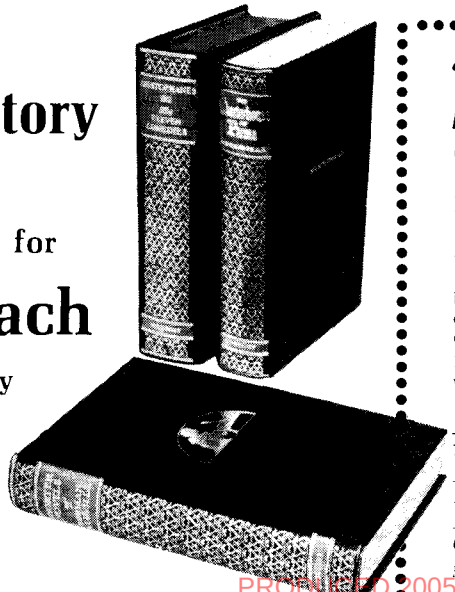

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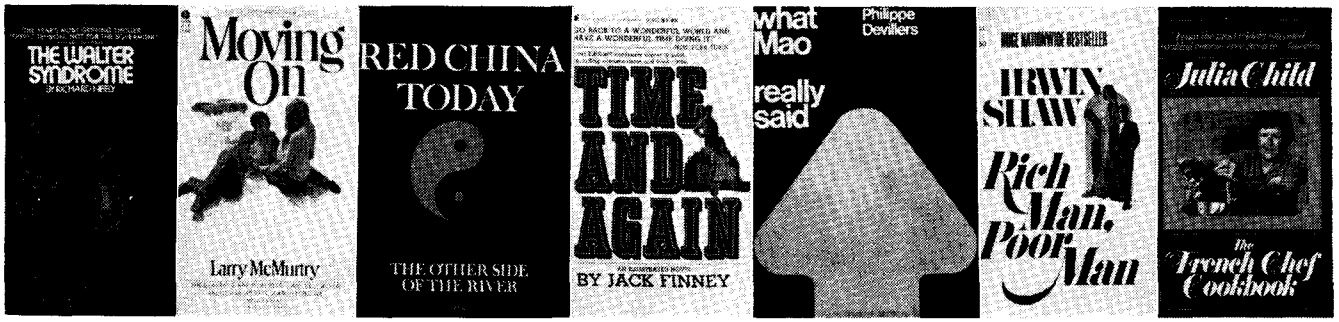

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

If anyone can put a *coq au vin* into every American pot, it's that loose-limbed, 6'2" chef Julia Child, whose books and TV courses have made her the Fannie Farmer of our time. Julia, whose cookbooks have been best sellers in their properly expensive hardcover editions, will explode like a *bombe* on the paperback scene this week when more than half a million copies of *The French Chef Cookbook* (Bantam, $1.95) appear on the newsstands.

"I like the idea of all those people getting to read my book. I like to lead them along, step-by-step, because I know how afraid of failure they are. Remember, I didn't start to cook until I was in my thirties," said Julia. She and her husband, Paul, divide their time between a house in Cambridge, Mass., and another in the Provence district of France. Mrs. Child, who was born in California, and educated at Smith, joined the OSS during the second World War. They sent her to the China-Burma-India theater where she met Paul, a gourmet from New Jersey. Their OSS romance blossomed and, when they were restationed in Paris, Julia went off to the *Cordon Bleu* cooking school. It wasn't long before she opened her own *L'École des Trois Gourmandes* with *deux* other *gourmandes*, Simone Beck and Louisette Bertholle.

For all her Gallic training, Julia insists that America is where the cooking action is today. "We have all these la-de-da notions about France. The real classic cooking is right here," said Julia, swinging (you can fill in the props) a ladle, a spoon, a wire whisk. "The French still have their *femme de ménage* but now she's usually Spanish or Portuguese. And those without send for dinner at the *charcuterie* [the local deli]. No one in Cambridge has a cook. Of course we don't go around with Rockefeller types, but people do their own cooking. The average American cook is far better than her French counterpart."

Julia's ego-propping attitude extends to her recipes. "Nothing is too hard to do here. Other than channel sole or turbot, you can find almost anything you need for classic cuisine." What she calls her "enormous event" was teaching U.S. cooks how to make French bread. Mrs. Child's research through hundreds of recipes took nearly two years. She ended up by taking a few lessons with a French master baker. "When I came home I rewrote the recipe five or six times to get it just right. You see, it's all a question of the yeast. It must work slowly. Let it poof up the dough to develop the texture and the taste. You have to *understand* the yeast." And the way Julia says it makes you come away with a little more yeast-empathy than you had before.

—Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Before anyone ever heard of Lolita or Ada there was *Mary* (Fawcett Crest, 95¢). Vladimir Nabokov's first novel, written in Russian in 1926, and translated into English now by Michael Glenny and the author, has the same setting and time as Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*: a small boardinghouse in the 1920s in Berlin where everyone yearns for something—an exit visa, a vanished youth and, of course, a lost love. How do you say *Weltschmerz* in Russian?

In *Time and Again* (Paperback Library, $1.25) Jack Finney makes a weary and somewhat wacky idea work. This novel about a young man in New York City who fiddles around with time and zips back to the Manhattan of 1882 kept me whirling right along with him. Funny rotogravure-type photographs add to the nostalgia of this mystery set in the days when cows grazed in Central Park and a tram ride down Fifth Avenue cost a nickel. Another novel marked by cleverness and readability is Richard Neely's *The Walter Syndrome* (Signet, $1.25), in which a reporter uncovers a number of lurid sex murders committed by someone who signs himself "The Executioner." There's a nearly undoing surprise ending.

Considering the slenderness of so many novels now current, Larry McMurtry writes like a Western-style Balzac. In *Moving On* (Avon, $1.50) McMurtry, who also wrote *Hud* (originally *Horseman, Pass By*), has enough story to animate three or four novels. A young, dissatisfied Texas couple canter through a variety of relationships on the rodeo circuit, and in and peripheral to university life. Some of the scenes are marvelous set pieces, especially those where wife Patsy gets into the lasso world via its cowboy talent, but the end of *Moving On* tends to dwindle to a sad-in-the-sack marital story. McMurtry's *In a Narrow Grave: Essays on Texas* displays the same ambivalence about the author's home state that permeates his big, gusty novel. While carving up various of the Lone Star myths, McMurtry slices into everything from the decline of the Big Spender to sex ("still a word to freeze the average Texan's liver"), and literature ("If this is truly the era of the Absurd, then all the better for the Texas writer").

We can't cavil at Irwin Shaw for not writing swell stories like "Girls in Their Summer Dresses" and "Sailor off the Bremen"? But how about one more book such as *The Young Lions* (Signet, $1.50), which has just been reissued in its sixteenth edition. Instead, Shaw's up there in his Swiss retreat producing large, money-making novels like *Rich Man, Poor Man* (Dell, $1.50), which the critics chew and spit out, and Gentle Reader enjoys. This one follows the Jordaches from the end of World War II to the present against colorful backdrops, Greenwich Village and the Côte d'Azur among them. In wearying detail, bad marriages, alienated children, drunken wives, and frigid husbands (there's a Women's Lib twist for you) are paraded as the conventional American family scene. If Shaw really thinks

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this is the American way, maybe he's been too long at the chalet.

New and noted: *Barney* (Paperback Library, 95¢), by William Johnston, who also wrote *Klute*, has a most uncommon hero, a Queens, New York cop. Miraculously enough, Johnston makes Barney almost endearing despite all those fuzzy things wrong with him such as small-minded bigotry. Maybe because his wife is mean to him. Paul Zindel, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his play, *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*, has written in *My Darling, My Hamburger* (Bantam, 75¢) one of those bittersweet stories about teenagers—a boy and a girl—that's important for adults to read if only to remind them how lucky they are to have already done that time. Then there's Lawrence Durrell's *Nunquam* (Pocket Books, $1.25), about which they say, if you loved *Tunc*, you'll love this. I never read *Tunc*, but I didn't much love this oddity about a scientist called upon to create a woman to replace a much admired and deceased movie queen. It's a long way from the magic of *Justine* and her pals. Carry me back to Alexandria.

Issues

Crime and its punishment are making headlines these post-Attica days, so an insiders' view like *An Eye for an Eye* (Pocket Books, 95¢) takes on added importance. Written by four inmates at Indiana State Prison—H. Jack Griswold, Mike Misenheimer, Art Powers, Ed Tromanhauser (who among them have served more than fifty years for everything from forgery to armed robbery)—*Eye* reveals what life is like in "the catacombs of misery and perversion." The book has a straightforward, unpolished approach to such subjects as rehabilitation (which the authors call a "fraud"); the "ineffectiveness" of the parole system; solitary confinement, and the "dating system"—all of which are wryly referred to as "the pros and cons" of imprisonment.

Among the most telling and bitter of recent prison literature is *Look for Me in the Whirlwind* (Vintage, $2.45), the collective autobiography of the New York 21, defendants in the Panther "conspiracy" case. Zooming from one defendant to another, with short takes of childhoods in rural Southern hamlets and big city slums, these "memoirs" ring with a steely commitment to change the authors' lives along with those of other blacks.

Mike Royko's *Boss* (Signet, $1.25) must be making many Chicagoans dyspeptic. This political biography of Mayor Richard J. Daley, "the last of the backroom Caesars," paints a tough, shrewd politician against a background of urban corruption and brutality. But Daley is not without humanity. Would you believe that the Mayor has a special weakness for ice cream and calls his wife "Sis"?

Charles E. Silberman's *Crisis in the Classroom* (Vintage, $2.45) created quite a stir when it was published in hardcover last year. Silberman, former director of the Carnegie Corporation, which commissioned this work, suggests that the color of U.S. education is gray, the tone b-flat. He indicts the educators and their system, which he believes condescends to students and receives in return a ho-hum to learning. Better things are going on in Great Britain, where the flexible "informal schools" generate a genuine atmosphere of inquiry. How well this concept could be adapted to the particular demands af the American edu-

(Continued on page 102)

"Staunch principles"

"Realist that I am, I use my pen and brush primarily for taking down what I see and observe, and this is generally unromantic, sober and not very dreamy," wrote George Grosz about these drawings of men and women in Berlin in the 1920s, which comprise *Love Above All* (Dover, $2.50). For all the particular feeling of that frenzied time, there remains about his fat cats basking in an affluent society a remarkable sense of contemporaneity.

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IMAGINATIVE QUALITIES OF ACTUAL THINGS

by Gilbert Sorrentino

Pantheon, 243 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things* is a bitter, funny, and moving work of fiction about the way we live now—especially those of us in the world of art and letters. And it deals with the possibilities (and impossibilities) of art and life in general. The eight lives fabricated here (six men and two women) illustrate the way life and art feed off one another—and starve one another, too. Mainly, the novel's episodes center on defeated characters, such as Guy Lewis:

> None of these wisecracks will help Guy. What I'm doing is trying to soften his defeat. That is, to make it seem as if his defeat doesn't matter, or that everyone is defeated. But everyone is *not* defeated, and because of some perverse twist of my mind, my literary concerns are not with them at all. We are measured in America by the graph of specific losses and individual disintegrations. You can go all the way back to Columbus and see that. Read Hart Crane. The poets know all this, that there is no winning at all for them: the times they live in receive their impression, and years later, someone will trace it, and recognize the enormity of their defeat.

Another portrait in this gallery of the frustrated is Sheila, whose lovers are all unsatisfactory—not that she is personally insatiable, but "assuaged desire does not sate or still the mind's hilarious complexities." Sheila suffers because her imagination is strong enough to make her critical of life yet not tough enough "to yield up the clear image that death is the reward and life no preparation for it." All failures in this world, therefore, are failures of the imagination.

Then there is Sheila's husband, Lou, one of that legion of bad poets for whom William Carlos Williams is responsible. Lou's poems show a tendency "to think that a bad or trite line, if set by itself, space above and below it, somehow transcends its own weary language." Achieving a kind of modest success as a writer, he settles into a life of quiet desperation. Another of these figures is Guy's wife, Bunny, whose nagging discontent is typical of the women of her age and class:

> What to do with these women? What is it that has made them so dissatisfied with themselves? Why do they marry erratic neurotics like Guy, or young lawyers and doctors who send them off to Long Island all summer? Out of commercials, they walk on the beach, slim, tanned, lovely, their children playing in the sand, they swing their beach bags cutely, they die in front of your eyes as they guzzle their Pepsi. Before thirty, their lives have run into the most barren ground so that you feel as if they'll hang from a nail until sixty, when they'll die, quietly.

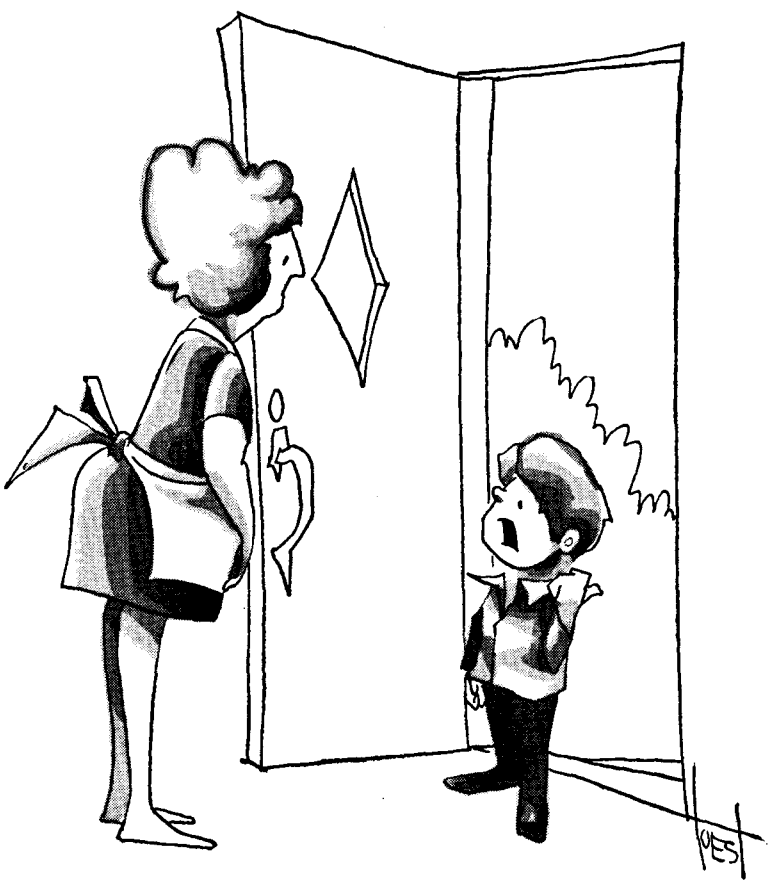
Then there is Leo, who has real poetic talent, which he throws away pursuing a kind of success. And greedy Anton, who preys on artists: "Rapacity plus taste is a formidable combination, since it so often passes for intelligence. One pities the artist in a world of such predators." There is Bart, who might have been "a mediocre painter, and a slightly better sculptor" but instead becomes "a remarkably successful and wealthy decorator, who pleased people, gave critics something to write about, and so on." And finally there is Dick Detective, whose marriage with April suggests that "the most suave man, the women of unbelievable chic, may have in their lives somewhere the most putrescent garbage, safely hidden. Humiliated."

The lives of these characters are realized with a remorseless energy that I find admirable. Gilbert Sorrentino establishes situations, scenes, a moment or a milieu with a deftness that an O'Hara or a Cozzens might envy. But, knowing there is more to it than that, he also sets himself the problem of art as posed by William Carlos Williams: to capture "the imaginary qualities of the actual things being perceived." Not merely to invent, nor just report, but to see actual things in such a light that their true imaginative qualities stand revealed.

For the verbal artist, attaining this vision means cutting through the dead tissue of cliché which has encrusted our prose. Gilbert Sorrentino is terribly aware of this problem, and his book is therefore very self-conscious in its techniques. At times the narrator seems so preoccupied with his own problems as a writer that his characters' difficulties are in danger of being forgotten. But this does not happen, because the problems of the writer and those of the characters are essentially the same: authenticity and imagination. When all the modes of thought and all the manners of behavior are covered with layers of tired ritual and stock responses, the imagination faces an extraordinary struggle in its drive to restore us to our true selves.

Sorrentino offers no solution for this, except insofar as a beautifully articulated cry of anguish is a kind of relief both for the one who utters it and for those of us who understand.

Robert Scholes, who teaches English at Brown University, is the author of "The Fabulators" and other studies of modern fiction.



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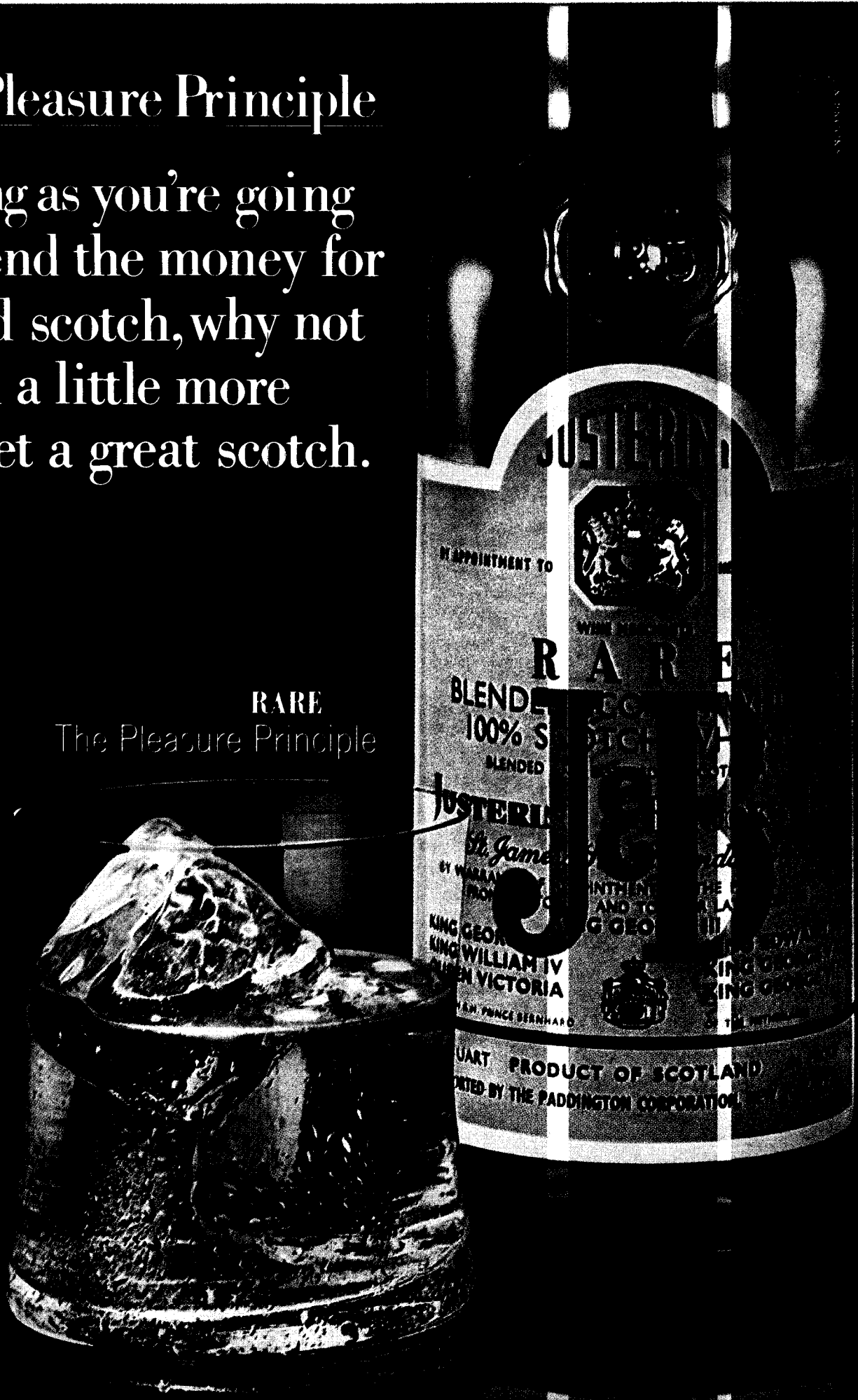

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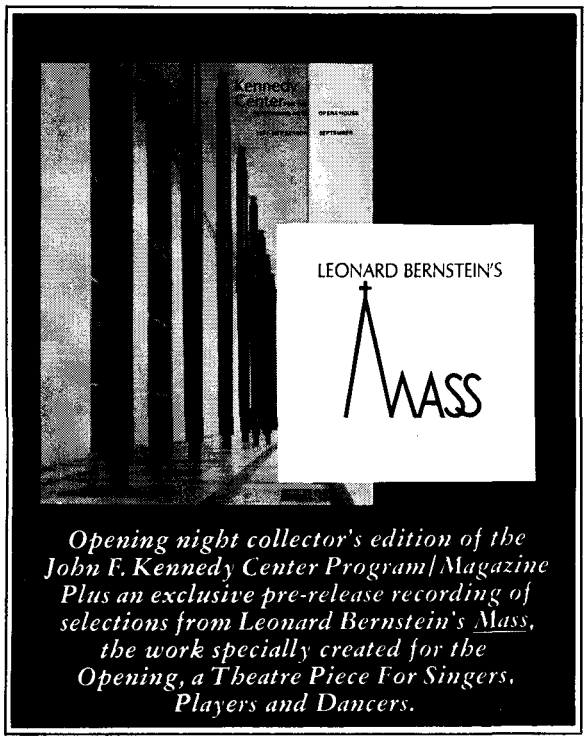

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IN A FREE STATE

by V. S. Naipaul

Knopf, 256 pp., $5.95

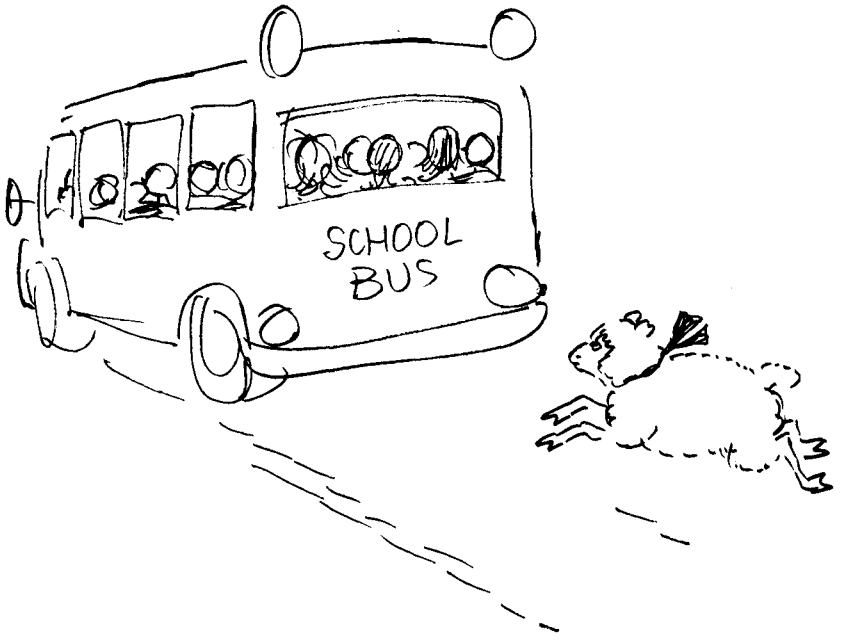
Reviewed by Charles R. Larson

■ Trinidadian writer V. S. Naipaul's latest work is composed of a prologue and an epilogue from his own travel journals, two short stories, and a novella. These five sections are loosely connected by the themes of exile, freedom, and prejudice. All of the situations are multiracial, and in each one we see people who are trapped—prisoners of the alien cultures around them. In the opening journal section Naipaul is crossing from Piraeus to Alexandria aboard a Greek steamer, on which he sees a tramp being roughed up by his cabin mates. In the epilogue Naipaul himself is the ostracized victim, attempting to prevent a group of beggar children from being flayed by an Egyptian with a camel-whip. The other tourists—Italians and Germans—cannot understand why he runs to their protection. They are more concerned with taking pictures of the children who are scrambling for bits of leftover food.

The highlight of the volume is a short story called "One out of Many," a first-person narrative of an Indian named Santosh who works in Washington, D.C., as a domestic for a rich Indian businessman. Santosh is hardly more than a slave, but he manages to run away. Rather than freedom, however, his flight brings further imprisonment. The story's first-person point of view is superb throughout—biting and satirical. Santosh's description of the 1968 Washington race riot is unlike anything we have ever read before, as are many of his statements on American life in general. In time he comes to view all Americans as extensions of their TV sets: "So to some extent Americans have remained to me, as people not quite real, as people temporarily absent from television."

The second short story, "Tell Me Who to Kill," concerns two West Indian brothers living in London. It is a humorless tale seen through the elder brother's eyes. He works hard for several years in order to finance his brother's schooling, but the latter wastes his education and eventually goes over to the other side by marrying a white girl. Towards the end of the story the elder brother reflects on his London experience: "I come with nothing, I have nothing, I will leave with nothing."

The title novella, *In a Free State*, is an overdrawn account of two British expatriates driving across an independent African nation called the Southern Collectorate (probably Uganda) during a State of Emergency. One is a civil service administrator, a homosexual called Bobby; the other, a woman named Linda, is the wife of one of Bobby's colleagues. Linda hates Africans, Bobby doesn't. By the end of



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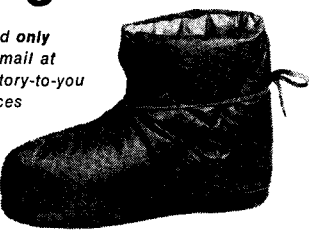

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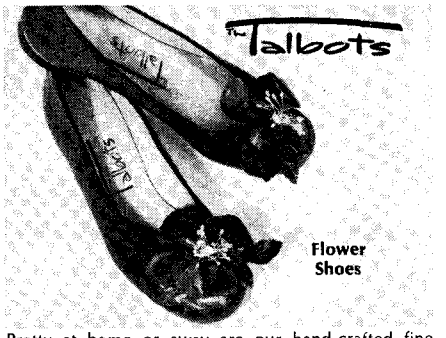

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their trip, after he has been beaten up by an African soldier, Bobby, too, recognizes his latent animosity toward all Africans.

What is so upsetting about Naipaul's novella is not the re-telling of an old story but the fact that his version of the discovery of prejudice is laced with as many stereotypes as, say, Robert Ruark's, or a number of other Western writers' who catered to white bigotry several years ago. Upsetting, too, because Naipaul, a Trinidadian of Indian parentage, has been aware of racial prejudice all of his life. Naipaul's African characters don't smell—they stink. Every one of them. And they are all depicted as children, either laughing with perpetual smiles implanted on their faces, or totally devoid of expression. This is not simply a matter of seeing Naipaul's story through his character's eyes but rather through the author's own comments. Without being an African, I am still repelled by much of what he has written here.

Looked at as a whole, *In a Free State* simply doesn't work. The component parts (the attempt to fuse fiction and fact; the writer's journal and his stories) are not equal to the over-all intent. The result is a mixed bag, a disappointment for readers who are familiar with Mr. Naipaul's *A House for Mr. Biswas* or *The Mimic Men. In a Free State* is a minor work by a major Caribbean novelist.

Charles R. Larson, who teaches literature at the American University in Washington, D.C., is general editor of Collier Books' African/American Library.

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THE BLOOD ORANGES

by John Hawkes

New Directions, 271 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Ronald De Feo

■ When reading a novel by John Hawkes we become trapped in a very odd world. The land is menacing and unearthly. We are not quite sure what to make of it. It is modern yet primitive, somewhat familiar yet not completely within our grasp. We read on, hoping to come upon more recognizable features. The details accumulate, but they do not help us. Rather than add to our knowledge, they heighten the mystery, and further our disorientation. The few people who populate Hawkes's world seem to casually accept not only its weird landscapes but also its puzzling logic. They are not terribly phased by sudden horror and violence. They journey through their world as they would through a dream—momentarily shaken by terrifying incidents, but quick to recover, as if confident they can awaken from the nightmare any time they wish.

From his first novella, *Charivari* (reissued in 1969 as part of his collection, *Lunar Landscapes*), to his new novel, *The Blood Oranges*, John Hawkes has demonstrated a remarkable ability to create dream landscapes. He gives us what are, in effect, secondary worlds, worlds which possess their own particular values and rules of behavior. Sinister events occur with great frequency, but they are not to be taken literally. Rather, they should be looked at as representative, symbolic actions —very much like incidents in dreams. Often we have the feeling that the characters themselves are dreaming the book. The cast is asleep and Hawkes is recording their fantasies. These, and not their "real life" actions, will define them for us. Perhaps this is why Hawkes includes so little concrete information about his characters. In *The Blood Oranges*, for example, we are never told what the central characters are doing in such a foreign region (shades of the Mediterranean). Are they tourists? Are they on vacation? What do they do for a living? Where do they come from? What sort of existence have they led?

But the reader isn't really disturbed by their abstractness. In this novel, at least, we can do without references to the distant past, without mechanical flashbacks. The author makes existence in the present interesting enough. Hawkes's new novel focuses on an erotic quartet, Cyril and Fiona and Hugh and Catherine, two married couples who engage in mate swapping while living in an appropriately sensuous and primitive realm—warm, lovely, and quietly savage. Near the beginning of the book, Cyril, the narrator (and dreamer), comes upon two birds copulating. As described, the image foreshadows the subject and, in a sense, the ambivalent tone of the book. The act of "love" is both beautiful and horrible, pathetic and comic. Coming into play are elements of "Grace and chaos, control and helplessness, mastery and collapse. . . ." But consciousness is the troublesome factor for humans. Partners have an annoying tendency of becoming something more than mere beings of pleasure. Love is more than physical. It is affection and, in a deeper sense, commitment. As we see in the novel, to play games with such an emotion isn't all that easy.

Cyril prides himself on his amorality and sexual flexibility. He drifts into an affair with Catherine as easily as his

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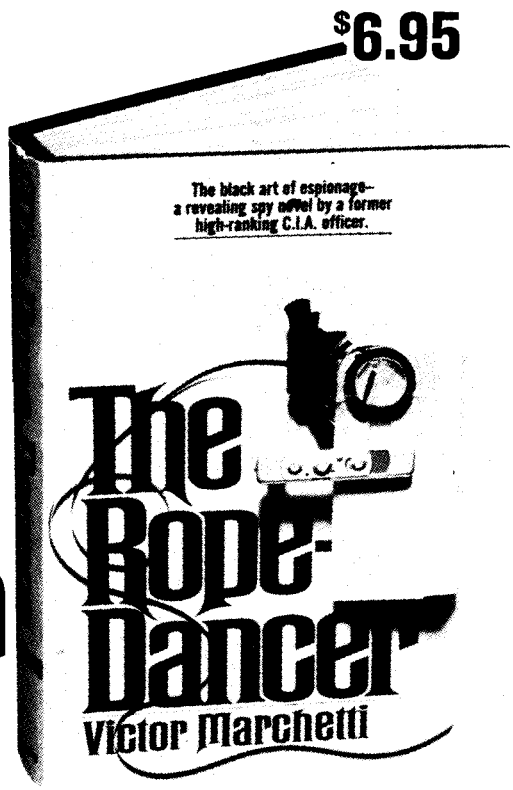

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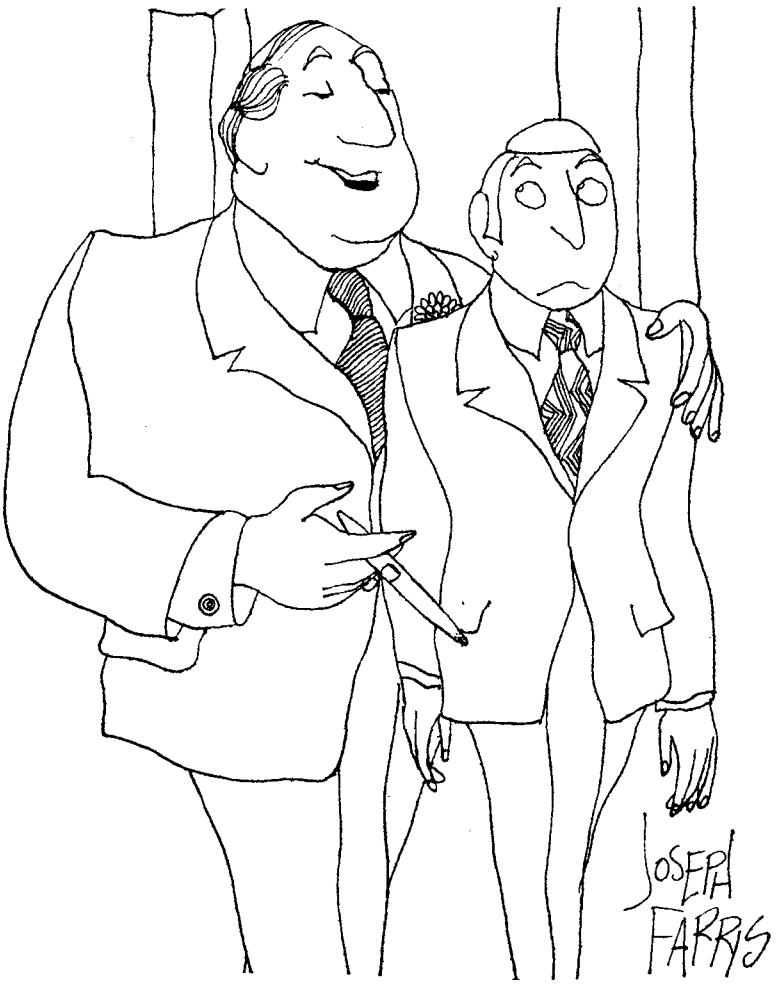
wife does with Hugh. At first the couples seem quite content. The little arrangement is exciting and uncomplicated. Each member of the quartet can now openly enjoy his new partner as well as his old. But even in liberal Cyril we begin to detect traces of jealousy. Although trying to appear perfectly jolly and casual about his wife's lover, he is actually quite disturbed. He almost becomes a kind of bitter voyeur. His wife seems more precious and desirable to him when she is carrying on with Hugh. But her genuine interest in the man irritates Cyril. Just how involved is Fiona?

Hawkes gives us in *The Blood Oranges* a clever little treatment of sexual musical chairs, tracing the undercurrents in supposedly carefree sexual relationships and the sexual games people play (a scene will often follow a ritual to its conclusion). All this without pompous moral comment and stupidly explicit sex scenes. By isolating his characters in a dream world, Hawkes can concentrate entirely on their reactions to each other, their gestures and the foolish and difficult roles they adopt in their pursuit of pleasure —thus magnifying and mocking their rituals. This novel is about the multiplicity and complexity of "love." The dreamscape the characters occupy is as unpredictable, indefinite, and threatening as love itself.

Unfortunately, for all its fascinating scenes and dark comedy, *The Blood Oranges* is not completely satisfying. Hawkes has always had one major problem as a writer—he overwrites. Not brilliantly like Proust, but badly like Lawrence Durrell. The unnecessary and rather silly adjectives, and wild rhetoric in this book are very irritating. Still, it must be said that Hawkes's ornate prose, when under control, can work little wonders.

Though not as compelling as *Second Skin* or *The Lime Twig*, Hawkes's latest work is a concentrated and relatively calm book. Technically, the least adventurous of his novels, it is, nevertheless, quite original and haunting. Hawkes may be more than a bit self-indulgent, but he can still produce nightmares of the very first order. He remains a unique talent in American fiction.

Ronald De Feo, whose reviews have appeared in The Nation and The New Leader, is a short story writer and literary critic.



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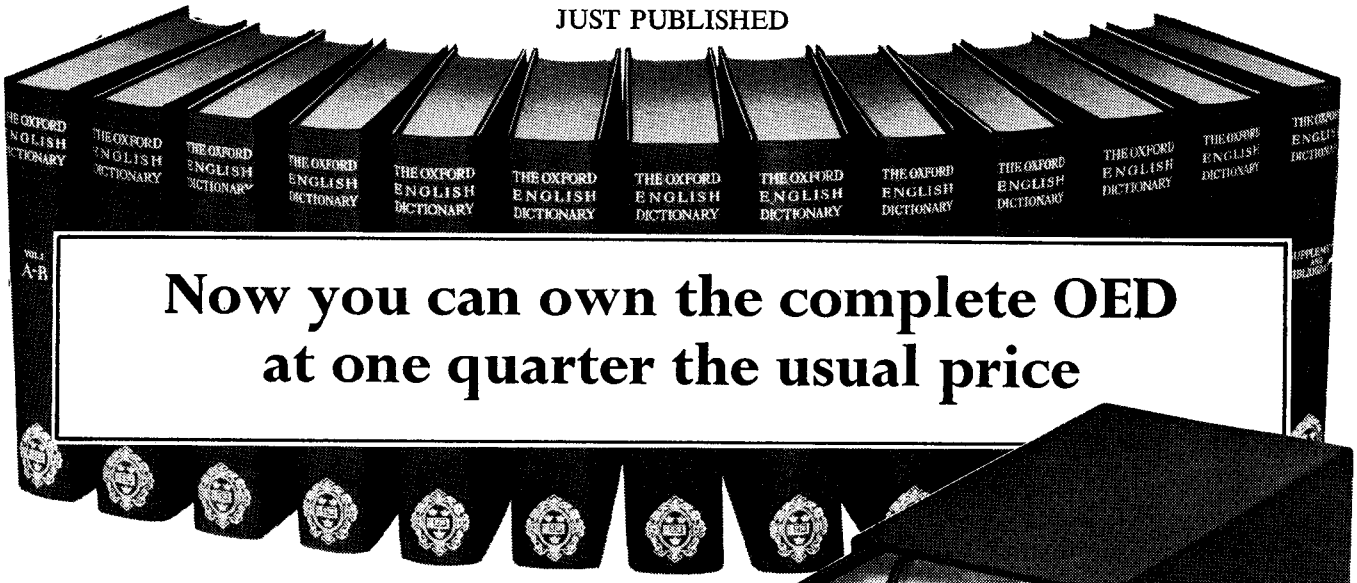

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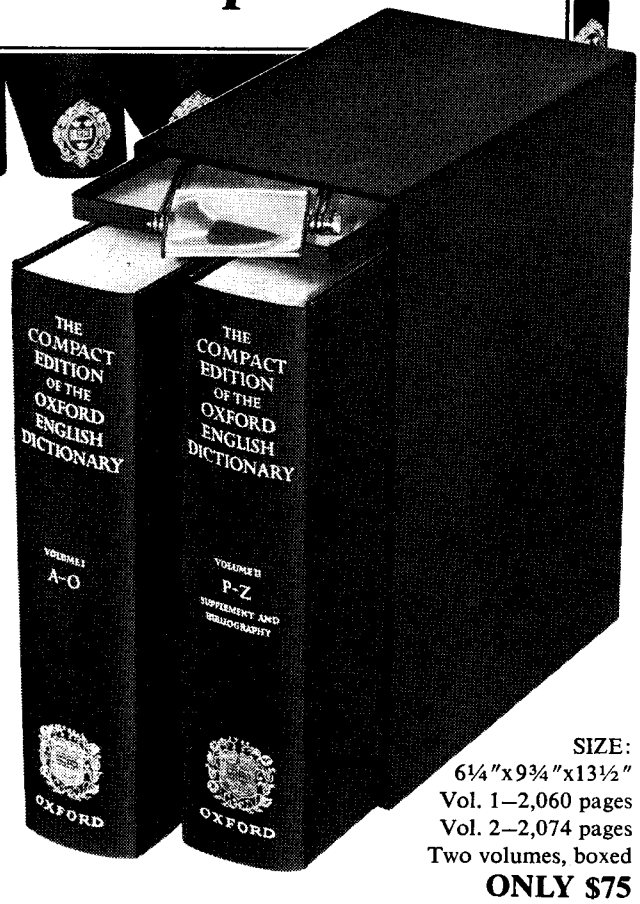
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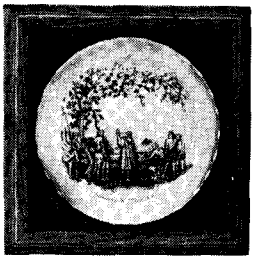

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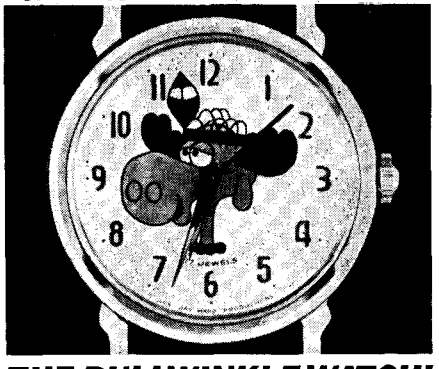

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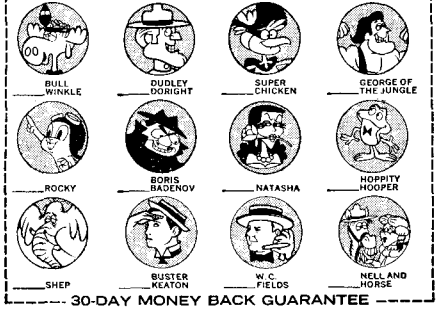

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Repulsive Picture

THE PICTURE OF ALBERT EINSTEIN which Donald M. Locke draws is in agreement with Ronald W. Clark's book [*SR*, Sept. 11], and it is particularly repulsive to all who knew Professor Einstein well.

Neither in his youth nor his old age did Dr. Einstein care to play up to the public. He was simply too busy and too much interested in his work to care about his appearance or about the judgments of other people, with the exception of his scientific friends. If ever there was a person who never struck a pose, it was Dr. Einstein, and the many little stories which are told about him only prove the affection in which his friends held him.

The second error of the review, not Dr. Clark's book, was the statement that Dr. Einstein was interested in influencing the public in a political way. He only felt it his right and his duty to speak out if he believed someone or some group had been wronged. If he did so, he always did it without regard to the persons he rebuked. One of the characteristics of Einstein which even Mr. Clark does not quite understand was that he did not make a distinction between "we" and "they" as most people do. Frequently he was most severe with those he loved most. This does not mean that he vacillated in his public utterances because they never were directed against persons or groups, only against wrongs which had been committed.

I knew Dr. Einstein since 1920, and there was kindness in everything he did.

MAX HERZBERGER,
New Orleans, La.

Gettysburg Address Addendum

LINCOLN'S SCHOLARSHIP, the writing of the Gettysburg Address, etc. [BOOK FORUM, Aug. 14, Sept. 18] have proven to be a lively topic of discussion. May I suggest that the most thorough book yet written on the speech is titled *Lincoln's Gettysburg Declaration: A New Birth of Freedom*, by Dr. Louis A. Warren of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

GERALD MCMURTRY,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Off the Hook

A LETTER THAT begins "Meyer Levin errs" [BOOK FORUM, Sept. 4; *SR*, July 31] does me damage even if the reader goes no further. When the letter is as sloganized and propagandistic as Ray L. Cleveland's, it should be answered.

The writer contends that Martin Buber could not have been in "a position to invite meaningful dialogue with the Arabs during the days of British rule" because the British were supposedly pro-Zionist. The Zionists of course claimed the reverse of the Mandate administration. Historically the British did make attempts to bring Jews and Arabs into conference. From the first days of British administration (even before the Mandate) the British stimulated the organization of a united Arab committee of both Christian and Moslem leaders (with financial aid from the British) so that the Arab side could be powerfully represented. What all this has do with Martin Buber's inviting "meaningful dialogue" is in any case unclear, except that it is a hook on which to hang a propaganda letter. Meaningful dialogue can always be invited, particularly by someone of Buber's stature.

MEYER LEVIN,
Herzlia-on-Sea, Israel

The Media's Persecution

YOU HAVE GIVEN YOUR READERS an appalling insight into the mind of an Agnewphobe from the communications media. In his review of Fred J. Cook's book *The Nightmare Decade* [*SR*, Sept. 18] Fred Darwin, a New York City radio newsman, wrote that, unlike Senator McCarthy, who persecuted individuals, Spiro Agnew's "victims have been largely generic: Radic-libs, the Eastern establishment press, students, intellectuals. . . ."

So well accustomed have we become to the concept of a sacrosanct free press, so uncritical have we become of the press as it exists today and of its tactics, it will not occur to one person in ten thousand that the communications media's persecution of the Vice President is persecution of an individual, not of a generic group. It has not occurred to Mr. Darwin, unless he is trying to tell us that both McCarthy and the press itself are more unfair, more vicious than Mr. Agnew.

I believe that freedom of expression for our communications media is our highest national priority and that freedom of the media from criticism is our very lowest.

JOHN H. RASSE,
Marshall, Mo.

THE Condor Passes

IN *SR* SEPT. 18 Shirley Ann Grau's new novel, *The Condor Passes*, became, in Lawrence Graver's review, "A Condor Passes." As you well know, there is a subtle but vast difference between "the" and "a." I'm sure Miss Grau was well aware of the distinction when she chose a "the" title.

LOUISE GREGG,
Wichita Falls, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our printer further embarrassed Mr. Graver in his review of Theodore Gross's "The Heroic Ideal in American Literature" [SR, Oct. 2]. Mr. Graver, complaining of Mr. Gross's inattention to detail, wrote: "Elsewhere, 'Cannibals & Christians' has its nouns reversed; Robert Cohn turns up as Cohen, 'Dangling Man' as 'The Dangling Man,' and so on." SR's printer cut the rope and left out the second "Man" in that sentence, making it appear that Mr. Graver's attention to detail was no better than Mr. Gross's, or his publisher's.*

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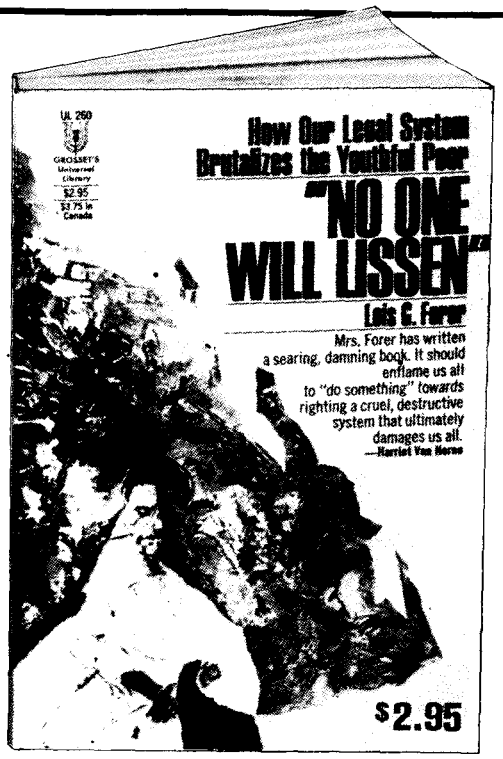
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"Indian Man"

Continued from page 32

did, Apache bands starved beyond the point of fending for themselves. The Jicarilla Apache Tribal Corporation now invests millions in Hollywood morality plays, and sits back to watch the white man make a wide screen idiot of himself. Today a potential La Farge, boy or girl, should sniff the wind for the currents of Indian nationalism before setting out tomorrow in search of themselves among Native Americans.

James A. Clifton, an educator and anthropologist who has lived with and studied the Klamath, Ute, and Potawatomi Indians, is currently directing the University Year for Action program at the University of Wisconsin in Green Bay.

SIEGE AND SURVIVAL:
The Odyssey of a Leningrader

by Elena Skrjabina
translated from the Russian
by Norman Luxenburg

Southern Illinois University Press, 174 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

■ Elena Skrjabina was a graduate student at Leningrad State University when Nazi troops invaded the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941. With her husband and two sons, she lived through the worst months of the epic two-and-a-half-year siege of Leningrad—the "starvation winter" of 1941-42, during which thousands of Leningraders died each day.

Siege and Survival consists of Mrs. Skrjabina's diary entries during the siege and her evacuation to the Caucasus. Her chronicle ended when the Germans occupied Pyatigorsk, the town where she and her sons were living as refugees. Taken to a German factory for forced labor, they later made their way to the United States. Mrs. Skrjabina is now a professor of Russian at the University of Iowa.

The value of Mrs. Skrjabina's diary lies in the fact that it does not present the "big picture"—of the siege, of war in general, or of Russian life during the Stalin era. Rather, the journal clearly shows the confusion, misinformation, and suffering of an ordinary Soviet citizen, already weary from years of terror under the Stalin regime, faced with war. It is to the credit of the author and her editors that no attempt was made to doctor the entries with hindsight.

On June 23, 1941 she wrote:

> Anastasia Vladimirovna, our former landlady, was sitting on a tall trunk and smiling sarcastically. She made no attempt to hide her hatred for the Soviet government and saw in this war and the eventual victory of the Germans the only possible salvation. In many respects, I share her views; but that smile irritates me. Two sentiments entered the controversy; the wish to believe that Russia would not be destroyed and the realization that only war affords any actual possibility to be free of the terror of the regime.

On June 27:

> At one a.m. there was a piercing bell, the kind that stops the heart. Anyone who lives in the Soviet Union knows what the purpose of such an especially long night bell is. This is the sound that means a search warrant or an order for arrest. But this time it turned out to be a summons from the Draft Board. . . .

Like many Leningraders, Mrs. Skrjabina failed to leave the city before all escape routes were cut off by the Germans on August 30. The reasons for this failure, which was to prove fatal for between 1- and 1.5-million of the city's citizens, have been painstakingly detailed by both western and Soviet sources. They boil down to the Soviet government's not having been honest with its citizens about how badly the war was going. In his bestselling book *900 Days*, Harrison E. Salisbury quotes extensively from the writings of Dimitri V. Pavlov, the Soviet official in charge of food supplies in Leningrad during the blockade. Despite the Soviet censor's heavy hand, Pavlov's writings reveal a thinly veiled anger at the official stupidity and duplicity that cost so many lives.

Mrs. Skrjabina, in a entry dated June 28, must have reflected a typical viewpoint in Leningrad: "I cannot believe that there can be a famine in Leningrad. We are constantly being told of the plentiful food supplies which, supposedly, could last us many years. . . . If this is even half true, then why try to leave?"

By December 7 a neighbor was begging Mrs. Skrjabina to try and obtain some bread for her on the black market.

> After I carried out her request, a small tragedy occurred. The bread was sliced and placed on the stove to make toast when the neighbor's daughter stole several slices. The old woman's grief is hard to describe. All day she lies on the kitchen table . . . and groans endlessly, talking constantly of the lost bread. Probably if someone very dear to her had died, she would not grieve nearly so much.

In February Mrs. Skrjabina was evacuated across the ice of Lake Lagoda—the only link between Leningrad and unoccupied Russia, the only source of meager food shipments into the starving city.

> In the morning the wife of the evacuating hospital director and her daughters took out some fried chickens, chocolate, and condensed milk, at the sight of which, Yura [Mrs. Skrjabina's son] fainted. . . .
>
> Toward dinner time, this family showed its "tact." They curtained off their corner and we no longer had to look at people eating chicken, *pirozhki* (meat cakes), and butter. It is hard to remain silent because of indignation and anger. But to whom could I have complained? I kept quiet. Besides, we are used to this after so many years.

Such straightforward details make Mrs. Skrjabina's unpretentious diary a valuable supplement to books that provide a broader view of Soviet life under Stalin—in peace as well as war.

Susan Jacoby, formerly a reporter for the Washington Post, recently returned from two years in Moscow. Her book of profiles of ten Russians will be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan next year.

"Warmer, warmer, warmer—no, now you're getting cold again . . ."

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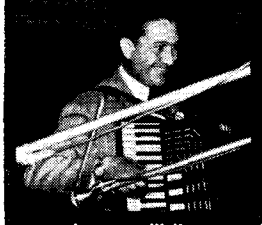

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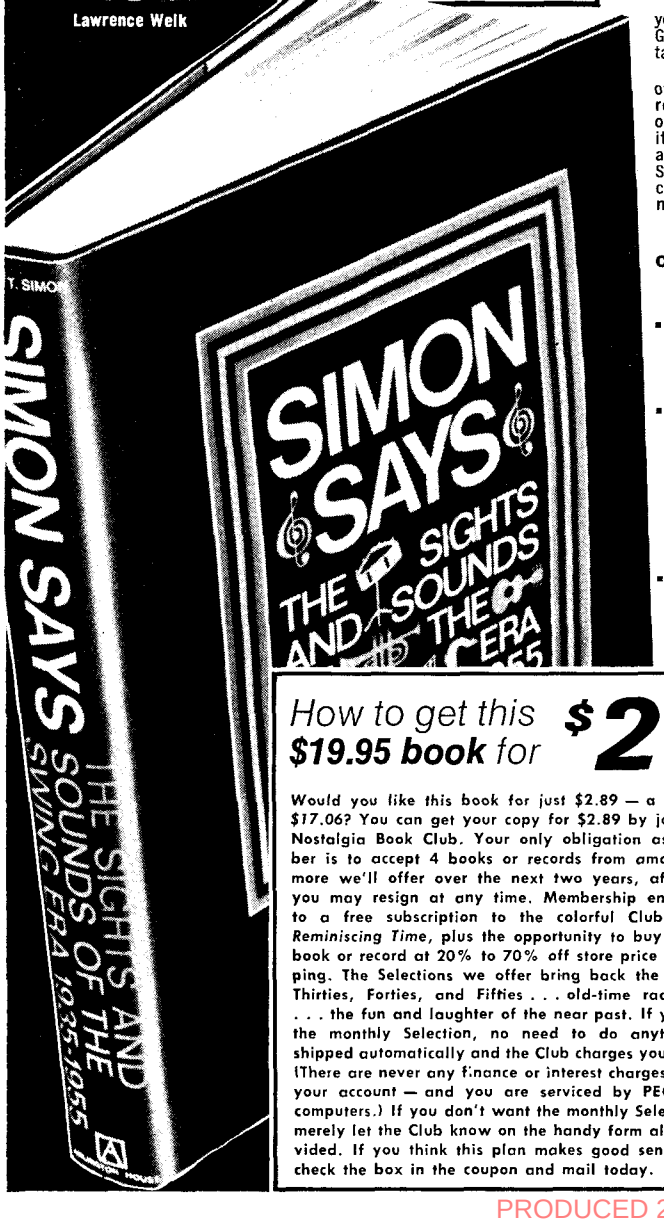

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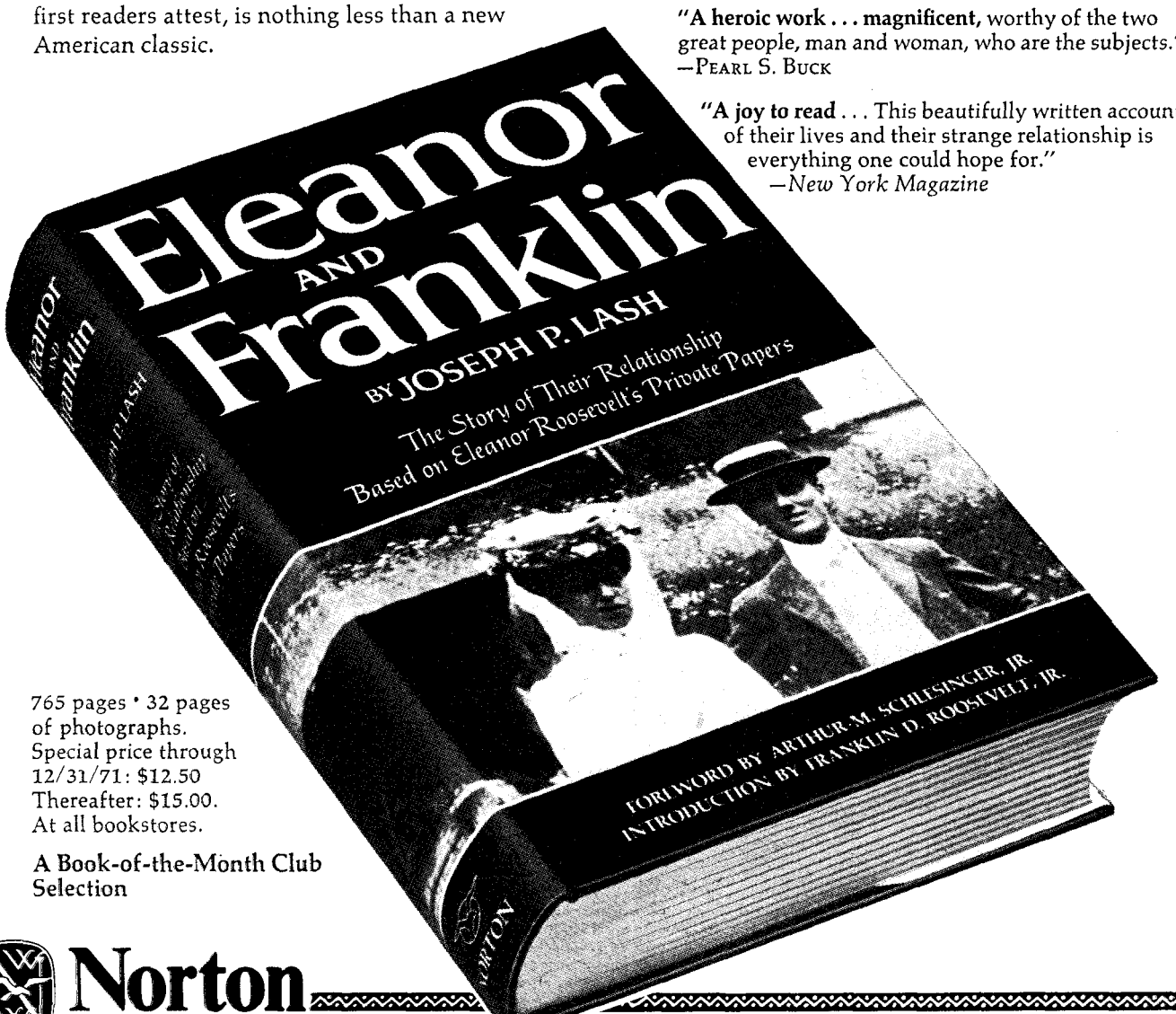

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Renaissance

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Jewish History

Continued from page 31

to make room for the full exposition of his central idea. Consequently, the book presupposes too much knowledge on the part of the beginner, and is not scholarly enough for the advanced student.

Simplification in particular has its hazards. In order to demonstrate that the Jewish people successfully adapted itself to a variety of politicial and economic situations, Rivkin had to neglect aspects of Jewish experience which did not fit into his plan. Hence the reader learns little about the inner life of the Jews. Similarly, anyone unfamiliar with Jewish history from other sources would not appreciate the extent to which the Jews lived with the consciousness of their covenant relationship to Yahweh, nor such things as their sense of chosenness; yearning through the centuries for the coming of the Messiah; sorrow at the remembrance of Zion; joys in the celebration of the cycle of the year and the cycle of life; modes of worship; music; humor; mystic flights, and their pious absorption in the study of Talmud.

What the author does include, however, is enlightening. He points out how the "unity concept" operated at all times to give the Jews a sense of continuity with the past, throughout the many stages in the evolution of their civilization. Jews always contrived to identify themselves as the same Jewish people because, at every juncture, they referred their new interpretation back to the common source of the one God of Israel, the "eternal problem solver." However, even the idea of one God was not essential; rather, as Rifkin states, "the idea that the one God can be called upon for innovation" was.

As capitalism enters Jewish history, Rivkin really warms to his central theme: "capitalism and capitalism alone emancipated the Jews." In a brilliant refutation of Marx, he demonstrates that Marx was correct in ascribing the greatest importance to the economic factor, but was entirely mistaken in concluding that capitalism was inherently incapable of raising the standard of living for the "proletariat." Developing capitalism, the author contends, can "emancipate" the entire world.

Unfortunately, capitalism became entrapped by nationalism, and its progress was slowed. If, however, capitalism can escape this trap, peace and prosperity are assured. And, Rifkin assures us, it will be good for the Jews too: "The triumph of developmental global capitalism, affirming inalienable rights inherent in the individual, offers to the Jew and Judaism the freedom to survive. Jews and Judaism must have a world committed to unity, a unity that allows diversity." The author closes with the kind of messianic vision one has come to expect from a Jewish historian, though it is a bit surprising when it comes from so hardheaded a realist as Dr. Rivkin insists he is.

For a committed Jew, this book leaves a vital question unanswered: what will happen before the triumph of global capitalism? Will Jews continue to reorganize their life, reinterpret their history, recast their religion, and replenish their culture—as no other people have been called upon to do? Now that many Jews no longer regard themselves as chosen, no longer subscribe to the traditional beliefs about Torah, Israel and God (as the "eternal problem solver")—or even to the modified versions of these concepts—can the will to live as a Jewish people still be generated?

According to Rivkin, God "so loved Israel that He destined her to an odyssey that could end only when every spot on earth was her cherished home and every individual a cherished variation of the divine image." In other words, until that messianic age Jews must be prepared to suffer. Why should they not assimilate now—if they can? The answer apparently will have to come from other scholars and historians who offer a rationale for Jewish survival from now on.

Dr. Ira Eisenstein, president of the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College, is the author of "Judaism Under Freedom," among other books.

WIT TWISTER #240

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

To — — — — — her grief, she
walks at night and keens
By starlit — — — — — and secret
silver meres;
But sometimes, near her garden's
— — — — — and greens,
Her hidden woe — — — — — out
in bitter tears.

—A. S.

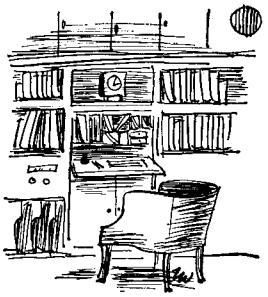
(Answer on page 105)

Pick of the Paperbacks

Continued from page 87

cational system remains to be seen. Tightly written, eloquent in its appeal, but packed with references (Whitehead, Dewey, Piaget, *et al.*), this isn't an easy book to read, but Silberman's case is so strong you'll want to make the effort.

Secretary General U Thant has said that three main jobs of the United Nations were the Three D's: disarmament, development, and decolonization. William Epstein, who has worked since the end of World War II on disarmament problems at the U.N. Secretariat, records in *Disarmament: Twenty-five Years of Effort* (Canadian Institute of International Affairs, $3) both the failures and the achievements of U.N. efforts towards that end. The record is mixed: total world military expenditures increased from $120-billion in 1962 to $200-billion in 1970. Yet weapons controls are being negotiated, as they have not been previously, and the arms race remains limited.



China and the USA

When John King Fairbank's *The United States and China* (Harvard, $2.45) first appeared in 1948, Sumner Welles stated in the introduction: "The Harvard University Press can offer the readers of its Foreign Policy Library no more timely or important book." That sentiment is probably true today as well. Edwin O. Reischauer has written a new introduction to this revised and updated third edition of Fairbank's study—in which Vietnam is seen as "the final era of gunboat diplomacy," and China's nationalism is related to its earlier history. What remains unchanged is the author's understanding of his subject and his consistency in regarding China's present attitudes toward the U.S. as the consequence of our earlier policies.

Warren I. Cohen's *America's Response to China* (Wiley, $3.95) doesn't do much to bolster our national ego. He charges us with a history of ineptness in dealing with China, condescension to an alien culture, and racially-tainted disdain. Cohen's is not a pleasing picture, but one we ought to come

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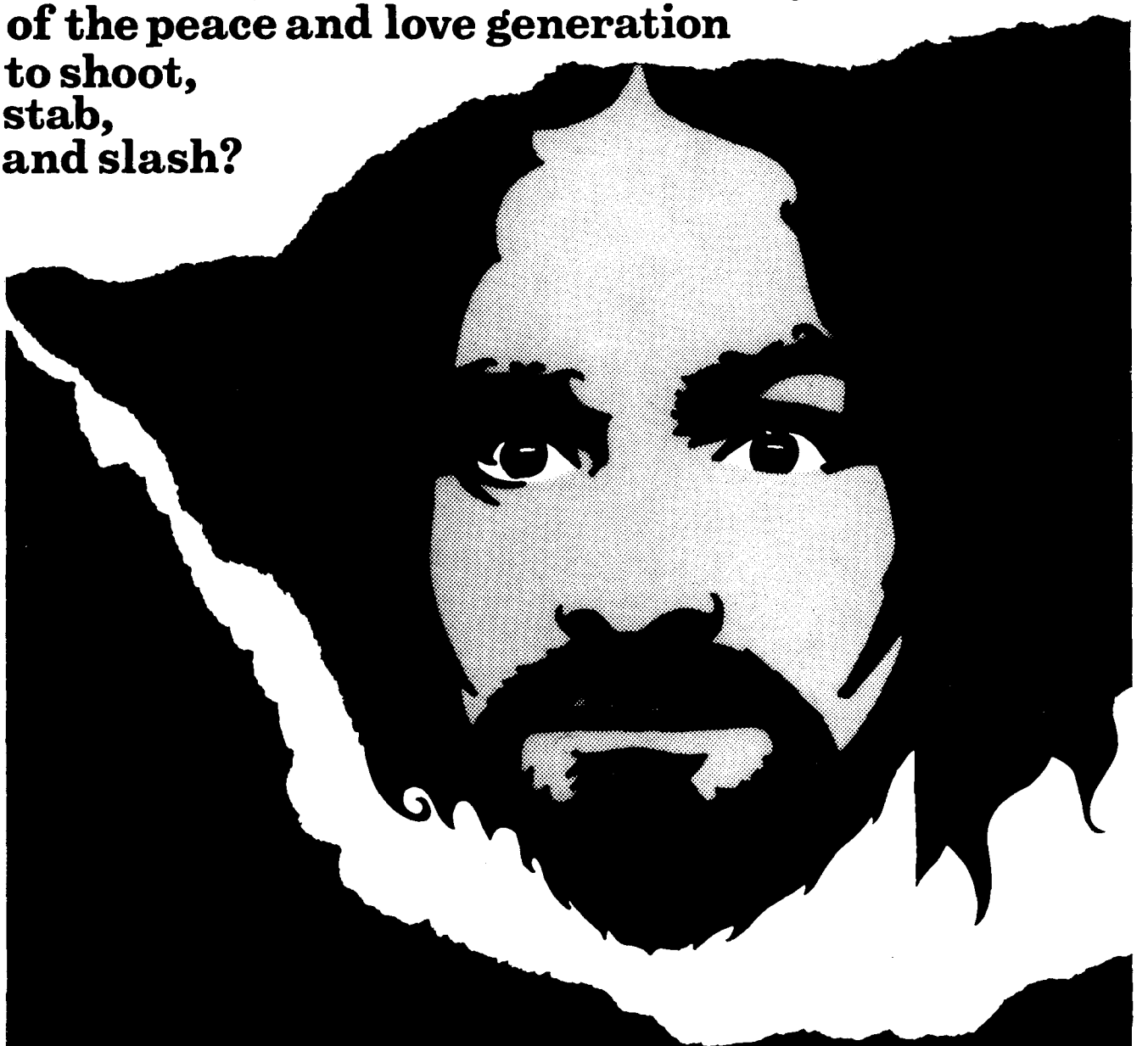

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World of Dance

Continued from page 22

way that men of all races in every period of the world's history have moved rhythmically to express themselves." Later—now fifty years ago—he began to delve into the movement principles of Delsarte. There had been a wildly distorted Delsarte craze involving gestures to go with elocution studies, Delsarte corsets, and even Delsarte wooden legs! Shawn, by chance, found a Delsarte pupil, an elderly woman, who knew what Delsarte was all about.

Delsarte was a French opera singer who lost his voice through bad training. Disgusted with teaching methods and with stilted opera acting, he began to explore movement. He visited parks and prisons, hospitals and castles, and he watched how humans moved. When a child fell in a playground, he could tell whether the rescuer was a mother, a governess, or a maid. The gesture was all-revealing. It was explicit in love and hate and insanity, in fear and arrogance. He never taught a dancer in his life, but long after he was dead the dance sought him out. He was, very possibly, the ancestor of two of Martha Graham's dance credos: "to give substance to things felt"; "to reveal the inner man."

Ted Shawn introduced Delsarte principles into Denishawn curriculums. He says today that he never used Delsarte laws of movement to *create* a dance, but that he used them to *criticize* a dance, to find and correct its flaws. Delsarte, a non-dancer, may well have supplied the seeds of modern dance through his triune conception of the body: head (intellectual), trunk (emotional), limbs (physical), plus their subdivisions (hands, lower arms, upper arms, for example), plus the spatial areas beyond. Shawn studied this, explored this, adapted this, taught this—the meanings of movement. And every dancer who has ever come under his influence has been affected profoundly by a dancer's kinetic-rhythmic translation of Delsarte, by Shawn's Delsartean revelations.

On the porch, late that evening, at Jacob's Pillow, Ted Shawn asked, "Do you think it is not entirely a matriarchy? Do you think it is possible that I am the father of American dance?" On his eightieth birthday, Shawn not only deserves the affectionate "Papa" but also warrants, as the pieces in the vast dance puzzle settle themselves, the dignity of the term "Father."

NOTE: In the October 9 WORLD OF DANCE, the photo caption identified the performers as the Rod Rodgers Dancers. Instead, they were the Lar Lubovitch Dancers. The photo credit should have read Frank Derbas. *SR* regrets the error.

—Shapiro Studio

The Ted Shawn Men Dancers rehearse outdoors at Jacob's Pillow.

A Quiet Place

Continued from page 53

scratchings and progressive results from major race tracks in Australia. Winnings are paid almost as instantly. The gardener at Hayman's keeps the bowling green impeccable.

Hayman nightlife is pure potpourri. The Cabaret Lounge is cosmopolitan, Hernando's Hideaway leans to the romantic, the Tapa Lounge is for conversation. A different "night" happens almost every evening of the week. There's Old Time Music Hall Night. Oriental Night imports a thirty-foot Chinese dragon, dressed in flamboyant silks. Right Bank Night aspires to be like a night at Maxim's. Left Bank Night strives mightily to simulate basic bohemian. Hayman's Calypso Night gives you an Australian version of Jamaica at carnival time. New Year's Eve calls itself a New Orleans Mardi Gras Gala.

Fraser Island's Orchid Beach Village is the newest resort within the Barrier Reef. Some eighty guests can be accommodated in the private *fale* of an architecturally realistic reconstruction of a Samoan village. A number of the *fale* are air-conditioned, and all have private baths. Rates for accommodations looking across Marloo Bay are about $18 per person, American plan. Tourist attractions peculiar to Fraser include aboriginal relics and a beach train that "cruises" along the sand by moonlight. The thirty-eight-foot MV *Pacific Islander* cruises out to Lady Elliott coral cay for barbecues and fossicking, and you can fish along the way.

January through March is the Barrier Reef's wet season; days then are often uncomfortably humid between noon and about 3 p.m., but cooling breezes generally come before nightfall. Accommodations are always in short supply during the Down Under winter months of June, July, and August, and during summer vacations around Christmas, but the fish never take a holiday.

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to terms with as a new phase evolves in U.S.-China relations.

Edgar Snow's *Red China Today* (Vintage, $3.45) combines personal journalism with political evaluation. As a young newspaperman covering China in 1936, Snow was the first Westerner to interview Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai. His book is filled with firsthand observations of the China he knew then, and what he has seen on subsequent visits—from military might to acupuncture. "If we thought of the known history of China and its civilization as having had a life span of twenty-four hours," Snow reasons, "then Communist power has been in existence less than five minutes."

Phillippe Devillers's *What Mao Really Said* (Schocken, $2.95), a compendium of Maoist thought excerpted from speeches and books with extensive commentary by Devillers, can also be read as a general biography of the Chinese leader. The author traces Mao's progress from his peasant origin in the village of Shaoshan through student days in Changsha to the "Cultural Revolution"—which the Chairman instigated to stop Communist China's "slide towards revisionism," and perhaps his own "slide" as well. Devillers concludes that "Whatever one's opinion of Mao Tse-tung, his character, his ideological choice and his methods . . . he is a man who has given his entire life to China. . . ."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 102:
Slake, lakes, kales, leaks.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1475

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1475 will be found in the next issue.

DWR ISAASK ELZMARKD DWED

ILQAR QC IEMCRO FH TSU-

RLDH QC E JQKO SY CBEKORL

SK DWR TSSL.

—W. B. ARKIJRK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1474

Politeness is like an air cushion: there is nothing inside but it softens the shocks of life.

—SCHOPENHAUER

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 108)

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(Continued from page 107)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1959

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Promontory	31 42 67 107
B. Crafty, cunning	109 156 160 103 187 3
C. Dukes, paws, hooks	40 56 58 68 110
D. Moriarty to Holmes, for instance (2 wds.)	113 16 38 55 71 97 106 192 37
E. Field of Boehme, Schelling, and Swedenborg, for instance	54 59 92 111 120 141 152 161 17
F. Snobbish, disdainful (*comp.*)	64 80 95 105 117 125 144
G. Consumption by drinking	162 41 78 85 93 134 147 173 8 70
H. Movable article of property	150 191 10 22 44 94 136
I. King of Wessex, 871-99; youngest son of Aethelwulf	146 172 154 21 35 51
J. *Different from anything seen or known before*	98 143 175 193 73
K. Try	77 108 133 153
L. Topping, smashing, ripping	24 96 82 88 36 83
M. Massif of the Himalayas	128 158 163 180 186 53 60 100 30
N. Excessive	99 114 157 29 166 177 188 45 81 118
O. Added (2 wds.)	126 167 183 195 6 2 62 129
P. Beyond criticism	76 119 121 149 179 12 19 46 137 61 132 49 170 86 13
Q. Jogged	43 66 115 164 174 32
R. Imparted a slight taste or smell to	90 182 194 63 131 135
S. Briefly (2 wds.)	189 168 18 124 39 84 9
T. For fear that	185 15 23 7
U. Drink	27 4 130 181 74 139
V. Active (3 wds.)	47 50 89 91 148 101 20
W. Characteristic disposition or temperament	57 171 104 116 79 28
X. African mammal resembling the giraffe	75 138 184 52 26
Y. Spun	25 122 14 69 87 34 159 142
Z. *Say in answer*	48 33 65 102 1 178
Z^1. Accepting bribes (3 wds.)	155 112 140 145 151 169 72 5 176
Z^2. Move with a rapid, sweeping stroke	123 127 165 190 11

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

						1 Z	2 O		3 B	4 U	5 Z^1	6 O		7 T	8 G		9 S
10 H	11 Z^2	12 P		13 P	14 Y	15 T	16 D	17 E		18 S	19 P	20 V	21 I	22 H	23 T	24 L	25 Y
26 X	27 U	28 W	29 N		30 M	31 A	32 Q		33 Z	34 Y	35 I	36 L	37 D		38 D	39 S	40 C
41 G	42 A	43 Q	44 H	45 N	46 P	47 V	48 Z		49 P	50 V	51 I		52 X	53 M	54 E		55 D
56 C	57 W		58 C	59 E	60 M	61 P	62 O	63 R	64 F		65 Z	66 Q	67 A	68 C		69 Y	70 G
71 D		72 Z^1	73 J	74 U	_	75 X	76 P	77 K		78 G	79 W	80 F	81 N	82 L		83 L	84 S
85 G	86 P	87 Y		88 L	89 V		90 R	91 V	92 E		93 G	94 H	95 F	96 L	97 D	98 J	99 N
100 M	101 V		102 Z	103 B		104 W	105 F	106 D		107 A	108 K	109 B	110 C	111 E	112 Z^1		113 D
114 N	115 Q		116 W	117 F	118 N	119 P		120 E	121 P	122 Y		123 Z^2	124 S	125 F	126 O		127 Z^2
128 M	129 O	130 U	131 R	132 P	133 K		134 G	135 R		136 H	137 P	138 X	139 U		140 Z^1	141 E	
142 Y	143 J		144 F	145 Z^1	146 I	147 G		148 V	149 P	150 H	151 Z^1	152 E	153 K		154 I	155 Z^1	156 B
	157 N	158 M	159 Y		160 B	161 E	162 G	163 M	164 Q		165 Z^2		166 N	167 O	168 S	169 Z^1	
170 P	171 W	172 I	173 G	174 Q	175 J	176 Z^1		177 N	178 Z		179 P	180 M	181 U	182 R	183 O	184 X	185 T
	186 M	187 B	188 N	189 S	190 Z^2	191 H	192 D	193 J	194 R	195 O							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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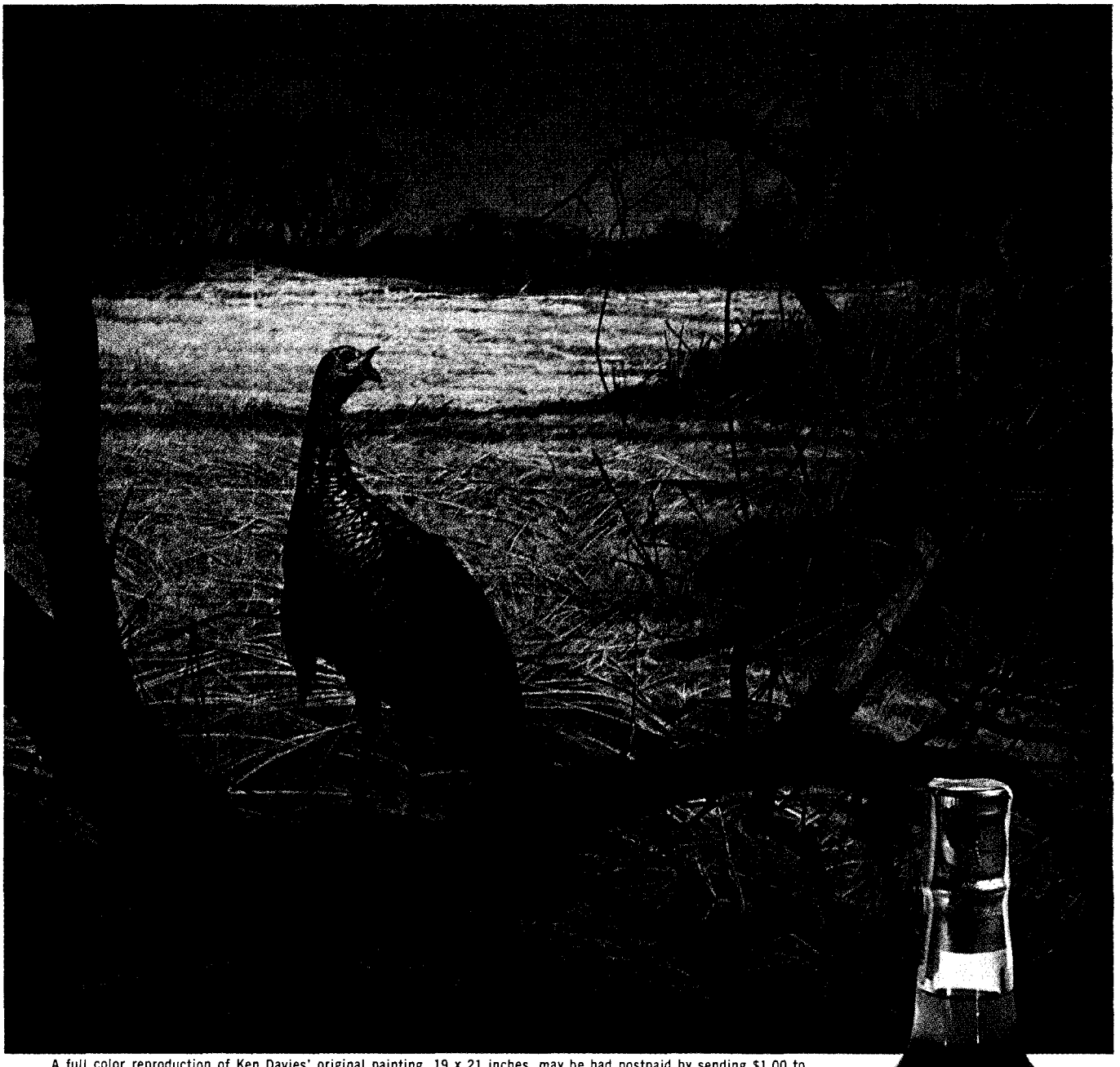

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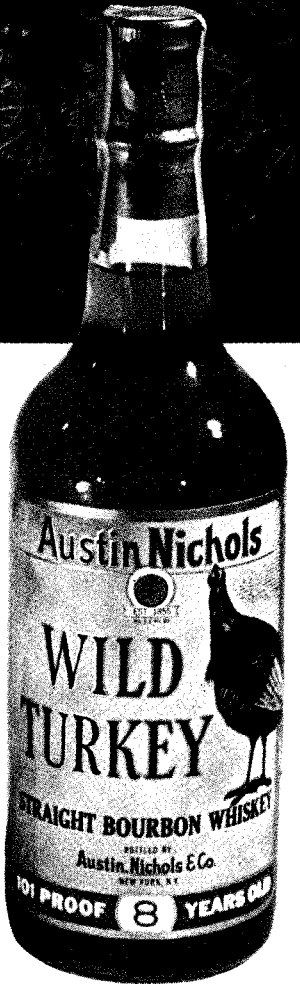

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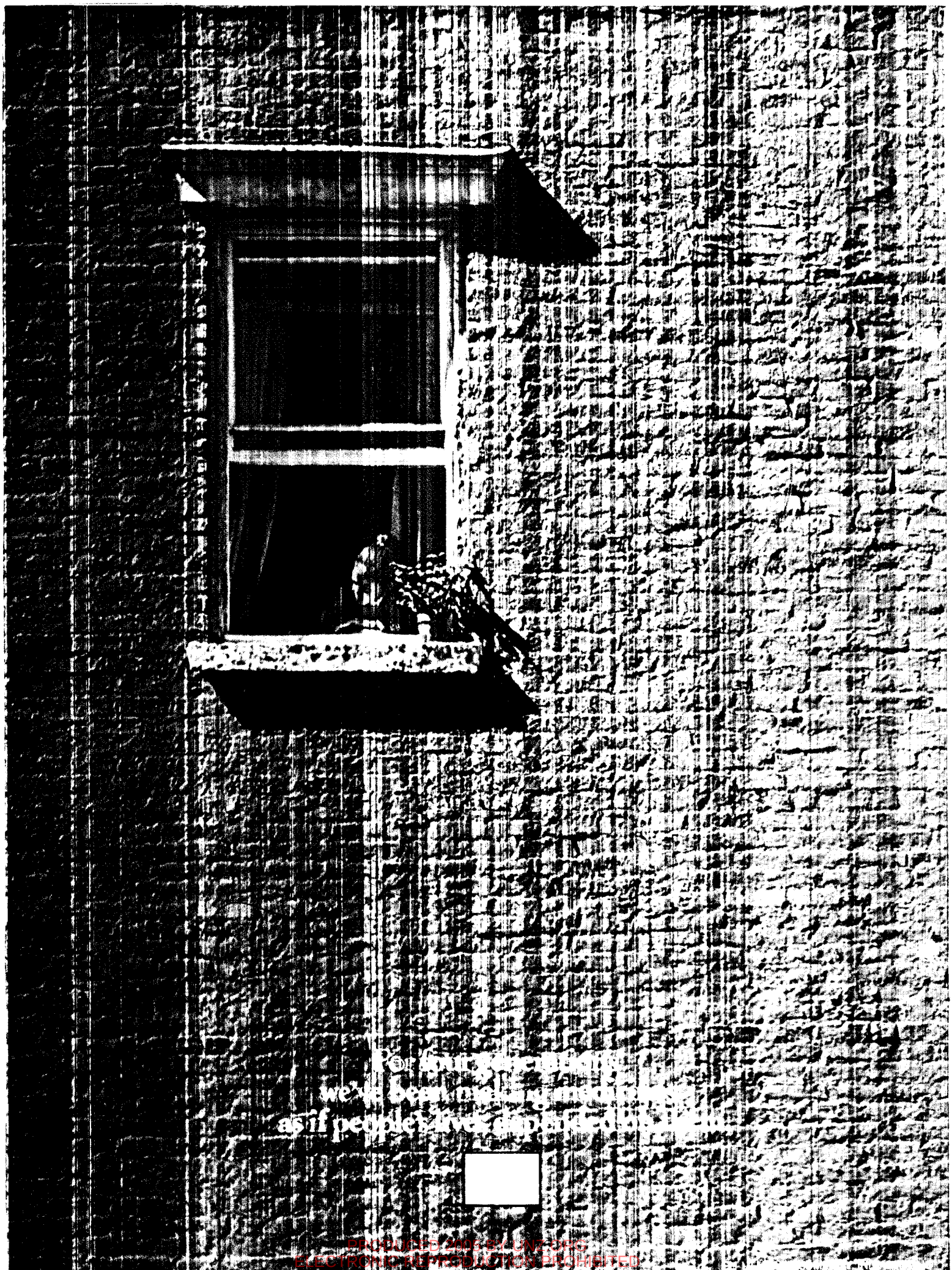

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